This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MUSIC LIBRARY
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

Katherine Mansfield
Thursday
Feb 1 1920

Mathilde Marchesi
(1898)

Mathilde Marchesi
(1898)

·I AND MUSIC

·S SINGING TEACHER

W YORK

MARCHESI AND MUSIC

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF

A FAMOUS SINGING-TEACHER

By MATHILDE MARCHESI

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By MASSENET

"'*Faith, Labor, and Perseverance*'—*this is my motto*"

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1905

EHR

ML420
M31A3
1905

Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

TO

MY ONLY SURVIVING DAUGHTER

BLANCHE MARCHESI-CACCAMISI

THESE "MEMOIRS"

ARE MOST LOVINGLY

Dedicated

PREFACE

THE following reminiscences were, when first written, solely intended for my family, and not for publication. At the desire, however, of numerous friends and pupils who wish to peruse the story of my life—which, for nearly fifty years, has been uninterruptedly devoted to the art of singing—I now place them before the public. I have been fortunate enough in the course of this long career to have made the acquaintance of many very distinguished men, especially of the most celebrated musicians of the century, and into these pages I have woven some experiences with and personal observations in regard to them. I venture, therefore, to hope this work may appeal to all who feel interested in vocal music and its development, and that it may arouse their sympathies for the many who are devoting their lives to the furtherance of this elegant and divine calling.

MATHILDE MARCHESI.

INTRODUCTION

(TRANSLATION)

I HAVE been asked by the author of these "Memoirs" to present her and them to the great American public. Now, I can lay no claim to do this except that that same public has been good enough to testify in favor of certain compositions of mine—for which friendliness I am, indeed, thankful. But surely Madame Marchesi has no cause to complain of the proud and free United States, for that country has heartily welcomed many illustrious artistes who were her pupils; hence she is sufficiently important to introduce herself without any one's assistance.

But a gentleman, and especially a musical composer, should know how to lend himself to the pleasing insistence of a high and powerful dame, one who can throw graces on, or fulminate against, his modest works; therefore I beg to introduce Madame Marchesi to the American people; and I thoroughly believe I am telling them nothing new when I say of her that she is a professor of the highest rank, who taught for twenty years at Vienna, who has taught almost as many in Paris, and who has formed here, as she did

there, admirable pupils who are now the glory of the lyric stage everywhere.

For this reason one cannot do better than invite everybody to read this book with the utmost carefulness; for if the author has scattered here and there in its pages some of her best precepts on the art of the *bel canto*, it may result, madame or mademoiselle, in your waking up some fine morning and finding yourself one of those great singers who have the aureated glory of being crowned with dollars—which, in itself, is not at all a bad thing.

I may also add, whispering it softly in your ear, that Madame Marchesi is not only an incomparable teacher—she is, as we say in France, *une brave femme*, wholly made up of heart and devotedness.

And now up with the curtain!

Massenet

PARIS, *January* 28, 1897.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

Madame Marchesi's Youth and Early Studies. — A Noble Woman for a Mother.—Cutting Beans and Making Jam.—Homesick in London.—Her Father Loses his Fortune.—A First Visit to Vienna.—Anecdote of Beethoven.—German and Italian Opera.—She Makes the Acquaintance of Pauline Viardot, the Great Garcia's Daughter . . . Page 1

CHAPTER II

Fräulein Graumann Returns to her Native Town.—She Meets Mendelssohn.—Letter by the Master about Jenny Lind.—Her First Appearance as a Singer.—She Makes the Acquaintance of a Poet and of a Painter.—Leaves Home for Paris to Study with Manuel Garcia.—Early Work in the French Capital 17

CHAPTER III

Our Heroine's Arrival in Milan.—The Revolution of 1848.—Denounced as a Hated Austrian.—Experience in a Diligence.—Back in Paris, and Resumes Studies with Garcia.—Off for London.—Great Demand for the Artists at Concerts 30

CHAPTER IV

Beginning of Her Artistic Career in London.—A Gold Mine for Concert Singers. — Some Famous Artistes. — An Es-

cape from Drowning. — Home Again. — Returns to the British Metropolis.—How a Young Beginner was Reprimanded . . . . . Page 38

CHAPTER V

She Goes to Weimar.—Introduction to Liszt.—A Host of Enthusiastic Students.—Leaves for Leipsic.—Sad News from Frankfort.—Death of Her Beloved Father 49

CHAPTER VI

A Third Visit to London.—Musical Soirées.—Concert in Aid of Hungarian Refugees. — A Famous Musical Critic.—A Tour of the Provinces.—Off for Holland.—Married to an Italian Gentleman.—Departure for Berlin.—Meyerbeer and his Mother 57

CHAPTER VII

Début at Bremen in the Opera of "Il Barbiere."—Homesick in London.—An Interesting Contribution to Wagnerian History.—A Tenor of Handsome Face.—Some Musical Autographs.—Off for Florence.—Rossini's Story about One of his Famous Works 67

CHAPTER VIII

A Souvenir of Rossini.—Visit to Ferrara.—Some Startling Recollections. — Birth of an Eldest Daughter. — Engagement at the Vienna Conservatoire.—Earns a very Small Salary.—Some Famous Pupils 78

CHAPTER IX

In the Austrian Capital.—Prima Donna Gabrielle Krauss.—Her Remarkable Success at Paris.—How the Careers of Young Artistes are Spoiled.—The Strife over Wagner.—Madame Marchesi forced to Resign from the Vienna Conservatoire 89

CHAPTER X

From the Blue Danube to the River Seine.—Death of an Infant Child.—An Interview with Auber at the Paris Conservatoire.—The Pasdeloup Concerts.—Letter from Baron Haussmann . . . . . Page 99

CHAPTER XI

An Artistic Tour through Switzerland.—Historical Concerts in Leipsic.—Return to Paris.—Anecdotes of Rossini.—Singing in the United Kingdom.—A New Opera by Meyerbeer.—Accepts a Position at the Cologne Conservatoire 107

CHAPTER XII

An Indescribably Dull City.—Royal Eccentricities.—Witty Letters from Ferdinand Hiller.—Makes the Acquaintance of Hector Berlioz.—Rubinstein's Advice Unheeded.—Re-engagement at the Vienna Conservatoire 118

CHAPTER XIII

In Vienna for the Third Time.—A Reunited and Happy Family.—Opening of the New Opera-house.—Suicide of the Architect.—Concerts at the Conservatoire.—A Visit to Naples and to Bologna 130

CHAPTER XIV

Musical Matinées in Vienna.—Advice to Pupils.—Some Famous Scholars.—Etelka Gerster and Madame Patti.—Journey to Ostend.—A Mother's Love for her Children.—A Museum for Musical Instruments 140

CHAPTER XV

Absence of Love of Music in Vienna.—Arrival of Johannes Brahms.—No Court Patronage Shown to Art.—The Celebrated Verdi.—A Question of "Tempi."—How Gerster was Hooted at Madrid 155

CHAPTER XVI

On the Lido and among Lagoons.—Frequent Gondola Excursions.—A Laughable Operatic Performance.—Visit to a Madhouse.—Lunatics Guarded by Young Girls.—An Armenian Monastery.—Rose-leaves for Refreshments.—The Tenor Voice of a Young Fisherman.—With Verdi at Saut' Agata . . . . . Page 168

CHAPTER XVII

From Sunny Italy back to the Austrian Capital.—Arthur Nikisch and Felix Mottl.—Pauline Lucca.—The True Art of Singing, or How to Form the Female Voice.—Anecdotes about Pupils.—A Bitter Disappointment.—Marriage of a Daughter 174

CHAPTER XVIII

Madame Marchesi's Silver Wedding.—She Leaves the Vienna Conservatoire, is Engaged at the Brussels Conservatoire, but Gives Up the Engagement.—The Paris Exhibition of 1878.—Powerful Comparison of French and German Singing.—A Visit to Gounod 190

CHAPTER XIX

Once more in Austria's Capital.—A Plea for Poor White Slaves.—Criticism of the Marchesi School by a Distinguished Writer.—How the Famous Professor Learned the Russian Language.—Appearance on the Scene of Emma Nevada 202

CHAPTER XX

Ill-health of a Favorite Daughter.—Competitive Examinations.—Gerster's Home near Bologna.—Marchesi's Villa, at the Foot of Vesuvius.—Death in the Family.—A Farewell Charity Concert 211

CHAPTER XXI

A Cosmopolitan and Hospitable Capital.—French Women and

French Girls.—Tréport on the Sea-shore.—The "École Marchesi" at Paris.—Matinées, Musicales, and Annual "Concours."—Letter from Emma Calvé . . . Page 222

CHAPTER XXII

Praise of Two American Singers.—An Opera given in Marchesi's Honor.—Concerts and "Concours" Innumerable.—A Very Bigoted Baroness.—The Palmes Académiques.—Anecdote about Decorations.—Liszt and Verdi in Paris. 236

CHAPTER XXIII

Verdi's Visit to Marchesi's Singing-school.—A Delightful Occasion Pleasantly Recorded.—Rubinstein's Patriotism.—Some Excellent Advice.—Louise Michel.—First Appearance of Nellie Melba 245

CHAPTER XXIV

Burning of the Opéra Comique at Paris.—Marchesi's Concert for the Benefit of the Sufferers.—Madame Nellie Melba's Début at Brussels.—Musical Soirées and Annual "Concours."—Success of Several American Girls.—Gounod's New Juliet.—First Appearance of Miss Emma Eames. 255

CHAPTER XXV

Graceful Praises of Different Pupils.—American Girls Strongly in Evidence.—The Paris Exhibition of 1889.—Appearance of Lola Beeth as Desdemona.—Cherubini's Opinion of Berlioz.—Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Baron Haussmann.—More Sorrows for Madame Marchesi . . . 266

CHAPTER XXVI

Opposition to Wagner's Music in Paris.—Performances of "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera.—Miss Susanne Adams and Madame Frances Saville.—Alboni's Golden Wedding.—Valuable Contributions to Musical Criticism.—Death of Gounod 278

CHAPTER XXVII

Presentation of Miss Sybil Sanderson.—Her Success as a Prima Donna.—Verdi's "Falstaff" in Paris.—Madame Marchesi Meets Humperdinck and Visits Bayreuth.—She Celebrates Her Forty-first Professional Year.—Finis . . Page 289

ILLUSTRATIONS

MATHILDE MARCHESI. (1896) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

LITTLE MATHILDE GRAUMANN (IN HER CHILDHOOD) . . . . . *Facing page* 6

FRÄULEIN MATHILDE GRAUMANN (THE GOVERNESS) . . . . . " " 12

MATHILDE MARCHESI (IN COLOGNE) . . . . " " 120

MATHILDE MARCHESI (IN VIENNA) . . . . . " " 190

BLANCHE MARCHESI . . . . . " " 226

CLASS-ROOM OF THE ÉCOLE MARCHESI . . . " " 238

MATHILDE MARCHESI (IN PARIS) . . . . . " " 240

MATHILDE MARCHESI AND NELLIE MELBA . . " " 252

MATHILDE MARCHESI. (1896) . . . . . " " 268

MARCHESI AND MUSIC

CHAPTER I

Madame Marchesi's Youth and Early Studies. — A Noble Woman for a Mother.—Cutting Beans and Making Jam.—Homesick in London.—Her Father Loses his Fortune.—A First Visit to Vienna.—Anecdote of Beethoven.—German and Italian Opera.—She Makes the Acquaintance of Pauline Viardot, the Great Garcia's Daughter.

I WAS the youngest of three sisters, and was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where my father, Johann Friedrich Graumann, a wealthy and highly respected merchant, was established. My paternal grandmother came from French Alsace, and we had many relations in France — among others, Baron Haussmann, General Denzel, etc. As I was of a very lively and restless disposition, my dear mother sent me to a day school when I was only five years old, where first, besides being taught how to knit, I learned how to sit still, and it was not until a year later that I had to battle with vowels and consonants and the terrible four rules of primary education. Morning and afternoon I wended my way to the so-called "Musterschule," where all social classes, all

religions—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish—were represented, the last named being, however, in the minority. The day's work commenced with a hymn, in which I joined with heart and soul.

For many years my right-hand companion was the daughter of the Dutch minister; a baker's daughter sat on my left, and at one time I even found myself for a short period next to the child of the executioner. This poor girl, whom I pitied with all my heart, was treated with absolute contempt, and was the butt of so many jokes that she was compelled to leave this really excellent school soon after she had entered it.

From earliest childhood I took great delight in my studies; my craving for knowledge was never satisfied, and as a natural consequence of this I was nearly always the first in class. Still, I must have been popular with my school-fellows, for I have a lively recollection of not only helping many of them with their lessons, but even at times doing their work for them.

Being naturally of a happy disposition, I sang from morning till night, and was not a little proud of being intrusted with the solo parts on all important occasions at the school-house. At home, when there was company, it was always, "Tilda, give us a song," but I could only be prevailed on to sing if the guests pleased me. This may be termed by some "the whims of a budding artiste"; but no—a thousand times no. It was a child's instinctive dislike to appear before people who were not sympathetic to her, and who were neither interested in the songs she sang, nor took

the same delight in them as she did. These views had no weight with my parents, however, for they invariably scolded me for refusing to sing; yet they were always kind, and too indulgent ever to inflict on me anything in the shape of severe punishment, even when I might have deserved it, and to the present day I feel grateful to them for this indulgence. Often is a child's mind embittered when punished for the smallest fault; or, what is even worse, when thoughtless parents allow their servants to take the home law into their own hands. Fear of punishment sows the seeds of lying; truth, like Ariadne's thread, should guide us through the labyrinth of life. If once it is lost, life is aimless.

My beloved mother was to me the incarnation of everything that is good, noble, and beautiful. She was, in fact, not only an exemplary wife and mother, but was also the beau-ideal of a German woman. One of my most pleasant recollections will always be that of the peaceful, happy life my parents led together. Mother devoted herself entirely to our education, and, having a high opinion of my singing and musical talent, she often permitted me, in preference to my two elder sisters, to accompany my grandmother to the Opera, for she had a box there with Baron Anselm de Rothschild. It is true I often had to stand the whole evening, or occupy a hard, uncomfortable little seat in a dark corner of the box, but that mattered little, as I could still listen to the music while trying to grasp the thoughts of the great composers—a task which, however, was at that time almost beyond me. Moreover, Baron de Rothschild supplied us

all with choice sweetmeats, and this I duly appreciated.

When Jenny Lind sang at the Opera in Frankfort, or whenever De Bériot, Pauline Garcia (now Madame Viardot), Thalberg, or Liszt gave concerts, I would coax or implore my grandmother, until she allowed me to accompany her to these musical treats, and there I sat in my little corner, nearly crying my eyes out with joy. I was not, however, always so fortunate; for once when Rubini gave a concert, my father, generally so indulgent, would not permit me to go and hear him. I cried and begged, I believe I even went so far as to go down on my knees to him, but he remained obdurate. "The seats are too dear," was his laconic reply, "and little girls are better employed in learning how to sew and cook. . . ." And so I never heard that great singer.

We had a French governess, and the best masters for literature, music, harmony, languages, dancing, etc.; nevertheless, household studies were not neglected, and I had to learn cooking, ironing, sewing, mending, embroidery, and do a deal, a great deal, of knitting besides. Even during the reading of instructive and classical works this knitting went on uninterruptedly, and woe to poor me if I dropped the stocking in my eagerness to peruse an interesting chapter of some book. But in order to render our work more pleasant to us, our mother used to place some small present in the ball of cotton, so that we generally found a gold cross or some other little surprise as a reward for our industry. I may truly say that my teachers were in general satisfied with me,

but I must confess that sewing was as distasteful to me as knitting was. We three sisters had an elderly humpbacked spinster as sewing-mistress, who did all in her power to make me take an interest in her domestic art, but all in vain. I had plenty of excuses to escape the hated task, till at last this lady had a happy thought. She began to read me fairy tales and plays during the lesson, and thus the game was won. From that moment I plied my needle with right good will, and all went merrily.

In summer, also, I had an unpleasant time of it when we had to cut beans, or stew fruit for preserving, and on these occasions we were not allowed to leave the house. Many a time did I hide myself with some interesting book in order to get away from the uncongenial work, or so as to give myself a rest. How everything has changed! Are there girls nowadays with well-to-do parents who know anything about cutting beans or making jam? I doubt it. In winter we lived in our own house, built something after the style of a Swiss chalet, with balconies running round it, and called "Zum Rebstock"; while in summer we had a cottage in the suburbs, where we children were in undisturbed enjoyment of a beautiful garden and all its contents. I used then to spend the entire day in the open air, reading up in the trees, or carrying my books, paper, pens, and ink with me, and preparing my lessons on an improvised table of logs of wood piled one on top of the other. I also tumbled innumerable times into a shallow stream which flowed by the end of the garden; or I played with the little lamb that was bought for

me every spring, or looked after flowers, plucked tempting fruit from tree and bush, and dreamed the beautiful dreams of childhood. In winter, when snow was on the ground, our faithful old servant Johann took me to school in a small sleigh; and then I invited my little friends home with me, or went to children's parties, or had the loveliest of Christmas trees on Christmas Eve, and received countless presents with that holiday.

One day, going home from school with several of my companions, we suddenly made up our minds to play truant and lengthen our walk by taking a turn in the fine public gardens which surround Frankfort. It was, if I remember rightly, the time of a Polish revolution, and those who took part in it were obliged to fly their native land. Three very distinguished-looking Poles were seated on a bench in the park, and in my vivid imagination I pictured them suffering from hunger; so I eagerly said to my companions, "Let us give them the remnants of our lunch," and so we did. The gentlemen rose and thanked us, taking, at the same time, some sweetmeats from their pockets, and offering them to us. We departed delighted with ourselves, supposing, in our youthful minds, that we had really been the means of saving from hunger three of our fellow-creatures; then we swore solemnly together that we would always keep the sweetmeats as a memento of our encounter. On separating, the eldest of the little band asked us to show our sacred relics, but I, sad to relate, had already eaten mine! From that time my companions treated me with disdain, and often and oft again did

LITTLE MATHILDE GRAUMANN (IN HER CHILDHOOD)

I regret that the childish love for goodies had prevailed over my romantic feelings.

Ah, that was a happy time of life! Everybody loved me, and my smallest wish was fulfilled. I had only one trouble—that was my toilet. My dear mother brought us up in puritanical simplicity, doing all that lay in her power to counteract the love of dress. Thus it often happened that when we went to children's balls in our woollen frocks we were laughed at by our playmates—this always upset me very much. I now consider it just as reprehensible to dress young girls badly, or in direct opposition to the prevailing fashion, as it is to foster in them a love of show and finery, for they become an object of ridicule to their companions, and this cannot but have a bad effect on them. I shall never forget when one winter I had to go about with a red cloak, a pink hat, a blue veil, and gray stockings. I had friends by the dozens, who were playmates in summer in the fields, and in winter on the ice. My favorites were the two daughters of Bettina von Arnim, so well known through her correspondence with Goethe. Later on they became the Countesses of Flemming and Oriola.

When barely fifteen I accompanied my parents to balls and parties. In the beginning I was passionately fond of dancing, and was the first in Frankfort to take up the polka and mazurka. Soon, however, these pleasures lost their charm for me, as I gave myself over heart and soul to the study of music, especially of harmony and the piano, although I did not in any way neglect my singing. We had some friends of the name of Flinsch, at whose house I often had

the opportunity of playing quartets and trios composed by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, also of joining in some part-singing, which did a great deal to further my own musical knowledge. However, none of my numerous singing masters or mistresses ever pleased me as teachers, not even Professor Ronconi. He was brother of the once celebrated singer, Giorgio Ronconi, and at this time was residing at Frankfort. He had undertaken to develop my voice, but I did not come up to his expectations, although he made me sing the most difficult exercises of Bordogni, and gave me for my first song the grand cavatina of "Norma"! I was so bitterly disappointed that I gave up my favorite occupation for a while, and devoted all my energy to the study of languages, especially English and Italian. In my constant desire for occupation, learning alone did not satisfy me. I always had a strong inclination to impart to others what I had myself learned, and so, to gratify this desire, I induced some friends to let me give them lessons in Italian and music. Two of them continued taking these lessons for a long time, but the others thought me too severe and left me.

One of the recollections of my youth is the introduction of railways into Germany. I will not attempt to describe our astonishment when we saw the first train leave Frankfort. In the beginning we solemnly vowed never to trust our valuable lives to the "snorting steam horse," but as our fears gradually subsided we of course soon looked anxiously forward to the pleasure of a train ride.

I was nearly seventeen when my parents allowed

me to accept a pressing invitation from our friends the Pfeffels to go with them to England. At first my delight knew no bounds, but soon after our arrival in London I had to fight against homesickness, which seriously interfered with the pleasure that I should otherwise have derived from my stay. This may have been caused partly by the difficulty I experienced in getting accustomed, not only to the climate, but also to the formal stiffness which characterizes the English nation. We spent three months in England, partly in London and partly in Exeter, whence we visited the delightful little ports of Dawlish and Teignmouth. It was while in London that I for the first time heard an Italian opera; it was "Il Barbiere," and I admired the music and singing beyond description, though Tamburini's endless cadenzas altogether failed to please me at the time.

Soon after my return to our quiet little home in Frankfort a sad and unexpected calamity befell us, and this aroused me from youthful dreams to the stern realities of life. My father lost his entire fortune! Marie, my eldest sister, was already married, but sister Charlotte and I had to think of a means of earning our own living. I treated the matter rather lightly; for the conventionalities of every-day life were never to my taste, and my long-cherished dreams of devoting myself to an artistic career were now capable of realization. But my family held different views from my own; it would not redound to their credit, they said, for me to become an artiste, and so it was decided I should become a governess. Although I had not the slightest inclination for that

hard and unpleasant calling, I raised no objection to my father's wishes, and so in 1843 I was placed in charge of Herr von Rettig, the Austrian "Cabinets-Courrier," an old friend of our family, who was to take me to Vienna, where I was to stay with my father's sisters, Baroness von Ertmann and Madame de Schmidt. These aunts had promised to try to find me a suitable situation, on this my first visit to the Austrian capital.

Naturally I was very much depressed on leaving home, and was consequently a melancholy travelling companion for Herr von Rettig. We posted with extra speed, only taking our meals when we changed horses, and finally, when the vehicle rolled through the dark, narrow streets of the old city, I felt thoroughly disheartened, for in my youthful, vivid imagination I had pictured Vienna as a model of elegance and beauty—as an "El Dorado," in fact. But what a disillusion; and my fears did but increase as our carriage rolled into the court-yard of the dreaded Prince Metternich's palace. I say dreaded, because, as children, we had been brought up in the greatest terror of that Prince's name. The celebrated Chancellor, so we had heard, was a cruel and inflexible man, and we used to shudder over the terrible stories told about him in the long winter evenings at home. Prince Metternich was standing at the window as we got out of the carriage, and Herr von Rettig hurried in to give up his despatches; but when he returned, sooner than I expected, and called out to me: "Follow me at once; his Excellency wants to see the young lady I have smuggled in from Germany!" I nearly fainted

with fright. Rushing into the porter's lodge, I hid myself behind the bed, and as nothing would induce me to come out, Rettig had no alternative but to explain how matters stood to the Prince, who laughed heartily and did not insist further on making my acquaintance at that time.

Both my aunts received me very kindly. Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann was the widow of Field-marshal Baron von Ertmann; she was for many years a friend and pupil of Beethoven, and was herself a well-known pianist. She informed me that she would never consent to my becoming an artiste, and promised to secure me a position as governess in Count R.'s family. I agreed to accept this post, provided I was allowed a few hours occasionally to devote to singing, and accordingly my introduction to the family took place next day. The Countess, a young and pretty woman, was proud and vain, her husband was old and ugly, while their little daughter of six was sickly and completely spoiled. This was no rosy prospect for a girl accustomed to a free and independent life, nor were the terms offered very brilliant. I was to receive a yearly salary of one hundred florins, and to have two singing-lessons a week from one of the best Viennese masters. However, I agreed to everything, or, rather, my opinion was not asked, and it was decided that I was to remain with my aunts for a week and then enter on my new duties.

Before the week had expired I received letters from sister Charlotte, who, after the trouble that had befallen us, had become governess to General Lodivick's daughter in London. Her faith in my musical

talent, and the conviction she had that by becoming a governess I would miss my real vocation in life, prompted her to offer her savings to enable me to continue my studies in Vienna, and I shall ever be grateful to her memory for this proof of love and generosity.

I now made another powerful appeal to my parents and relatives, imploring them not to prevent me from following a career for which I had both talent and inclination, and was fortunate enough to succeed in conquering their objections. A letter expressing regret was therefore sent to the Countess, and it was decided I should remain with my two aunts. But as they spent the summer months in Baden, near Vienna, I had to wait until autumn came before I could commence my studies. After that I derived special pleasure from the companionship of my aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, and would sit for hours listening to her beautiful playing and to her reminiscences of Beethoven. "In the beginning," so she told me, "Beethoven had to struggle against violent opposition, as his music was considered unintelligible and tedious. Being anxious to hear his new sonatas, I went one day to Haslinger's music-shop, where I tried some of them on a grand-piano. In my excitement I failed to notice a young man standing in a corner, but presently he came up to me, and you can imagine my astonishment when he suddenly seized my hand, and thanked me in the warmest terms for my interpretation of his sonatas. It was Beethoven! From this moment we became friends, and I shall never forget the genuine interest that Beethoven

FRAULEIN MATHILDE GRAUMANN (THE GOVERNESS)

bestowed on me and on all those connected with my family. It therefore appeared very strange that he did not come to see me when I lost my only child, only making his appearance after many weeks had elapsed. He then silently greeted me, sat down to the piano, and extemporized for a long time. That music sounded like a chorus of angels welcoming my child into the World of Light. Then he rose, pressed my hand, and left in silence, as he had come. For many years," my aunt continued, "Beethoven was a daily guest at our house. Often while lamenting a total loss of appetite he would suddenly remember having already had a good dinner, or he would forget, while feeling the keen pangs of hunger, that he had wandered about for many hours without having taken nourishment. He was very hot-tempered, very sensitive, and accordingly very unjust; he was suspicious of his best friends. But one could resent nothing in a man whose increasing deafness caused him such unhappiness. One had rather to take into account his physical and moral sufferings, and forgive everything, and in this way we lived for many years in undisturbed friendship," said my noble aunt, in conclusion. I may be permitted to add here that the master dedicated his Sonata Op. 101 to that lady.

Every day the Baroness made me play one of Beethoven's sonatas, and when sometimes I held my hands too high she forced them down with her arm, saying: "This is how my great master wanted it done." How different is the modern method of playing from the simple manner of by-gone days!

At last the long summer passed, we returned

to Vienna, to a small house in the Strauchgasse, where the Montenuovo Palace now stands, and my aunts selected Otto Nicolai, who was at that time conductor at the Imperial Opera-house, as my singing-teacher. Nicolai seemed to take great interest in my studies, but he told me frankly that he understood the rehearsal of an opera much better than he did the production of the human voice. As for that matter, I had found this out for myself at the very start. He often contradicted himself, had no physiological knowledge of the voice, and, for fear of straining mine, directed his attention solely to pronunciation and delivery. My aunts were not satisfied with my progress, but a new master could not be thought of, since Nicolai was the first and best in Vienna. He had a Southern temperament and spoke Italian fluently, having spent many years in Italy, where his opera "Il Templario" was successfully produced at Naples. He also sang German and Italian national songs in a charming manner.

I shall never forget the winter of 1843–44. German opera was at its zenith with the great bass Staudigl, the dramatic singer Frau Hasselt-Barth, and the light soprano Jenny Lutzer, who later on married Baron von Dingelstedt, the well-known author, and who was Director of the Court Theatre for some years. The Philharmonic concerts, under the direction of Nicolai, were excellent, neither was there a lack of private concerts, and I often heard Baron Schonstein, the favorite singer, to whom Schubert dedicated several of his songs.

I also had to sing a great deal myself. That ex-

cellent composer Dessauer taught me his own songs, Nicolai accompanying me on the piano. Those of Dessauer's compositions which were most appreciated were "Die Lockung," "Nach Sevilla," and "Ouvrez." That same winter Nicolai's opera "Die Heimkehr des Verbannten" was given at the Imperial Opera-house, but, unlike his "Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," which is still to be found in all German repertories, its success was short-lived.

In the spring of 1844 the Italian Opera was opened in Vienna with Mesdames Viardot, Alboni, Tadolini, etc., as the principal singers. With my aunt, the Baroness, I paid a visit to Madame Viardot, who kindly invited me to attend any piano rehearsals which were held at her house under Nicolai's direction, and I felt considerable pride in turning over the pages for him. These rehearsals interested me exceedingly; but in listening to those great singers I soon became aware of the deficiencies in my own studies. I was also permitted, through my master's influence, to attend the rehearsals at the theatre.

One day, when I had sung, at her special request, to Madame Viardot, she said to me: "My dear child, you are not on the right road; you should go to Paris and study with my brother, Manuel Garcia."

My peace and happiness were now at an end, and about this same time Nicolai made me an offer of marriage. There being, however, insurmountable objections to this, and as my singing-lessons in Vienna had lost all attraction, I asked my relatives to allow me to return to my parents in Frankfort. Although anxious to do this, I was much upset at the idea of

leaving Vienna, where I was in daily intercourse with a number of interesting and highly intelligent persons. Among others, I had made the acquaintance of Nicolaus Lenau, the well-known poet, whom I had often met at the house of my friend, Baroness Jetti Sommaruga. Frau von L., whose love and admiration for Lenau were no secret, was also a constant visitor at the house. For a long time Lenau had been desirous of enjoying the quiet pleasures of home life, so that when, at one of the German baths—Wiesbaden, I think it was—he met Miss B., of Frankfort, her charming, modest way made such deep impression on him that he asked her to be his wife; but Frau von L. came between them in a most cruel manner, and induced Lenau to withdraw his request, and this so affected the poet's sensitive mind that a dark cloud soon overspread his reason, and he was dead to the world long before he was called from it. Even to this day a feeling of sadness overtakes me when I come across the following verses which the unfortunate poet wrote in my album before I left Vienna:

"INNERES GERICHT.

"Als ein strenger Dichter und Hinrichter,
Vieler süssen Hoffnungen Vernichter,
Mag auch ihre ganze Sippschaft weinen,
Musst du einmal in dir selbst erscheinen,
Wenn du noch gewinnen willst den Frieden,
Eh' der Tod den seinen dir beschieden.
Als Gedanke ist der Geist das *Licht*,
Wärme ist im Herzen er als Liebe,
Was nicht *sein*, verfalle dem Gericht,
Lust und Leid—es sterbe und zerstiebe.

"Wien, im Januar 1844." —Nicolaus Lenau.

CHAPTER II

Fräulein Graumann Returns to her Native Town.—She Meets Mendelssohn.—Letter by the Master about Jenny Lind.—Her First Appearance as a Singer.—She Makes the Acquaintance of a Poet and of a Painter.—Leaves Home for Paris to Study with Manuel Garcia.—Early Work in the French Capital.

In May, 1844, I returned to Frankfort with some friends, and at once informed my relatives of my earnest desire to continue my studies with Garcia in Paris; but as my plans met with no one's approval, all my wealthy relatives declining to render me any pecuniary assistance, how was this to be brought about? At length, after serious deliberation, I boldly resolved to turn my musical knowledge to account, and, by giving lessons, obtain the necessary means to pursue my studies. Fortune favored me, and, to my delight, I soon had a great many pupils. Then, on the 31st of August, 1844, I sang for the first time at a concert given in Frankfort by George and Joseph Hellmesberger, two young violinists from Vienna—sons of Professor Hellmesberger, conductor at the Vienna Opera-house. The concert was given under the patronage of Count von Münch-Bellinghausen, President of the Bundestag.

I have the programme still in my possession, in

which my name modestly appears under the initials M. G.—that is to say, Mathilde Graumann—as was the fashion for amateurs. The highest-priced seats at this concert were 1 florin 30 kreuzers, or about 50 cents. Who could then have dreamed that the young, boyish-looking Joseph Hellmesberger would one day be my director at the Vienna Conservatoire? The two brothers created great enthusiasm, and I was also warmly received. My parents, who could not be induced to attend the concert, were nevertheless delighted with my success.

During the autumn of that same year I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, at the house of the painter Becker, whose wife had a pretty voice and sang very nicely. When Mendelssohn was in Milan he was a constant guest at the house of my aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, who was living there then, her husband, Field-marshal Baron von Ertmann, being military commander of the Lombardy country at that time. Apropos of this visit, I may refer to Mendelssohn's letters of his journey through "Italy, 1830–47," published in Leipsic.

It was because he remembered my aunt's kindness that he took particular interest in me, and invited me to his house, and his home life made a deep impression on me. His wife, Cecilia, daughter of the French Protestant clergyman Jeanrenaud, of Frankfort, was as beautiful as the saint whose name she bore. Her dark, intelligent eyes reflected the pure nobility of her mind, and although she spoke but little, when she did it was with deep feeling and much judgment.

As for Mendelssohn, he was not only a loving husband, he was also an excellent father. Often, when I went to see them, I found him seated at a table, surrounded by his children, helping them with their lessons. He took great interest in my work, and taught me how to sing his compositions; then when quite *en famille* we often sang trios and quartets, he sometimes taking the bass, sometimes the tenor parts, and he generally gave the preference to Mozart's music. Sometimes he was induced to sit down at the piano, and we were then quite carried away with his wonderful interpretations of Beethoven and of Bach's compositions. I may add that Mendelssohn was also a first-rate organist.

In the summer of 1845, excursions were frequently made with friends of Mendelssohn's family. In these the master often joined, and sometimes on these occasions he would enter one of the village churches and play the organ, to our great delight. Then again we would lie under the shade of old oak-trees in the woods and sing his vocal quartets, of which many were still in manuscript. What a wonderful charm lay in those pastoral concerts, and how child-like, how touchingly unaffected Mendelssohn was! He never spoke of himself and his works, but was particularly amiable to all who went to him for advice. I have unfortunately parted with several interesting letters addressed to me by Mendelssohn, but I have one concerning Jenny Lind, which he wrote to my aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, and which was found among her papers after her death. It is in German, but the translation of it is as follows:

"LEIPSIC, *April* 12, 1846.

"LIEBE VEREHRTE FRAU BARONIN,—Ever since the happy days we spent in Milan I have not written to you, and you hardly know, perhaps, what deep and unchanging gratitude you have awakened in my heart. There have been few days in which I have not pondered over your kindness and friendship, thanking you anew for them, and I have listened eagerly to everything heard concerning you, though too far away to give expression to my thoughts. To-day, for the first time in many long years, do I find an opportunity of writing to you which I cannot let slip, for I know I am announcing something that will give you great pleasure. My friend Jenny Lind is going to Vienna, and I am anxious for you to make one another's acquaintance. She is a great and true artiste in the highest sense of the word, and I know you will rejoice to meet such a one. If she had ever sung to you, either the simplest ballad or air from some grand opera, I would have abstained from any comments; but you will now hear her, and I need say no more. Think of me always, I beg you. The hours I spent in your house were so delightful. If you should feel inclined to hear more concerning me, you have only to ask Fräulein Lind. I have seen her often of late, and she can tell you much about me and mine. May you never doubt the unchanging attachment and heart-felt gratitude I shall feel ever towards you. Your devoted

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

After much trouble Mendelssohn obtained my parents' permission for me to sing at one of the great Rhenish festivals in Düsseldorf. That was to be in May, 1845, and for this occasion he taught me an air from Mozart's opera of "Titus," the contralto part in Handel's oratorio of "Joshua," as well as the alto part in his "Walpurgisnacht." He recommended me strongly to Rietz, the conductor of the concerts,

and also to all his friends and relations in Düsseldorf. My sister Charlotte accompanied me on this my first important appearance before the public, which, although still an amateur, I had courage enough to undertake. The festival lasted three days, during which time I lived in a perfect dream of delight, for not only did my success surpass all expectations, but my stay in such a friendly and artistic centre was to me the opening of a new existence. I had rooms on the second floor of a private house, and on my return from each of the three concerts at which I had sung I found the staircase, as well as sitting-room, decorated with exquisite flowers. At that time, among other celebrities, I made acquaintance with the well-known poet Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, also with the famous painter Lessing. The latter made me a present of a very fine water-color, while the former wrote the following lines in my album:

"Passende Worte hat der Poet,
Tonmeister die rechte Weise versteht,
Doch Wort und Weise gewinnen erst Seele
Durch eine helle Liederkehle.
—Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter.

"Düsseldorf, Mai 1845."

In consequence of this success my parents were more favorably disposed towards my journey to Paris, and, as I had saved a nice little sum by giving lessons, I hoped soon to see my expectations realized, when Mendelssohn suddenly discountenanced the journey and withheld his consent to it. He considered that in Paris—he said no true and right feeling for art

existed there, and that everything was sacrificed to effect—I could learn nothing, and could only unlearn what I knew. But I did not share his opinion; for I could not forget Madame Viardot's kind advice, and at last I grew so impatient that my parents, yielding to my entreaties, permitted me to start for Paris with the well-known composer, Jacques Rosenhain, and his wife, both of whom were from Frankfort.

That was on the 18th of October, 1845, when I left home, and we travelled partly by rail, partly by post, on our road to the French capital. Paris made a deep, an almost overwhelming impression on me. Coming from a small town, the noise and bustle in the streets frightened and bewildered me to such an extent that I almost regretted having left our quiet little home with so light a heart. The day of our arrival Mr. and Mrs. Rosenhain took me to the Pension Lecomte in the Rue de Clichy, to a house which has since been pulled down, but was then situated in a garden surrounded by shady trees. Mademoiselle Lecomte, a lady in every sense of the word, received me so kindly that my drooping courage began to revive, and when I found that a pretty young English girl was to share my room, I felt certain it would not be long before I should feel myself quite at home again. The next day Mr. Rosenhain went with me to Garcia, who was then living in the Rue de Chabanais. My heart beat audibly as I mounted the stairs, for my fate depended upon his opinion, and then the celebrated master tried my voice in every way. I had to sing scales, shakes, cadenzas, also several songs, and he finally made me read at sight. My voice, he said, was not

strong, but sympathetic, and of a good compass. Instead, however, of there being a question of completing my studies, as my parents anticipated, he declared that I should have to begin them afresh, and work for several years. I was thunderstruck! My savings would not carry me further than six months, but retreat was out of the question; so, placing my trust in God, I began my studies the very next day.

My stay at the boarding-house would have been pleasant enough but for the young girl whose room I shared, her untidy habits often driving me to distraction. Clothes, books, music, lay about in utter confusion, and were the cause of frequent quarrels between us; but a romantic incident that took place a few months later left me sole occupant of the room, which looked out on to the front garden. In the house adjoining builders were at work, and a wall was being raised as a separation between the two grounds. Although I had noticed a young mason who sang sometimes lively, sometimes melancholy airs, and who appeared to be very busy at work on the growing wall, I had not paid much attention to the matter; but one day, as I was sitting alone in the room writing letters, a stone, with a billet-doux attached to it, was suddenly thrown through the open window. It was summer-time. Without hesitation I immediately handed over the mysterious object to the lady in charge of the pension, and imagine her consternation when she learned from that letter that on that very night the young English girl intended to elope with the mason! She was at once sent back to her relatives, then living in Versailles, and I never

saw her again, but I heard some time after that she had married and gone to India. After this episode I was left in undisturbed possession of the room until I had to encounter a fresh foe.

The food at the pension was measured out to us so sparingly that I always kept chocolate, fruit, and cakes locked up in the closet to satisfy my appetite, but every night these provisions were eaten by the mice. I now came to the conclusion that I should have no peace in this unfortunate room, so chose another. After having studied for several months I resolved, although reluctantly, to write to some of my rich relations in Frankfort, asking them to help me, but the replies I received were unsatisfactory and my request was not granted. Heaven, however, was sending me assistance. One day I was returning sad and melancholy from my lesson with Garcia, when I met my dear friends from Frankfort, Mr. and Mrs. Reis, in the Rue de Richelieu. They were struck with my despondent appearance, asked the reason thereof, and promised me every assistance if their inquiries of Garcia concerning my talent and application were answered satisfactorily. His reply was not only favorable, but he spoke of me in glowing terms. I was saved! For these friends agreed to grant me a monthly allowance until my studies were completed, and their relatives, the Halphen family, who resided in Paris, took me under their special protection. These noble and disinterested friends will ever have a claim on my gratitude.

I need scarcely mention how Garcia's clear, intelligent, and thorough method furthered my artistic

efforts. His ideas on the female voice and its development were a revelation to me, and they were the foundation of my own future career. With Nicolai and Mendelssohn I had only studied classical music, now Garcia initiated me into the style of the Italian school, as at that time a florid execution was the principal aim of all good singers. Rossini's, Bellini's, and Donizetti's compositions were the chief objects of study, and I was obliged, therefore, to work away at countless scales, arpeggios, etc., and, what was worse still, with the metronome, which sometimes rendered me almost desperate. Besides Garcia, Messrs. Bordogni and Banderali were also justly celebrated at that time, but Garcia alone had made a thorough study of anatomy and physiology. He made, as is well known, while watching the physiological action of the larynx and the vocal cords, a new and important scientific invention — the laryngoscope. This instrument, at first somewhat incomplete, was finally perfected by the famous physiologists Czermak and Türk, and to-day forms the basis of modern laryngoscopy.

All Garcia's pupils, both male and female, were enthusiastic about him, and patiently submitted to having to wait sometimes for hours in the anteroom, as he permitted no one to assist at his lessons. When at length the anxiously awaited moment had, as we thought, arrived, he often sent us home with, "I am tired, children; will see you to-morrow." Whenever this occurred we were terribly disappointed, but this wonderfully gifted man's next lesson made us soon oblivious of the previous day's deprivation.

There was but one picture in Garcia's room, a portrait of Jenny Lind, on which she had written a few words, expressing her gratitude to the master teacher. Curious to learn a few details concerning the celebrated singer, I begged him to tell me something of her, and this is what he related at the time:

"After I had tried her voice, I said to her, 'Mademoiselle, you have an originality of style which requires training, but either your voice is worn or you have never had one. You must take a few weeks' rest, after which I will hear you again. Still, in order to lose no time, I advise you to assist at the lessons I give to your countrywoman, Henriette Nissen,' and my instructions were carried out. Silent and always deep in thought, Jenny Lind assisted at Nissen's lessons, and when, after a few weeks, I again heard her, there was a considerable improvement in her higher notes, though the middle ones were still somewhat veiled, but we were able to begin to study. I do not remember ever having had a more attentive, intelligent pupil. Never had I to explain anything twice, but her famous shake cost her no end of trouble, and she shed many tears over the first air from 'Lucia.' She studied a whole year with me, the Swedish government defraying the expenses of her tuition."

In addition to the study of singing with Garcia, I took lessons in French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as in harmony, dancing, acting, and elocution—the celebrated actor Samson, of the Théâtre Français, he who taught Rachel, being my elocution master, while his son-in-law, M. Toussaint, taught me dancing and deportment. M. Samson gave his lessons in a dingy

room overlooking the court-yard. He began by paying special attention to the tone of the voice, and to the pronunciation, after which he made me recite poems, and scenes from "Andromaque," "Iphigénie," "Esther," "Phèdre," etc. I also had to act those scenes, repeating some of the gestures over and over again until he was satisfied. At the end of the lesson he used to relate anecdotes, about how Rachel, for instance, would write him love-letters, and leave them on his writing-table or slip them into the sofa. Samson took a great deal of trouble with me, and would have liked me to become an actress, but to this I turned a deaf ear. It was through his kindness that I heard his pupil Rachel in her best parts.

Studying as hard as I did left me little time for pleasure or pastime, my sole recreation consisting in playing at ball and cultivating flowers in the garden with the other boarders. Once I attempted to swing myself up into a tree to learn my lessons, as I had done when a child, but the lady superintendent was so horrified that I did not try it a second time. Meanwhile I went regularly to the theatre, and heard all the celebrated artistes of the day, perched, as I was, on a most uncomfortable seat in the highest regions, not in order to get closer to the heavenly bodies, but on account of the state of my finances. I had thus the opportunity of admiring Mesdames Grisi, Alboni, and Persiani; also Messrs. Ronconi, Mario, Lablache, and others, of the Italian Opera, together with the tenor Duprez and Madame Stolz, of the French Opera-house. Where can we find to-day a tenor like Mario or a bass like Lablache? And what enthusiasm Grisi

evoked as Norma or as Lucrezia Borgia, and Alboni as Orsino and as Cinderella in the operas of those names!

Italian singing and Italian music were then at their zenith in France, classical music being only known to a very limited number in Paris, and it was only at the Conservatoire concerts that German composers' works were ever heard. On account of the small size of the hall it was exceedingly difficult for strangers to obtain admittance to this temple of art; but as in the interest of my career I was almost obliged to go to these concerts, I took courage, and, calling on the secretary of the Conservatoire, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, talked to him so much about Beethoven and my aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, that the kind-hearted man considered it a pleasure to grant me free admission during the entire period of my stay in Paris. Thus I had the opportunity of hearing a perfect interpretation of German masterpieces.

Through one of my relatives, M. Denis, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève, I was introduced to Madame Érard and to Liszt's mother, a very cheerful, hale, and amiable old lady, who at that time resided in Paris. It is not surprising that the mother's worship of her famous son, whose playing bewitched the whole world, should have been so great as to have made him the sole theme of her conversations. About that time I also made the acquaintance of Signora Strepponi, the well-known singer, who afterwards married Verdi. She took a warm interest in me, allowed me to sing to her, gave me excellent

advice, and introduced me to a number of musical families.

In the spring of 1847 Garcia fell from his horse and broke his arm, which accident prevented him for a time from continuing his lessons, and so he intrusted me with a number of his private pupils. I was very much flattered with this mark of distinction and the trust thus placed in me; and as he had on various occasions already confided many of his beginners to me, I was not afraid of the responsibility, more especially as I was always able to go to him for advice in difficult and doubtful cases.

After I had been studying diligently for two years, my friends expressed a wish that I should go to Milan in search of an engagement. This interruption to my studies threw me into despair, for my talent was not yet fully developed, and I felt, moreover, that no Italian master could ever in any way approach Garcia in his method of teaching. But, having no choice in the matter, I resigned myself to the inevitable, though with a heavy heart, and made preparations for my departure from the French capital.

CHAPTER III

Our Heroine's Arrival in Milan.—The Revolution of 1848.—Denounced as a Hated Austrian.—Experience in a Diligence.—Back in Paris, and Resumes Studies with Garcia.—Off for London.—Great Demand for the Artiste at Concerts.

On the 18th of October, 1847, I left Paris in company with a French lady. In due time we arrived in Milan, where I boarded in the house of Signor Felice Ronconi, my former singing-master in Frankfort, and who afterwards became professor at the Milan Conservatoire. Ronconi had married a German, and with his wife and family now inhabited a fine apartment in the palace of the Marchese di Raimondi. After having quite recovered from the fatigues of the journey, I sang to several theatrical agents with a view to procuring an engagement, and was on the point of signing my first contract—it was for Bologna—when, much against my will, I was forced to remain in Milan, and had to give up all idea of making my début. For the revolution of 1848 was then brewing; most theatres in Italy were closed, and everybody dissuaded me from beginning my theatrical career under the existing state of affairs. I had no opportunity of returning to Paris, and to continue my studies with Ronconi was not to be thought of, as his method was far inferior to Garcia's, and the results he had

achieved with his pupils did not tend to increase my confidence. I had, therefore, no other resource than to set myself the task of studying Italian and composition, and of trying to retain what I had already learned with Garcia. In this manner I spent a very sad winter, having completely failed in the object of my journey to the south. At last, however, the long-expected moment for my departure seemed to have arrived, for I had found travelling companions, had taken leave of my friends and acquaintances, and my trunks were all packed, when the alarm-bell sounded, and the insurrection had burst over Milan. In my album are to be found the following words:

"Milano, 18 Marzo, 1848, ore 12 di mattina, momento dell' insurrezione. Addio. FELICE RONCONI."

Under the circumstances travelling was out of the question, and so I was forced to pass many anxious days and still more anxious nights before I could get away. The women and children belonging to the five or six families who inhabited the Raimondi Palace were banished to one of the rooms overlooking the garden, and nothing was heard in the place but praying, wailing, and moaning. All the men were either in the streets or at the barricades, and we expected every moment to have to take refuge in the cellar on account of shells. Food was already very scarce; there was an absolute want of milk and bread; we began to suffer the pangs of hunger, and we fell into a state of utter despair, for every moment horrible stories were brought us, especially of Croats hanging

children to trees by their legs, or of their spearing them.

At last, fortune beginning to favor the Italians, and the roar of the cannons subsiding, we were allowed to leave the house. It was a bright, sunny March morning as we stepped into the court-yard. What a spectacle met our eyes! The flagstones had been torn up; in front of the palace two huge barricades had been erected, for which they had indiscriminately taken furniture, looking-glasses, pianos, etc.; the streets were thronged with an excited crowd; wounded Italians and haggard-looking Austrian prisoners were being conveyed along the road, worn out and weary. Confused shouts mixed with patriotic songs were heard in the distance. And I remember Signor Ronconi standing in the court-yard, waving his sword over his head—being a professor of the Milan Conservatoire, he had the right to wear a uniform and a sword—and then snapping it in two, calling out as he did so in impassioned tones, "Thus I break my allegiance to Austria." After the return of the Imperial troops he had to fly, and went to live for a while in Paris and in London. Later on he went to St. Petersburg, where he died.

That same day the Marchese di Raimondi invited all the people living in his house to dinner. We were all very much excited, the women weeping tears of joy, the men embracing one another; for the delight over the victory had caused all recent troubles to be forgotten. I felt I was not a welcome guest, however, for they looked on me as an Austrian, as on account of fatigue and exhaustion I had not been

particularly demonstrative during the general rejoicings. We were scarcely seated at table when an Italian officer was announced, who came to make his report, and at the same time he handed to the Marchese several articles belonging to some Austrian officers who had fallen, and among them was a letter.

"The letter is in German," said the Marchese, "so mademoiselle will be able to translate it for us."

I had scarcely begun to read, when the tears came into my eyes and my voice failed me, so touching was the letter. A young officer wrote in most affectionate terms to his mother that he hoped for a speedy advancement, which would enable him to give her the comforts she needed; but now his loving heart had ceased to beat. I was trying hard to remain self-possessed when the Marchese, mad with rage, brought his fist down on the table, and drove me out of the room with the words, "Away with you, cowardly Austrian!"

No one dared say a word in my defence, for no one seemed to understand the reason of my emotion. Overpowered with indignation, yet retaining all my presence of mind, I ran up-stairs, locked myself in the room, packed my trunks, and then, half dead with excitement, shame, anger, despair, suffering, and hunger, I threw myself on the bed to rest till daybreak, when I rose, dressed, and left the palace —as the doors were all wide open—without having seen anything of the family Ronconi, leaving my luggage behind, and taking only a hand-bag.

The streets were deserted and the barricades forsaken, but occasionally a sentry called out to me.

I could not have looked very dangerous, however, for I was allowed to pass unmolested, and, after climbing innumerable barricades, at last reached the house of some German friends. Unfortunately I could not at once gain admittance, but was obliged to wait fully an hour with the milk-woman, sitting on the stone steps until the door was opened, when the reception I met with was anything but hearty. "We Germans are placed in a difficult position at the present moment," said Herr Mack. "It is to be feared that Marchese di Raimondi, in his blind anger, may denounce you to the police, and the consequence of such a step at this time cannot be foreseen; we can, therefore, only shelter you until to-morrow. Some of our friends are leaving then for Chambéry, and I advise you to join them."

I spent the whole day like a prisoner, with the light excluded from my room, so as to escape observation. At Herr Mack's request, Signor Ronconi sent on my trunks late in the evening, and the next morning I started in a *vetturino* for Turin, in company with an old lady who was incessantly "telling her beads" and an old gentleman who alternately took snuff and snored. Some weeks later I learned that a few hours after my departure the police went to Herr Mack's to arrest me. The journey was particularly trying and fatiguing, for large trunks of trees and big stones were lying on the road, compelling us frequently to get out and walk. We rested one day in Turin, after which we drove to Chambéry, where my companions left me.

From Chambéry I travelled in a French diligence

with two ladies and a distinguished-looking elderly gentleman as my companions. The carriage had scarcely started, when he yelled, "Stop! stop! I have left my top-coat at the hotel." He sprang out, seized hold of the reins, and a struggle ensued between him and the conductor, who tried to prevent him from delaying the diligence, and, soon getting the upper hand, he threw the stranger down and belabored him unmercifully. The two ladies crossed themselves and shrank into a corner of the carriage, while I threw open the window and cried, with all my might, "Help! Thieves! Fire! Murder!" A crowd soon assembled, the men were separated, and the diligence drove on again, the stranger still without his coat.

After a while, however, I discovered, to my astonishment, that I was no longer inside the diligence, but alone in the coupé. This changing of seats must have occurred during the excitement and confusion; but how great was my terror when, just outside the gates of the town, the conductor came into the coupé brandishing a knife, and calling out in French, "You must die, you have ruined me." Though nearly fainting, I saw the danger of my position, and said, quickly, "Citizen, you are a Frenchman, and you dare insult a woman!" The words worked like magic; he left the coupé, and I took advantage of the next relay to regain the seat before occupied in the interior of the diligence. Many years later I was with my husband at a soirée given by the Princess Czartoryska at the Hotel Lambert, in Paris, when an old gentleman introduced himself to me as a Pole,

Count Z., who, after reminding me of my having come so courageously to his assistance at Chambéry, thanked me in warm terms, calling me his preserver.

When at last I reached Lyons, worn out with fatigue and thoroughly prostrate from the effect of recent events, I was met by some relatives who received me hospitably, nursed me for a whole week, and then took me on to Paris. My joy was indescribable when I found myself, after all my trouble, back again at Mademoiselle Lecomte's boarding-house, where I was received with open arms. I immediately resumed my studies with Garcia; but these, however, were interrupted for a short time by the July revolution, which filled me once more with alarm, and induced me to take refuge at Asnières, near Paris, where I stayed a few weeks with my sister Charlotte, who happened to be on a visit there.

After what I had gone through, my parents demanded of me a *written* promise to renounce all idea of the theatrical profession, a promise which cost me a great struggle and many bitter tears. For I felt I possessed all the necessary qualities of a good dramatic artiste, and now I had to relinquish my cherished scheme and exchange the stage for the concert-room. It was a dreadful disappointment, but I did not lose heart, and resolved to devote myself not only to singing but to the instruction of others, whom I hoped to educate to a high standard in the art which I loved so sincerely.

Early in March, 1849, I gave a very successful farewell concert in Paris, with the assistance of several artistes, among whom was M. Barbot, also a pupil of

Garcia, and now professor at the Paris Conservatoire. My singing was much admired, and the financial result being satisfactory, with a nice little sum in my pocket I started with my sister for London, where I sang during the entire season. So numerous were the engagements offered me that I often sang at two matinées and two or three evening concerts in the same day, without being able to accept them all. I also gave several concerts on my own account, and a few lessons.

CHAPTER IV

Beginning of Her Artistic Career in London.—A Gold Mine for Concert Singers.—Some Famous Artistes.—An Escape from Drowning.—Home Again.—Returns to the British Metropolis.—How a Young Beginner was Reprimanded.

AT that time England was a gold mine for concert singers—since then things have changed considerably—and Mendelssohn was the favorite composer. He was absolutely worshipped, and I may say that Mozart, Haydn, Weber, even Beethoven ranked after him. England, since Handel, had become the home of oratorio, and hailed Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul" and "Elijah" with enthusiasm. On several occasions I heard these works excellently interpreted by Costa, the most celebrated English concert and oratorio singers being Mesdames Dolby and Birch, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley. There were very few good amateurs, music being less cultivated in England than at the present time, and so, when, after a good dinner, paterfamilias suggested to daughter Jane or Mary to give us a song, I could not help shivering, for Jane or Mary generally sang out of time and tune. I might have found a vast field as teacher there, yet refused an excellent offer as professor in Manchester, as I was in hopes of being able to devote myself principally to concert singing.

I met with a very kind reception at the hands of Julius Benedict, afterwards Sir Julius Benedict, who wielded his mighty sceptre over musical England for nearly fifty years, and whose protection was indispensable to any one's success. At his house I met singers, composers, authors, and artistes from all countries, and made the acquaintance of celebrated violinists like Ernst, Joachim, Sivori, and Molique; also of Charles Hallé, the delightful pianist; of Formes, the German bass; of the witty and lively Vivier, the wonderful horn player; besides Karl Eckert, Balfe, and many others. They were all very kindly disposed towards me, assisting me to overcome the difficulties which beset the beginning of nearly all careers. Both socially and artistically my life in London soon became so pleasant that I no longer minded the gray fogs which had impressed me so unfavorably on my first visit, and I felt less eager to return to Paris; moreover, I had no time left for melancholy thoughts. Still, a separation of four years made the longing to see my parents grow stronger every day, so that the London season was barely over when I packed my trunks and started for Dieppe, where, by medical advice, I took a course of sea baths.

In Dieppe I met several friends from Paris, but my stay there nearly came to a tragic ending. Every day I used to go for a swim with one of my friends, always accompanied by a swimming-master. But we went one morning without one when a storm was raging; the waves were mountains high, and the pebbles on the beach rolled backward and forward with a weird sound. No one else attempted to go in bathing; the

beach was deserted; no swimming-master was to be seen anywhere. But with unpardonable bravado we quickly undressed, and, throwing ourselves into the roaring waves, were soon carried away by the ebbing tide. Clinging tightly to each other, we fought with the courage of despair, but apparently in vain, for the rolling billows carried us continually back into the sea. Our strength was becoming exhausted, and inwardly I had said good-bye to the world and to all those dear to me, when a huge wave threw us suddenly on to the beach, and we were saved. A few days after this exciting adventure I started for Frankfort to visit my dear parents.

How can I describe the joy felt on entering my parents' house once more. The separation from her "Benjamine" had caused mother many sleepless, anxious nights, but everything had turned out satisfactorily, and the tears she shed when we met were tears of happiness. My poor father, however, though possessed of an excellent ear and a strong feeling for art, could not accustom himself to the idea of his daughter having adopted the profession. I was received with open arms by my former companions, all of whom, at the same time, looked on me with considerable curiosity. For, while I had been working, travelling, studying hard, they had become mothers of families, and were now rocking their children, looking after kitchen and cellar, darning, sewing, mending, and, above all things, were attending with painful regularity the tea and coffee parties peculiar to small German towns. Naturally I soon became the chief topic of conversation, and when present at

one of these gatherings had to answer many questions, as well as explain and relate all that I had experienced. How quickly those two happy months passed which I spent with my dear parents and friends!

Before leaving Frankfort again, I gave a concert in the Weidenbusch Rooms before a crowded audience. My excitement was naturally very great, for I was to appear before friends and relatives, uncles, aunts, and cousins, never the most indulgent of critics, and my parents, too, were, after much pressing, induced to be present. I sang Arsace's air from Rossini's "Semiramide," the "Dove sei amato bene" of Handel, and some "Lieder," with a success beyond all expectation, but my greatest reward was the delight of those dearest to me.

I was now urged on all sides to teach singing in my native town, but I felt there was not scope enough for my talents in such a small, narrow circle, and my mother strengthened me in my resolution to return to London. My noble-hearted mother was free from all selfish thoughts, and she felt that such a small sphere would cramp my powers. At this concert just mentioned there was, among other artists, a young, bashful, and wholly unknown pianist, Henry Henkel, who took the public by storm with his artistic interpretation of Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Chopin. I was encored in "Vöglein, wohin so schnell ?" one of his songs which he had dedicated to me. This twofold success as a composer and a pianist decided his future career, and Henry Henkel is to this day one of the most popular music-masters in Frankfort.

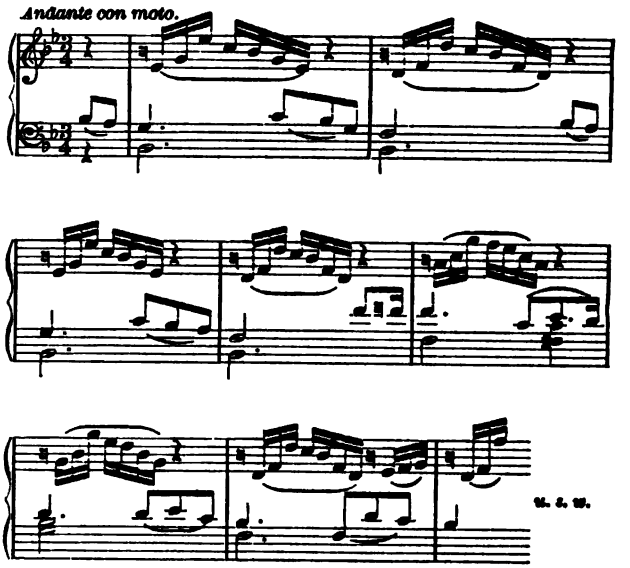
My grief, this time, over the thought of leaving home was greater than ever, but the separation was unavoidable, and so, towards the end of November, I returned to London, where I remained until July, 1850, my artistic and social position growing more and more pleasant and important as I became more intimate with the artistes whose acquaintance I had made during the previous season. I do not believe I can give these friends a better token of my remembrance than by inserting here a transcript of the music which they wrote in my album:

London, 10. April 1850. Fräul. M. Graumann

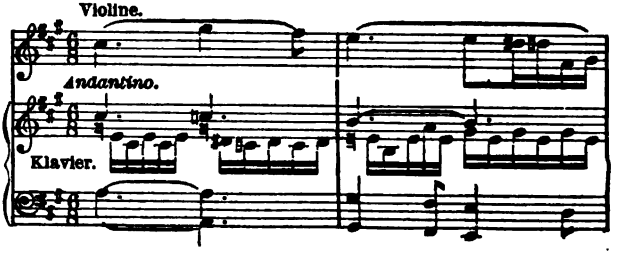
zum freundlichen Andenken an Julius Benedict.

London, 28. Mai, 1850. Charles Hallé.

London, 23. April 1850. M. W. Balfe.



London, 29. Mai 1850. Stephan Heller.



Fraulein Graumann
zur freundschaftlichen Erinnerung an Joseph Joachim.
Leipzig, am 7. October 1850.

In that same year I met with a very cordial reception from one of my countrywomen, Baroness Charlotte von Rothschild, who introduced me into several families, as she did also to Michael Costa, then musical conductor of the Italian Opera at Covent Garden. After I had sung to Costa, he strongly urged me to undertake the part of Orsino in "Lucrezia Borgia," but, remembering the promise made to my parents, I refused his tempting offer. Italian opera had a great attraction for me at that time. Grisi, Mario, Pauline Viardot, Tamberlik, Karl Formes, Lablache, etc., were the shining lights of this now declining school, so that whenever I could find the time, my greatest delight was to listen to the masterpieces of Bellini, of Donizetti, and of Rossini, which they rendered in such perfection.

My knowledge of the English language enabled me to sing the contralto parts in several of Handel's oratorios, and also to take part in Mr. Hullah's classical concerts and in Mr. Ella's celebrated Musical Union

concerts, as well as to appear at numerous soirées and matinées in London and in the provinces. I must not omit to mention that I also appeared at the great yearly concert given for Benedict's benefit, with a programme containing some thirty or forty numbers that were listened to from beginning to end by remarkably patient English audiences. In addition to these, I myself gave two concerts in the course of the season which were very fashionably attended. At one of these, Salvatore Marchesi, a baritone with a delightful voice of enormous compass, made his début. He belonged to the old, aristocratic family of Castrone from Palermo, but he had taken an active part in the revolutionary movement in Sicily, as well as in the famous five days in Milan, and had, therefore, for political reasons, to renounce the brilliant independent life he had hitherto led for one of work and anxiety. In 1848 he fled to America, returned from there to London, and, following the advice of his friends, adopted the artistic profession. He studied with Garcia, took the name of Marchesi, and soon became a great favorite as a concert singer, shining principally by his humorous rendering of Italian bouffe airs, as well as by his perfect interpretation of music by Bach, Handel, and Mozart. The duets from "Semiramide," "Il Barbiere," "L'Italiana in Algieri," "Il Borgomastro di Saardam," etc., which I sang at that time with him at a number of concerts, were always enthusiastically applauded. In the present day one would scarcely dare to produce these duets in public, except the one from "Il Barbiere."

In that same year I heard for the first time, in "Linda," the celebrated singer Henriette Sonntag —Countess Rossi—who, after having left the stage for a number of years, returned to it once more and died shortly after in Rio de Janeiro. Madame Viardot very kindly offered me a seat in her box for this interesting performance. I was impressed by the marvellous ease of her execution, but, finding her singing cold and utterly soulless, I said so to Madame Viardot, who indignantly interrupted me, and gave me to understand that young beginners should not presume to criticise recognized artistes. Through this little unpleasantness "Linda" lost all its charm for me, and I left the theatre before the end of the performance. Perhaps I had taken advantage of one of the prerogatives of youth to form too hasty a judgment, yet I am still of opinion that, though *technique* must undoubtedly be the foundation of every school, and that florid singers, in particular, should pay special attention to *technique,* in no case should *expression* be disregarded or sacrificed to it.

Shortly before the end of the season I received a very charming letter from Moscheles, then at Leipsic, with the offer of an engagement to sing at several of the Gewandhaus concerts, which offer I naturally accepted with delight, and I left London with a light and joyful heart for the Continent. I had made this celebrated pianist's acquaintance at the time I was studying in Paris, where he wrote the following melody in my album:

Melodie im schottischen Stil

An Fräulein Graumann
zur freundlichen Erinnerung an J. Moscheles.
Paris, den 22. November 1845.

CHAPTER V

She Goes to Weimar.—Introduction to Liszt.—A Host of Enthusiastic Students.—Leaves for Leipsic.—Sad News from Frankfort.—Death of Her Beloved Father.

THIS time I went *via* Boulogne, where I stayed a few days with some friends, the Waly family, and then on through Paris to my native town and to my beloved parents. I found mother in excellent health and spirits, but father was ailing, which caused me considerable anxiety. After having spent a few happy weeks at home, I left for Weimar, where my first visit was to Liszt, a relative of mine in Paris, M. Denis, already named, an old friend of the great pianist, having given me a letter of introduction to the master. Liszt received me very warmly, and I dined every day at his residence, the Altenburg, with him and his intimate friend the Princess Wittgenstein. This lady's daughter, now Princess Hohenlohe, wife of the Chamberlain to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, invariably joined us at table. She came in with her two governesses, making three deep courtesies both on entering and leaving the dining-room. At that time the young princess was received at court, but not so with her mother.

How can I accurately describe the blind worship of

the elder Princess for M. Liszt. She generally sat at his feet, kissed his hands, and hung, so to speak, on his very lips. Liszt appeared quite accustomed to receive her homage, accepting it all with lordly indifference. In his absence I often spent hours in conversation with this highly intelligent and amiable lady, who used to lie stretched full-length on her sofa, incessantly smoking strong cigars, and usually divesting herself of her silk stockings and black satin soleless shoes, a proceeding which displayed elegant snow-white feet, in the beauty of which she seemed to take great pride. One day after dinner, on account of a rehearsal, I wished to leave a little earlier than usual, when Liszt called me back with the words:

"Wait a moment; I will fetch my hat and cloak and accompany you."

The Princess, knitting her brows, said, in a commanding tone: "You will please remain with me."

A violent dispute ensued, which placed me in a most awkward position; the storm, however, soon abated and peace was restored, but Liszt had his way and accompanied me to the rehearsal. Through his influence I was invited to take part in a court concert, where he himself played my accompaniments. I sang several of his songs, also airs by Rossini and Handel. He begged me to undertake the contralto part of Handel's "Messiah" in a church, and to sing at a concert in a theatre under his direction. I sang "Che farò" from Gluck's "Orfeo," and Arsace's air from "Semiramide." But when I proposed to give only *one* Allegro Liszt

exclaimed: "Rossini's music is too beautiful to permit of any omission."

Weimar, generally such a quiet town, now had the appearance of a large city, owing to this great musician's presence and ceaseless activity, for he was the life and soul of the little place. At that time, and even to the last days of his existence, the master was surrounded by a host of enthusiastic students who flocked from all parts of the world to benefit by his teaching, and who actually worshipped him. He was one of Wagner's warmest and most indefatigable champions, and through his influence a change came over the thitherto fixed and inflexible ideas of his pupils, which did not fail to leave its mark on music in Germany. Notwithstanding this, Liszt loved Italian music, particularly Rossini's music. I was often asked by him to sing to his pupils, always to his accompaniment, and once, when I had finished the romance of Desdemona in Rossini's "Othello," he jumped up from his seat, exclaiming:

"Only make the piano sing like that, my children, and I shall be satisfied!"

I must have been looking rather delicate at that time, as the master took quite an unusual interest in my mode of living. The first thing he said in the morning when he fetched me to go to rehearsal was, "What have you had for breakfast?" If my answer failed to please him he would give a violent tug at the bell and call to the waiter, "Quick, a good steak, and some of your best Bordeaux," and would not be satisfied till I had made a hearty meal. Liszt was always intolerant of contradiction, even where

art was concerned, as I often had occasion to remark during rehearsals. The week spent in Weimar was so delightfully interesting and instructive that I would gladly have prolonged my stay, but time pressed, for engagements called me to Leipsic. The master was kind enough before I left to give me several letters of introduction to leading German musicians; then, on a dull November morning, I started with a heavy heart for Leipsic, accompanied to the station by Liszt and all his pupils, and even the Princess Wittgenstein paid me the honor of joining them.

After this pleasant stay in Weimar, the people in Leipsic seemed cold, stiff, and puritanical, chilling me completely. Many artistes who visit the north of Germany, especially Leipsic, experience this same feeling of depression. It is not to be denied that this city can boast of a great musical past; indeed, for a long time it took the lead in all things musical, as is sufficiently proven by the fact that Mendelssohn, who founded the Leipsic Conservatoire in the year 1840, Hiller, Schumann, Moscheles, David, Hauptmann, and others, worked there with great success; but the North German is a born pedant, who criticises everything, and seldom gives himself up to perfect enjoyment. Still, I met with a friendly reception on my first appearance at the Gewandhaus concerts, and was cordially welcomed by the families of Moscheles, David, and Hauptmann, as I was also by Madame Livia Frege, an excellent singer and old friend of Mendelssohn's, so that I gradually began to feel more at home. Moscheles' wife was like a mother to me, and I spent

nearly every evening at their house. Liszt had also given me letters of recommendation to Herr Bartolf Senff, the musical publisher and editor of the Leipsic *Signale,* who often helped me with his advice, and he has remained to this day one of my most trusted friends.

A few days after my arrival at Leipsic I received, at short intervals, the following letters from Liszt:

"WEIMAR, *Wednesday Morning.*

"Again do I send you, Mademoiselle, a thousand bravos and a thousand thanks, which will accompany you from station to station till you reach Leipsic, and whence other bravos, echoed from the Gewandhaus, will return to us. I enclose, herewith, letters for Kistner and Senff, and trust that both will find opportunity of being of use to you. I hope to see you again before long. In the meantime, do not forget one who will always entertain a feeling of sincere interest for you, and whom you will always find your very affectionately devoted,

"FR. LISZT."

"MADEMOISELLE,—I enclose you the letter for the Grand Master of Luttichau, which Mr. de Ziegesar has just written in your honor and glory, with all the sincere feelings of admiration and good-will which he entertains for you. With regard to Berlin recommendations, it is unfortunate for you that her Royal Highness the Princess of Prussia will spend the winter in Coblentz. Meyerbeer—to whom pray remember me most respectfully—will certainly be your best friend at Court, and I feel assured he will receive you with sympathy and interest. In the course of the week I will also send you a letter, to the Chamberlain of her Royal Highness the Princess Charles of Prussia, which Ziegesar has promised me. As regards our concert, fixed for Saturday, the 19th inst., I assure you honestly that I should not have dared to speak of it, and do so now most reluctantly. The proceeds are destined to some Pension Fund, always so little *in funds* in our country; con-

sequently I am in no way able to offer reasonable terms. Now as you were already so kind to us when we produced the 'Messiah,' it would really be indiscreet to make further appeals to you, unless you were to authorize me thereto very directly and positively by sending me some masterly epistle such as the following:

"'I shall sing next Saturday, as well as I can, and with the best will and intention in the world, the air of * * * [here follows the name of the piece] and the duet from "Semiramide" with Mr. Milde or Mademoiselle Aghte, and, so as to put no one to inconvenience, I shall arrive next Friday at four o'clock, which, I understand, is the exact hour of the rehearsal.'

"Should an idea of this kind come into your head, be good enough to advise me of it, by telegraph if necessary, so that I may be able to draw up the programme on Monday evening, or Tuesday morning at latest, as it is imperative for it to appear on Wednesday morning. With a thousand friendly respects, FR. LISZT."

"*Friday*, 11*th October*, 1850.

"I beg of you to give a very hearty grip of the hand to Joachim from me. Tell him not to delay his arrival at Weimar, where we expect him on the evening of the 14th.

"P. S.—Just as I was sending this letter off to the post I received the following lines. I forward them to you just as they are, so that you may see that you could not have friends more favorably disposed towards you than those of Weimar. Do not fail to write direct to Ziegesar to thank him for his kindness, of which you are supposed to have heard from me, but without alluding to his letter, which you will send back to me. Please give him at the same time exact indications as to the week of your arrival in Berlin, unless, indeed, you should prefer telling him verbally on Friday or Saturday evening at the Altenburg after having again sung to us and enchanted us."

Unfortunately, however, it was not possible for me to go a second time to Weimar, my engagements in

Leipsic preventing me from doing so. Right here let me state that a young pianist, by the name of Otto Goldschmidt, he who afterwards became the husband of Jenny Lind, made his début at the Gewandhaus concert when I did. The arrangements in the concert-hall were at that time not only exceedingly simple, but, I might almost say, primitive. The soloists had no waiting-room, as is now the case, but had to remain in a corner of the passage where they awaited their turn, and where the ladies had to put on overshoes and waterproofs, and the gentlemen their overcoats, to keep warm. Well, there I sat in a white dress trimmed with rosebuds, while opposite little Otto Goldschmidt was trembling with fear. Although we endeavored to inspire each other with confidence, the idea of appearing before the majestic and stern-looking *habitués* of the Gewandhaus caused our spirits to sink lower and lower; then thoughts of Liszt, and of successes in Weimar flashed across my mind; my courage returned, I stepped before the dreaded Leipsic public, and so hearty was their approval of the performance that I was immediately engaged for five more concerts.

One day I was sitting at the piano practising for the fifth concert, when two letters were handed me, which I opened carelessly and without any presentiment of evil. The first one contained news of my dearly beloved father's illness, until now concealed from me, and the second informed me of his death. My grief was inexpressible, and I need scarcely say that under these melancholy circumstances singing

was wholly out of the question. I therefore wrote letters of excuse to Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Bremen, Cologne, etc., in which places I had engagements, and started back to Frankfort with a heart weighed down with heavy grief.

How silent and dreary did I find my parents' house! for, alas! my dear father had been laid to rest two days before my arrival. Although he had been in somewhat delicate health, I had seen him a few weeks before without any particular anxiety, fully expecting that his complete recovery would be only a question of time, and now that faithful heart had ceased to beat. I should never see him again, never again gaze into his face or hear the sound of his gentle voice; and when mother, who was almost overcome with sorrow, folded me in her arms, I felt as if the grief was more than I could bear. My mind was quickly made up. I would remain with her, give up my position in London, and create a new one in Frankfort. But in her unselfishness and devotion she pressed me, a few weeks later, to go away again, as she did not want to stand in the way of my career, and thought that my native city did not offer sufficient scope for me.

CHAPTER VI

A Third Visit to London.—Musical Soirées.—Concert in Aid of Hungarian Refugees. — A Famous Musical Critic. — A Tour of the Provinces.—Off for Holland.—Married to an Italian Gentleman. — Departure for Berlin. — Meyerbeer and his Mother.

In December, 1850, I returned accordingly to London, and was soon drawn again into the whirl of the great city, where my life became particularly pleasant and interesting. I was often at the house of Herr von Bunsen, at that time Prussian Ambassador, who was not only a prominent diplomatist, but also a man of great learning and a patron of art. His family overwhelmed me with kindnesses. Music was the great feature at their house, and he gave many soirées. At these receptions, as at many private concerts, the commencement of the music was a signal for noisy conversation and incessant chatter, and so I resolved one evening to take an innocent revenge on the talkative ladies and gentlemen present. When I had begun my aria and the noise had reached its height, I ceased abruptly to sing, whereupon the host rushed up to me, inquiring anxiously the cause of my sudden pause. There was a dead silence. "I wished to be listened to," I answered, in loud, clear tones, and the guests were kind and courteous enough

to observe my wishes. Indeed, I found to my delight that from that evening all conversation ceased as soon as I began, every time I sang at the Prussian Ambassador's, which was very often. At Herr von Bunsen's I made the acquaintance of several distinguished persons, among whom were the composer Ritter von Neukomm and the poet Klingemann. Mendelssohn, who was an intimate friend of the poet, set many of his songs to music. Julius Benedict's salon was still the rendezvous of artistes from all parts of the world, and, as he made the engagements for most concerts, every one in England courted him.

At that time Franz von Pulsky, the famous Hungarian patriot and savant, who resided in the foggy city, organized a concert in aid of the Hungarian refugees, and begged me to give my co-operation, which I gladly promised. Fräulein Anna Zerr, the Austrian opera singer and *Kammersängerin*, for whom Proch wrote his well-known variations—translated into Italian by Salvatore Marchesi—sang also on that occasion ; but imagine the despair of the poor artiste when, on her return to Vienna, the title of *Kammersängerin* was taken away from her, and her engagement at the Imperial Opera was cancelled.

I frequently visited Mr. Henry Chorley, musical critic of the *Athenæum*. He was a warm friend and admirer of Mendelssohn, and by his excellent work, *Music and Manners in Germany*, he had obtained a certain notoriety in that country. Through him I made acquaintance with Halévy, the famous composer, and with the brilliant and prolific dram-

atist Eugene Scribe. At one of the dinners given by Mr. Chorley, the seat between these two French celebrities was reserved for me, for which I need scarcely say I was very grateful. I had Halévy on my left, Scribe on my right, and should have liked to speak to the former about music; but the witty dramatist gave me no chance to do so, as he at once started an intensely clever and fascinating conversation, in which all the other guests soon joined. I never again saw Scribe as he was that evening—that is to say, overflowing with wit and good humor.

Towards the end of the season of 1851 I gave a large musical soirée in my own house, at which "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde" was performed for the first time in England. This charming little opera was composed by Mendelssohn for his parents' silver wedding, and it had been translated into English by Chorley. Some of my kind friends had for this occasion gayly decked the rooms with flowers, and had installed a well-furnished buffet in the dining-room, while Herr von Bunsen placed his servants at my service, and very striking they looked, too, in their powdered hair, white silk stockings, and handsome liveries.

The opera was cast as follows:

Lisbeth .....Mrs. Enderson.
Mother.....Fräulein Matilde Graumann.
Kauz .....Signor Marchesi.
Herrmann.....Mr. Lockey.
Schulze .....Señor Manuel Garcia.

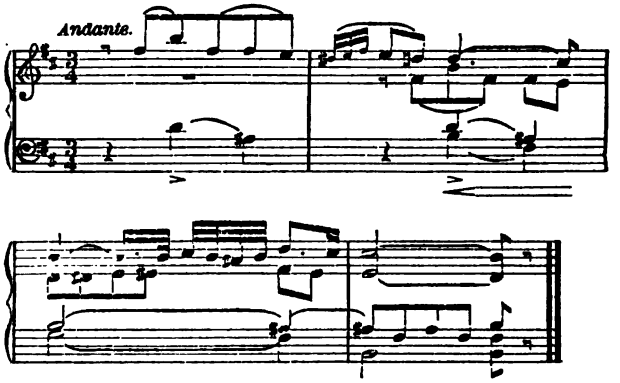
The libretto was read by Mr. Chorley, while Benedict and Lindsay Sloper played the overture together;

then they took it by turns to play the accompaniments of the songs. My famous master, Garcia—in 1848 he had settled down in London—performed his part of Schulze, which, as is well known, has to be sung on one note, to the delight of all the listeners. The music was so much appreciated that, after its performance at my house, it was given at most public concerts.

Shortly after this little musical festival I was engaged for a tour in the English provinces, together with Ernst, the violinist; Angri, the Italian contralto; Julius Stockhausen, the concert singer; Formes, the bass, and several other distinguished artistes. At Manchester, where I met with a friendly reception, I again received the offer of a brilliant engagement as professor of singing, but refused it, with the idea of remaining true to the artistic career I had mapped out for myself. Our company was composed of the most heterogeneous elements. Fräulein Angri, possessor of a rare contralto voice, never sang during the day, but was constantly knitting; Herr Formes, whose ways were somewhat rough, would from time to time emit inarticulate sounds in order to try his voice, as he put it; and Ernst, who was very delicate, would generally lie in bed until the beginning of the concert. While travelling, we usually occupied different carriages, as there existed very little sympathy for one another between the various members of the company.

I experienced particular pleasure during this tour from Ernst's divine playing, for he drew forth tones from his violin such as I have seldom heard equalled

since. His instrument, echoing his mood, was either all tears or all joy, though the latter was seldom the case, for Ernst was in the highest degree impressionable and melancholy. His playing was consequently very unequal; but when in good health and in the humor, he never failed to excite enthusiasm. During the last years of his life the unfortunate artist became lame, was confined to his room, and his violin was heard no more. His wife, a faithful companion, younger than he by many years, tended the weary, sick, dispirited man with most loving care up to the moment of his death, which occurred on the 8th of October, 1865. But long before that—at the end of our concert season, in fact—he had written the following in my musical album:



London, 15. Aug. 1851. H. W. Ernst.

The season, a profitable one in every way, being over, I travelled, towards the end of July, with a

lady companion to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where I sang at a number of concerts, and thence went on to see my dear mother in Frankfort. I had only been at home a few days when Mr. Salvatore Marchesi was unexpectedly announced, he having followed me to Frankfort with the intention of asking my mother for my hand. As my readers will remember, this was the same young Italian who had made his début at my concert in London two years before, and with whom I then sang duets from "Il Barbiere" and from "Don Juan." Strange to say, he had been fighting on the barricades in front of the Raimondi Palace at Milan while I was a prisoner within its walls with the Ronconi family during the Revolution of 1848. We became engaged very shortly after his visit to our house, but circumstances would not permit of our revelling long in the happy days of courtship, and the hour of separation came only too soon. My *fiancé* was obliged to go to the North of Germany, whither numerous engagements called him, and I betook myself to Holland, meeting with cordial welcome in Amsterdam in the hospitable home of the Prins family, whose charming daughters had been my pupils in London. Here I gave two concerts and sang many times at the subscription concerts of the "Felix Meritis" Society, also at Rotterdam, The Hague, Utrecht, Haarlem, Leyden, Dordrecht, etc., returning to Frankfort towards the end of March.

Then, on the 19th of April, 1852, I was married to Salvatore de Castrone, better known as Signor Marchesi, our wedding being celebrated in a little

village church, gayly decked with flowers, which stood in Heddernheim, in the Duchy of Nassau. The attendance was strictly limited to members of my own family. The reason why we went to Heddernheim was because the severe senators of the "free city of Frankfort" had refused to give their consent to my marriage with a foreigner, being swayed thereto by political reasons, my husband having taken part in the Italian movement of '48; so we addressed ourselves for the necessary formalities to the Nassau authorities, who fortunately showed themselves larger-minded than our own officials, and many friends, acquainted with the difficulties which had been placed in the way of our union, and who were inclined to think that these could never be overcome, were not a little surprised when they read the announcement of the ceremony in the newspapers.

Never since have I seen that quiet little church of Heddernheim, but in leisure moments my thoughts often go back to that unassuming, romantic wedding of long ago, when the bridal party betook itself on foot from the priest's house to the house of God, where the true-hearted, unpretending minister united us. Heinrich Henkel presided at the organ, his fine, impressive playing creating a deep impression on all those assembled in that tranquil spot, far from the world's turmoil; and, moreover, the knowledge that my dear mother approved of my choice added considerably to my happiness on that memorable day of the early fifties.

Well, soon after our wedding we went to Berlin

on an invitation from Meyerbeer, who had asked us to sing at some Court concerts to be given in honor of the Russian sovereigns, then on a visit to the Prussian capital. Although these concerts did not take place, owing to illness at Court, we none the less spent a whole month in Berlin, where we soon began to feel ourselves at home, and where our life became interesting and pleasant. While there we came a good deal into contact with Meyerbeer, singing many of his compositions to his accompaniment, and amongst them his buffo-duet from "Margherita d'Anjou," one of his earlier operas, written while he was in Venice. We were also allowed to enter his *sanctum sanctorum*, or study, which was large and roomy. In the centre, on a raised platform, stood a grand-piano, while around were several tables covered with books and sheets of music-paper large and small, on which, as he said, he jotted down thoughts as they occurred to him, to be made use of at the proper moment.

We found Meyerbeer particularly amiable and obliging, and saw no trace of the reticent, repelling manner so many complained of. He bore at that time the title of "General Music Director," a post that has fallen into abeyance since his death. We also made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer's mother, Frau Beer, who gave a large dinner in our honor, at the conclusion of which we sang several of the master's compositions to his accompaniment. Frau Beer, a very amiable old lady, idolized her son, and had always been his companion in his artistic tours.

As is well known, Meyerbeer was an excellent

pianist, and had played in public from his earliest youth. "When we arrived in Vienna, where my son intended to play in public," said Frau Beer, "he made the acquaintance of Beethoven and Clementi, but the presence of these eminent pianists made him so nervous that he announced he had injured his hand, and, bandaging it, he rushed away from the city without playing a note. Arrived in Venice," she continued, "we attended a performance of Rossini's opera 'Tancred,' so well known at that time, in which the distinguished alto Pisaroni scored a triumph. My son conceived such an enthusiasm for Rossini's music that we remained some years in Italy, where he composed his operas, 'Il Crociato in Egitto,' 'Campo di Silesia,' 'Margherita d'Anjou,' and others, which were all produced with great success."

We saw much of Fanny Lewald, the celebrated authoress, who combined heart with intellect, and poetry with sound common-sense, as we did also of her future husband, the late Adolf Stahr, and of Cornelius, the painter, whose hospitable house was open to all possessing talent and intellect. Fanny Lewald, who at that time had already made the acquaintance of Herr Stahr—then not separated from his first wife—wrote the following lines in my album, which appear to me to mirror the events of her own life at that period—the words probably being prompted by a sullen resentment of her fate which was so hard to bear:

"There are times in which the conviction lies so deep within our souls that a change in our fate is a matter of such

crying necessity that we bring ourselves to believe this change feasible enough, and to be effected when we will. But we are bound to the present by the trammels of the past, and it is only given to the favored of Fate to cast away from them a past deep in misfortune, and so begin a new life.

"FANNY LEWALD."

Another acquaintance we made was that of Mendelssohn's sister; she was the wife of Professor Dirichlet, and we passed every evening we were disengaged with her. When sitting together in the intimacy of the family circle, we had the rare pleasure of listening to the letters her dearly loved and much-lamented brother had written her during his travels. In these letters my aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, was often mentioned. At the end of the month we reluctantly left Berlin and the very interesting circle in which we had moved; and scarcely had we returned to Frankfort, where we spent the summer in my mother's house, when pupils flocked from all quarters, and enticing offers were made to me, with a view to fixing me in my native town. But these offers were in vain; the sphere was too limited, the narrow existence too oppressive. I had wider artistic ambitions to follow.

CHAPTER VII

Début at Bremen in the Opera of "Il Barbiere."—Homesick in London.—An Interesting Contribution to Wagnerian History.—A Tenor of Handsome Face.—Some Musical Autographs.—Off for Florence.—Rossini's Story about One of his Famous Works.

We returned to Berlin in the autumn of 1852, as there were numerous engagements to fulfil in that city. I had never before found it so hard to part from my dear mother as on this occasion, for I was so weighed down by a presentiment of evil, and a dread that I should never see her again, that I could scarcely tear myself away from her when she pressed me to her heart at parting. Alas! my feelings had not deceived me. I had seen her for the last time. For the last time I had gazed into those eyes beaming with boundless motherly love. We never met again.

There was an excellent Italian Opera company in Berlin, and the performances were largely attended during several weeks. My husband appeared with great success in "Ernani," "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and "Lucrezia Borgia," while I sang often at public and private concerts. My husband and I accompanied the opera people to Bremen, where they were engaged for a few performances. There the

prima donna of the troupe fell ill, and I resolved, on the spur of the moment, to take her place as Rosine in "Il Barbiere." I was received with such enthusiasm that I already pictured myself a star of the first magnitude in the theatrical world; but the determined veto of my husband kept me from the stage then and for all time. The fates were certainly not propitious to a theatrical career.

From Bremen we travelled to Brussels, where we gave several concerts, going afterwards for a tour in the Belgian provinces; then in April, 1853, we left Ostend for London. An inexpressible feeling of homesickness seized me when I again entered that dreary, sunless, smoky city; but scarcely had I settled down once more to active life when I felt thoroughly at home, so much so indeed that we actually debated whether we should not definitely settle down in the metropolis. At the beginning of our stay we lived in the house of Mrs. Lewis, a very rich and childless relative of mine, who had invited us to come with charming cordiality, but a few weeks after our arrival something occurred which threw the whole household into fear and anxiety. Some years previously Mrs. Lewis had contracted a second marriage, and her present husband was a sinister-looking, gray-bearded old Englishman, who, from the moment we entered the house, looked on us with suspicion and displeasure, never addressing us a friendly word. Observing this, Mrs. Lewis told us that her husband was eccentric and misanthropical, besides which the poor woman herself had asthma, which caused her much suffering. Every day, after dinner,

the doctor, an intimate friend of her husband's, used to visit her, when he would feel her pulse with a thoughtful expression, and shake a white powder into a glass of claret for her, saying it would do her good. Meanwhile she grew worse day by day, the difficulty in breathing and the rushing of blood to the head increasing considerably. At last my husband said to me:

"There is some mystery here. This so-called doctor seems to be a quack and in league with the husband; both seem anxious to take your poor cousin's life, but I mean to do my best to save her."

When, in the evening, the doctor came again and offered Mrs. Lewis the usual glass of wine, my husband seized it with the words:

"*You* drink it, doctor; it will cure you."

The man turned pale and disappeared, and Mr. Lewis followed him a moment after, never to return. The scene that ensued is beyond description, Mrs. Lewis fainting away with grief and terror. A short time after this incident the sorrow-stricken woman applied for a divorce. But now let me speak of something less gloomy.

During our stay in London the first performance of "Tannhäuser" was given in Leipsic, and on the 24th of May, 1853, my friend Moscheles wrote me a letter—of which I am still in possession—relating to the production of that work. As it is an interesting addition to Wagnerian history, I translate it in full from the German:

"DEAR MADAME MARCHESI,—These lines afford you proof of the sincere interest we take in your welfare. May all your

wishes be realized. Do not fail to induce your husband to give us details about his latest artistic efforts, also regarding his future prospects and plans, so as to enable us to complete the biographical sketch for the illustrated paper we wish soon to publish. No doubt you are now in the midst of the whirl of the London season, while we here can devote ourselves more peacefully to our art. You will certainly have made Miss Bury's acquaintance; when you see her, please remember us kindly to her. We are trying to acclimatize Wagner's music here, and 'Tannhäuser' has already been played for some months, but it is an open question whether any other nation than the German will have the patience and perseverance to sing such music and listen to it. I would very much like to give you some other interesting news, but I have neither the matter nor the time at my disposal—only this, that the singer Behr is going to be married this week to a sister of Benedix, the author. My very best regards to you both, from your devoted friend,

"T. MOSCHELES."

Meyerbeer's "Prophète" was given for the first time in London at the Covent Garden Theatre during the season of 1853, the composer himself directing the rehearsals. Pauline Viardot sang the part of Fides, which Meyerbeer had written for her, and Mario, the tenor, who turned all the women's heads with his handsome face and his magnificent voice, was the Prophet. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which this work was received, and, thanks to Meyerbeer, we were able to witness the rehearsals and the first performance.

The celebrated composer Spohr also spent some time in London in 1853. In his honor several of his works were produced, in which we always took part, the delightful trio for female voices, from his opera "Zémire et Azor," which I sang several times

with two English singers, accompanied by Spohr himself, being especially appreciated. He wrote the beginning of this trio in my album:

London, den 14. Juli 1853.

Zur freundlichen Erinnerung und Louis Spohr.

We went in for a great deal of music with the charming and well-known dilettante, Prince Joseph Poniatowsky, then Tuscan Minister to Paris and London and intimate friend of Napoleon III. The Prince had not only a very fine tenor voice, but his delivery was impressive and full of feeling. His opera, "Pierre de Médicis," formed part of the *répertoire* of the Paris Opéra many years, and is the best known of all his compositions. He died in the spring of 1873 in London, where he had established himself as singing-master, the fall of the French Empire having deprived him of his salary of 40,000 francs as Senator, and he was thrown on his own resources. He was about starting on an artistic tour in America as musical conductor when death overtook him. I can never look upon the music which this sorely tried man wrote in my album without a deep feeling of melancholy:

Messa di Requiem.

Londra, 25. Luglio 1853. G. Poniatowsky.

At the end of the London season, which had been a remunerative and successful one to us in every way, my husband was seized with such a strong de-

sire to behold once more the blue skies of his native country that we gave up our plan of making our home in London, and, taking a hearty farewell of all our artiste friends, especially of Vieuxtemps, who wrote me the following lines as a parting souvenir,

Londres, 4. Juin 1853. A Madame Marchesi-Graumann
Souvenir affectueux H. Vieuxtemps.

we started in the month of September, 1853, for Florence *via* Paris, Marseilles, Genoa, and Leghorn.

After London, with its foggy, unfriendly climate, and its gray sky, Italy seemed an earthly paradise, and I revelled in its light, air, and sun. In consequence of my somewhat delicate health, we spent the

winter in Florence, where we saw a great deal of Luigi Gordigiani, the celebrated composer of Italian national airs, who was living there at the time. But the evenings which we spent at the "Cigno di Pesaro," or house of Rossini, were neither interesting nor pleasant. There was never any music, nor was it even mentioned. The prevailing tone in the salon of the hostess was stiff and formal in the extreme, and all who frequented it suffered from its depressing influence. Madame Rossini, a capricious and unamiable woman, troubled herself very little about her guests, and devoted her whole attention to a sick dog, which lay on an elegant cushion at her feet.

Still, Rossini, so silent in his own house, was most talkative and lively when he came to see us, and he would then relate interesting anecdotes about his travels, his adventures, and, among other things, about the first performance of his "Barbiere di Seviglia." He said: "Whenever I came upon any mistakes in listening to my operas, I was always prevented from sleeping that night, reproaching myself incessantly, and finding neither peace nor rest. But if, on the contrary, I found I had succeeded in my work, and had produced that which was best and noblest in my mind, and was incapable of anything greater, I went quietly home, even after a failure in public, and slept the sleep of the just. My opera of 'Il Barbiere' was unmercifully hissed from beginning to end the first night it was produced at Rome. Paisiello's admirers were incensed against me because I, an unknown musician, had dared to use the same libretto which had been so well set to music by

Italy's best composer. A second clique, the clergy, were hostile to me because I had selected for Rome a libretto by Beaumarchais, who had been a priest. No one, however, could imagine that I had not a farthing left from the hundred scudi which had been paid me in advance for my work, and where was I to find a libretto unless I stole it? In three weeks the season must begin with a new opera, I had not a half-penny in my pocket, and my director was beginning to get uneasy and to threaten me.

"In this unpleasant situation my thoughts fell on the 'Barbiere.' The subject was in harmony with my feelings at the moment, and I might possibly obtain the libretto for nothing. *Dictum, factum.* I wrote to Paisiello, asking permission to use his book, which he granted in a most friendly manner. I then set to work, and my 'Barbiere' was composed and written out in twelve days. The rehearsals began, but from the first it was received with laughter and derision. Only one man, a great singer, was delighted with the music, and did all in his power to help me with the rehearsals and stage management. This was the celebrated tenor Garcia, father of Malibran, of Viardot and Manuel Garcia, and it was for him that I had written the part of Lindoro.

"Well, the eventful first night arrived at last, and throughout my artistic career I have never experienced a more stormy evening. It was not the hostile party alone, but a whole series of mishaps which contributed to the great fiasco of my opera. The overture was completely drowned, as well as the first chorus, by the hissing and whistling of the public.

At this act of injustice, Garcia, beside himself with anger, grew so excited that he broke several strings of his guitar while accompanying the serenade. This caused such a disturbance that nothing more of the music could be heard. Poor Basilio, a débutant, became so alarmed at the uproar that he trod on his long cloak and fell flat on the stage. When he got up, his nose was bleeding so profusely that it was some minutes before he was able to sing. The noise then grew terrific. Finally, just as the public were quieting down a cat suddenly appeared on the stage, and was only driven off again with much trouble and loss of time. Thus was the unfortunate evening brought to a climax. The curtain fell and the performance was stopped.

"Although it was a failure, I was none the less calm and satisfied, for I had the conviction that I had worked conscientiously, and I recognized the injustice of an audience who, in their blind prejudice, had not listened to a single bar of my music. It is the custom in Italy for every composer to conduct his opera for the first three nights, but the next morning I begged the manager to release me from this obligation, and he very gladly granted my request. Soon after this unfortunate performance, however, a reaction set in among the frequenters of the opera, some praising the overture, others remembering the melody of the first finale, others again thinking the air of Figaro original, and so forth. This was sufficient to induce the greater part of the public to give some attention to the second performance. This time I remained at home alone, trying to write and to read,

but could not collect my thoughts. I then took my watch in my hand, and mentally sang the overture and right through the first act. Suddenly I was seized with an uncontrollable curiosity. I wanted to know what reception my music was meeting with on this second hearing, and resolved to go to the theatre, when an extraordinary noise called me to the window. There I saw thousands of people, with torches in their hands, coming towards my house, and, before I had realized what was happening, I was being carried in triumph to the theatre, amidst the enthusiastic cries of 'Evviva Rossini!' I had had no time to exchange my dressing-gown for a coat, and thus was obliged to conduct the 'Barbiere' from the beginning of the second act. The audience that had been so antagonistic on the previous occasion now became wildly enthusiastic, and at the end of the performance carried me home in triumph. Such was the baptism of my 'Barbiere.'"

CHAPTER VIII

A Souvenir of Rossini.—Visit to Ferrara.—Some Startling Recollections.—Birth of an Eldest Daughter.—Engagement at the Vienna Conservatoire.—Earns a very Small Salary.—Some Famous Pupils.

SHORTLY before the departure of my husband and self from Florence, Rossini wrote in my album a very original canon for four voices, the words of which, also by himself, are a parody on the modern style of singing. It is as follows:

Canone perpetuo a 4 Sprani.

Firenze, 17. Novbre. 1853. Devoto ammiratore Gioachino Rossini.

Towards the end of November we left "Firenze la Bella" to go to Ferrara, where for twenty nights my husband sang with great success the part of Carlo V. in Verdi's opera of "Ernani." The first tenor of the troupe was Signor Biondi, a Sicilian by birth. He possessed a fine voice and his delivery was effective, but his emission was imperfect, and the intonation of the higher tones was often faulty, so that each performance brought with it moments of keen anxiety and distress. One day Biondi came to me and triumphantly exclaimed: "Signora, I have at last found a method of making my upper tones clear and true; all I need do is to place my right hand behind my ear, and they will ring forth admirably." The very next night he tried the experiment, and the audience, beholding it, fancied that he was suffering from an earache. On his second attempt to test the worth of his experiment, his listeners had been let into the secret, and those in the pit, to a man, put their hands behind their ears and sung with the performer. The curtain was lowered amid the wildest uproar, and the representation came to an inglorious end.

This same Biondi went to America to teach, a few years later, and, thanks to his Italian name, secured many pupils; but his ignorance of music led him into many scrapes. One day a student asked him what a syncope meant. Biondi stammered forth an incoherent answer and lapsed into silence; but the young lady repeated her question. At that moment an acquaintance, fortunately a musician, entered the room. "This young person," said Biondi, "is a

little over-excited, and I cannot make her understand what a syncope is. Won't you try to enlighten her?" The acquaintance consented, the inquiring pupil was enlightened, and so too was Biondi, who, for the first time in his life, was given the definition of a syncope.

It is very strange that the lively, restless Italians can hear a favorite opera night after night without tiring, while Germans, generally so patient, require a constant change of *répertoire*. The result of this daily change is that the artiste never thoroughly knows his part, nor ever brings it to perfection. This may also be the reason that Germany has never been able to boast of many good singers.

Ferrara at that time still formed part of the Papal States and had an Austrian garrison. It would have been difficult to imagine a more desolate, dull, and miserable place than was this art-loving city of the Este, once so beautiful and flourishing. Political tyranny was weighing on the minds of the people, the streets were empty, the shops closed, the inhabitants wandering sadly about, and the promenades along the old walls of the city, where of a mid-day innumerable serpents were basking in the sun, filled one with intense melancholy and depression. We always looked with fear and trembling on the members of the "Poor Brotherhood," in their monks' clothing, who, with faces hidden from view, and collection boxes in their hands, would often come unexpectedly upon us in the streets. But what affected me more than anything else was the fact that those who were sentenced to death were led past our window on their way to execution. According to the

custom of those times, the unfortunate creatures had boards strapped to their backs stating the nature of their offence, and flowers were placed between their hands, as if in mockery. Of course everything is now changed, but I felt then as if I were cut off from civilization. I still remember one other fact which to-day appears almost incredible. The Jews at that time lived in a corner of the town especially assigned to them, and called the Ghetto. On Good Friday, the day of the great procession, they were strictly forbidden to leave their houses, and the gates of the Ghetto were hung with thick drapery, which was only removed when the ceremonies were over.

We were living directly opposite the palace of the Dukes of Ferrara, and we visited, not only its interior, but the dungeons as well, where Ugo and Parisina languished until led out for execution in the palace court-yard. Ugo, a natural son of the cruel Duke, had fallen madly in love with his beautiful step-mother. A looking-glass which reflected the lovers in the act of embracing revealed their guilt to the Duke, who was standing at the opposite window, and was the cause of their being sentenced to death. Donizetti took this subject for an opera, which has now passed into oblivion. We also visited the castle of Lucrezia Borgia, situated in the midst of a large park, where, it is said, her orgies took place.

In Ferrara we had two friends whose kindness caused us to forget from time to time the dreariness of our monotonous existence. They were Count Avventi, a friend of Rossini, and the Marquis Strozzi. The Marquis placed his carriage at our

service, and often invited us to dinner. After that meal he amused his guests by calling in a negro and a negress he had brought over from Africa, who went through some original dances and songs, to while away the time. He was anxious to unite them in marriage, but to this they would not consent. We stayed full eight months in Ferrara, the birth of our eldest daughter, Theresa, causing us to remain longer than we had at first intended. We were on the eve of returning to Florence when the outbreak of the cholera in Italy upset all our plans, and our departure from Ferrara became a positive flight. No servant could be induced to accompany us, so, with a baby in my arms, we travelled by way of Venice and Trieste to Vienna, where, after a most fatiguing and unpleasant journey, we arrived at five o'clock in the morning at the beginning of September, 1854. But our troubles were not at an end as yet. Little Theresa, generally so good, shrieked and cried incessantly, and several hotels refused, one after the other, to let us in. I could have kissed the hands of the proprietor of the one where we were finally accepted, although it was to his interest to receive us. Often, when in my travels I meet fussy young wives and mothers escorted by their nurses and governesses, I involuntarily think of the time when I had to undertake a long journey, under the most difficult circumstances, with a child three months old and whom I was nursing at the breast.

Eight days after our arrival in the Imperial City Herr Helmesberger called on us at the hotel in which we had temporarily taken up our quarters. The lit-

tle violinist, at whose concert I had sung in Frankfort, had now become a celebrated artiste, and was director of the Vienna Conservatoire ; now he offered me the post of professor of singing, rendered vacant through the resignation of Fräulein Fröhlich. As I had always had a liking for Vienna, and was tired of travelling, I accepted; still I was very much excited the first time I gave a lesson at the Conservatoire, for I was only a few years older than my oldest pupils.

In the course of the same winter we gave four orchestral concerts at the Conservatoire, and we sang at several private houses where Liszt, then living in Vienna, often played our accompaniments. At the house of Baron von Putlingen—known in the musical world as Hoven—celebrated for his singing and his compositions, we made the acquaintance of Dr. Edward Hanslick, who already at that time held a prominent position among the best connoisseurs and critics, and to-day ranks first among them. His book on the "Æsthetics of Music," which created such a sensation when it first came out, has been translated into several languages. Dr. Hanslick married Fräulein Sophie Wohlmuth, one of my most talented pupils, as she obtained the first prize at the Vienna Conservatoire for her excellent rendering of the death scene in Gounod's "Faust."

I had always had great predilection for teaching, and, as I had already given lessons in Frankfort, and also at a later period under Garcia's guidance, my new occupation was no novelty to me. I brought to bear on my work all the enthusiasm and earnestness

which my nature possessed, and without which no art can either be taught or learned. My only grief was that this work of teaching the whole day was gradually tiring my voice. When I entered the Vienna Conservatoire I found everything connected with singing in a state of infancy. Not a single pupil was possessed of the slightest knowledge of the art. The celebrated Academy of Music was in an old, dark building, situated in the middle of the town, and I had to climb six or seven flights of stairs to arrive at a little, low-ceilinged class room, right over the great concert hall. My yearly salary, for thirty-six lessons per month, was 400 florins, or about $160. May all young teachers, male and female, who at the beginning of their career expect large remuneration for the slight services they are able to render, remember the modest sum I received in return for those labors. After a while we settled down comfortably, however, and, my family increasing, bright, smiling children's faces surrounded us, so that in the midst of this happiness, with numerous pupils to teach and many duties to perform, time passed quickly and pleasantly to me.

At the beginning of our stay in Vienna we were introduced to a very hospitable Princess by Baroness Klopstein, an excellent pianist and friend of Baroness von Ertmann. We dined regularly every Sunday with the Princess and had music in the evening. Her family consisted of a rosy-looking twelve-year-old son, by her second marriage, and her granddaughter, a rich orphan. This last, a weak and delicate child, seemed to tremble in the presence of her

grandmother, whose severe, penetrating gaze appeared to freeze any disposition she might have to be lively. It was said that the girl was ill-treated, that she was deprived of sleep and food, that she was overworked, and much more to the same effect. Beginning to watch, I noticed one Sunday that the girl had, in obedience to her grandmother's wishes, and notwithstanding the number of servants, to wait on the guests, and while doing so was secretly supplied by them with bread, fruit, and other eatables. I followed their example, and soon convinced myself that she eagerly accepted anything that was given to her, skilfully hiding it in her pocket. It was clear to me there was some secret here, and my suspicions were confirmed by hints thrown out by the young Prince's tutor, a Belgian by birth. As it was impossible to interfere in the matter, and the sight of this amiable young girl slowly wasting away becoming perfectly painful to us, we avoided the house and declined all further invitations from the Princess. A short time afterwards, hearing that the girl had fallen ill, I called to inquire after her; I was told that the patient in her delirium constantly asked for me, and I was even allowed to see her. The unfortunate girl, though on the point of death, recognized me, and, seizing my hand, was about to speak, when the Princess prevented her. She died on the following day. Strange rumors were afloat, and terrible stories were spread about. It was said she died of typhus brought on by hunger, and there was even a question of official inquiry being made into the cause of her demise. Owing, however, to the influ-

ential position of the family, the matter was hushed up, and the Princess herself died shortly after from a stroke of apoplexy. This was the second time I had witnessed among the so-called higher classes criminal attempts to deprive relatives of a rightful inheritance, in both cases the evil-doers escaping punishment in this world.

My first examination at the Conservatoire, in July, 1855, was very successful and made quite a sensation, as one of my pupils, Antoinetta Fricci, called forth so much enthusiasm by her excellent rendering of an air from the "Barbiere" that the directors induced me to renew my contract, my husband becoming at the same time professor of the men's class, and in this way we remained for seven years without interruption in Vienna. The whole organization of the Conservatoire at that time was incomplete and defective. There was no operatic class, neither had my pupils any lessons in acting or declamation. Whenever I laid complaint before the directors and suggested alterations to them, it was always: "All in good time! For the moment we must not enter into competition with the Opera!"

As it was impossible to form opera-singers in this manner, I organized a class at home, to give the pupils of the Conservatoire as well as my private ones the opportunity of studying for the stage. Monsieur Pitrot, an old Frenchman, who was ballet dancer at the Court Theatre in Vienna, gave them lessons in acting, the dramatic instruction being under the direction of Herr Findeisen, author and

actor at the Theatre "An der Wien." Thanks to the last-named gentleman, I was enabled to conduct at this same theatre a few afternoon operatic performances to a piano accompaniment; and besides many German singers whom I formed in this manner, I may mention Antoinetta Fricci, Caroline Dory, Ilma di Murska, and Gabrielle Krauss as among my best.

Antoinetta Fricci, a Viennese, whose real name was Fritsche, besides a beautiful, full, mezzo-soprano voice, possessed real musical talent and great dramatic power. She left the Conservatoire in July, 1857, after gaining the first prize, and made her début in Pisa the following year as Leonora in "Il Trovatore." For more than twenty years she sang in Italian operas, meeting with great success in England, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Cairo, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, etc. The operas she excelled in most were "Norma," "La Juive," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Maria de Rohan," "L'Africaine," "Trovatore," "Aïda," "The Prophet," etc. In 1867, at Bologna, she created the part of Eboli in Verdi's "Don Carlos," at the composer's special request, and only a few years ago she left the stage and accepted the post of professor of singing at the Turin Conservatoire.

Caroline Dory, likewise a Viennese, had also devoted herself to Italian Opera, completing her studies at the same time as Antoinetta Fricci, with whom she was engaged for three years by Lanari, the impresario, and was particularly brilliant in the part of Arsace in Rossini's "Semiramide," which she

sang in several Italian theatres. The two young débutantes soon became celebrated for the perfect rendering of their duets. Moreover, for many years Caroline was one of the favorite contraltos in Italy, but some time ago settled in Nice as professor of singing. I recall, in connection with Caroline Dory, an incident which created considerable merriment at the time. Caroline's father was an Austrian general, and known for his somewhat uncommon loyalty to the imperial family. At a conservatory examination-concert his daughter Caroline, in addition to a classical aria, was set down for songs by Schubert and Schumann, and I had chosen from the latter's *répertoire* "The Soldier's Bride," commencing with the line, "Ah, did the King but know how brave my treasure is!" The day before the concert the general called on me and said: "My dear madame, I have just learned that my daughter is to sing to-morrow a song by Schumann, the first words of which are, 'Ah, if the King but knew,' etc. I can only approve of this if the line is changed to read, 'Ah, if the Emperor but knew,' etc., for otherwise his Majesty might question my unswerving fidelity." Despite my inclination to please the general, I was obliged to remove the song from the programme.

Ilma di Murska, born at Agram, in Croatia, had not only a sweet, flexible, and high soprano voice, but was also very musical, and a quick learner. She was already married and the mother of two children when she entered the Conservatoire. In September, 1861, when I left Vienna, she followed me to Paris

to complete her studies, and sang several times at the celebrated concerts organized by Baron Haussmann at the Hôtel de Ville. She made an extraordinarily successful début as Martha at the Pergola Theatre, Florence, in April, 1862. Ilma soon became one of the most popular and celebrated of singers, winning golden opinions both in the Old and the New World. In Australia she created a great sensation; but unfortunately she had a number of eccentricities—some of them harmless, while others seriously affected her health and her career.

Ilma's colleagues have never forgotten the large Newfoundland dog which, to their horror, she insisted on bringing to all rehearsals. She was always a great favorite at the Italian Opera in St. Petersburg, London, and Paris, as well as in Vienna, but she left the stage while her voice still possessed all its power, and lived for a while a quiet, retired life in London. She soon grew tired of this inactive existence, however, and went to New York as Professor of the Conservatoire there. But Ilma was not born to teach, and before many months were over she resigned her post, returning to Europe broken in body and in spirit. She then went to Munich, where her daughter, Frau von Czedic, also one of my pupils, occupied a position as a talented singer and authoress. She died shortly afterwards, in the month of January, 1889. Although she had earned enormous sums of money during her brilliant career, at the time of her death she was in very reduced circumstances. Her

unfortunate daughter, in bad health at the time, poisoned herself through grief over her mother's death, and both the bodies were taken to Gotha to be cremated.

CHAPTER IX

In the Austrian Capital.—Prima Donna Gabrielle Krauss.—Her Remarkable Success at Paris.—How the Careers of Young Artistes are Spoiled.—The Strife over Wagner.—Madame Marchesi forced to Resign from the Vienna Conservatoire.

MADAME GABRIELLE KRAUSS studied with me for three years, and was not only highly gifted, but a very industrious worker. She was delicate, pale, and timid, in consequence of which she was frequently kept in the background by Hellmesberger, the director of the Conservatoire. By a stroke of good luck, however, her talent was brought to the fore. At a concert of the society Die Musikfreunde, at which Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was produced, with Frau Dustmann, the opera-singer, as the Peri, Gabrielle made her first appearance in place of a singer who had been suddenly taken ill. Her tasteful and artistic rendering of the Maiden's song created such a sensation that Herr Carl Eckert, then director of the Vienna Opera, immediately offered her a three years' engagement. In July, 1859, she finished her studies, and appeared in the autumn of that same year as Mathilda in "William Tell." As a singer she was very successful, but her acting left much to be desired, owing to her timidity,

which may seem incredible to those who saw her on the lyric stage in later years.

Gabrielle's salary was at first very low, amounting only to 100 florins a month; but Herr Eckert, acknowledging her artistic value, increased it after a short period. Unfortunately the gifted young artiste was overburdened with work, the demands made upon her being altogether too heavy. One day she had to sing Elvira, another day Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," now Venus, now Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," then Pamina, or the first lady, in "The Magic Flute," etc. Taking advantage of her musical talent, the director made her assume a great diversity of rôles, in consequence of which she strained her voice. She soon perceived the danger of this, and as she was not always kindly judged by the sharp, sarcastic, and often unjust Vienna press, Gabrielle Krauss, after having been at the German Opera for seven years, went over to the Italian stage, and sang in Paris, where she was especially successful in Beethoven's "Fidelio," during 1867, 1868, and 1869. "Fidelio," which, twenty years before, had been a complete failure in Paris with Schröder-Devrient, became now a favorite opera of the Parisians, the booking-office being besieged from an early hour in the morning every time it was announced.

About that time Gabrielle Krauss entered into an excellent engagement, extending over many years, with the director of the Grand Opéra in Paris, but, owing to the political disturbances of 1870–71, she was obliged to leave France. Once more she re-

turned to the Italian stage, and for four years sang alternately in Naples, Florence, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Milan, etc. Called in 1874, for the second time, to the leading stage of France, she, a foreigner, had the honor of opening the new Grand Opéra-house on January 5, 1875, in the title rôle of "La Juive." She remained there with uninterrupted success and popularity until October, 1885, when disagreements with the new directors, Messrs. Ritt and Gailhard, led her to cancel the contract and settle in Milan. In the winter of 1886–87 she delighted the Paris public with her finished interpretation of classical airs at the Colonne Concerts, as she did also in May, 1886, in Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita," which was conducted by the composer in person. Shortly afterwards she made her peace with the Grand Opéra, which had been left without a prima donna, and signed a new contract, extending over some months, to create the principal rôle in Paladilhe's new opera "Patrie." She was greatly applauded in this ungrateful part also, but she left the stage for good in 1888.

In the meantime and by degrees Gabrielle Krauss became as great an actress as she was a singer. Both her musical and her dramatic talent were of the highest order, and the French were right when they gave her the name of "La Rachel Chantante." She was made a member of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, was decorated by the Academy, and had the title of Kammersängerin bestowed on her by the Emperor of Austria. She was the first singer ever allowed to sing the airs from "Fidelio" and

"Der Freischütz" in German at the celebrated Conservatoire concerts. On retiring from the stage this great artiste took up her abode in Paris, where she now lives, and she is devoting all her knowledge of her art to the tuition of others.

Besides the four brilliant pupils mentioned, I formed many more singers in Vienna at that time, but the majority of them, for various reasons, did not come before the world, and have to be satisfied with moving in narrower spheres. Some of them married, others preferred teaching to the excitement of a theatrical life, while many others sang and are still singing in German and Austrian provincial towns. One of my most talented pupils, Fräulein Hoffmann, married the Archduke Henry of Austria.

In numerous cases the career of young artistes is spoiled by the peculiar views held by their parents and relatives. It is as dangerous to overrate the qualities of an artiste as it is to underrate them. "My daughter Bertha," said a pompous father once to me, "must only sing title-rôles like Aïda, Favorita, Norma, and so on." Now, what manager would think of accepting such a proposal? Another said: "My daughter must only sing at Court theatres; everything else is unworthy of her." A third would not allow his daughter to accept a brilliant engagement which was offered her in America. "She must remain in Europe," was his remark to me; "I have not had her educated only to be eaten by the fishes." The mistaken notion of not making a contract for any length of time has also been the cause of many an advantageous offer

falling to the ground, some parents being of the opinion that their daughters could, before a year was over, earn as much as Madame Patti.

After the concerts given at the beginning of our stay in Vienna I appeared no more in public, as teaching entirely absorbed my mental and physical faculties, and I made but one exception to this, under the following circumstances: For the centenary of Mozart's birth, January 27, 1856, two concerts had been announced to be conducted by Liszt, although all musicians disapproved of the fact that he had been intrusted with the management instead of a native artiste. I was ill in bed at the time, and was feeling very disappointed to think I could not be present. But on the morning of the first concert, which was to begin at half-past twelve o'clock, Herr Krall, one of the Directors of the Conservatoire, came in breathless excitement to ask me, in Liszt's name, to undertake the part of Donna Elvira in the finale of "Don Giovanni" in place of Frau Rosa Czillag, unable to attend on account of her father's death, which had happened in the night. Application had been made to all the different singers in Vienna, but none of them would risk singing the part at sight without a rehearsal. Liszt, who had already had numerous difficulties to contend with, relied on me to help him in his trouble, and to assist in carrying out the programme on this important occasion.

The names of Mozart and Liszt worked on me like magic—I sprang out of bed and dressed in haste. Liszt, who in the meantime had hurried to my house, went once through the part with me, and at half-past

twelve I stood at my post ready for the attack, next to Mademoiselle Therese Tietjens and Messrs. Ander and Staudigl, who had all three sung in "Don Giovanni" many times at the opera-house. From an artistic point of view my rendering may not have been perfect, but this was scarcely to be expected, as I had to exert all my faculties to keep well in with the artistes named in the concerted parts. Nevertheless, it was a musical *tour de force*, and I felt proud, not only to have made no mistakes, but to have been able to assist my friend Franz Liszt, and help him out of his embarrassment. This I had done at great risk to my health, for I was suffering at the time from a severe attack of fever. The committee, however, only presented me with the silver medal, reserving the gold one for Frau Czillag, *who had not sung*, while the newspapers did not think it worth while even to mention my name! Fortunately I did not care for this neglect.

It was just about that time when the great strife began in Vienna in connection with Wagner. The excitement and the passion with which his music was discussed, condemned, or praised can hardly be described. Families quarrelled; friends became enemies; there was a general uproar. The primary cause lay in the fact that Wagner not only did not adhere to acknowledged methods, but banished the old form while attacking unmercifully, both in writing and in speech, the public favorites and the veterans of art. His adherents, who in the beginning were chiefly composed of students, idolized their master, and would allow no one to find fault with

his music. In manner and dress one could at once recognize the so-called "Wagnerians," who would have liked to raise the new Music-Messiah to the rank of the God of Music. In those times of musical trouble few people held moderate views. The first Wagnerian opera given in Vienna, in the old opera-house called Zum Kärthner Thor, was "Lohengrin"—August 19, 1858; the second was "Tannhäuser"—November 19, 1859. In the latter opera Frau Dustmann distinguished herself greatly as Elisabeth, and Gabrielle Krauss undertook the thankless part of Venus.

The Vienna public, accustomed to the light and flowing melodies of Mozart, Weber, Flotow, Lortzing, Donizetti, Bellini, Rossini, etc., shrieked with dismay, for the endless recitatives, the melodies, all flowing one into another, nearly distracted them. This new order of things was beyond their comprehension; the change was too violent. Still, by degrees, growing calmer, they began to listen with more attention to the new music, discovered beauties in it, went even so far as to find fault with some stereotyped forms in the older music, and began to appreciate the innovations and changes which the great master had made. Peace was not wholly restored, but the blind prejudice against all innovations gave way before the clear and sound judgment of true connoisseurs. Unfortunately Wagner's pamphlets had contributed in no small way to increase the difficulties in popularizing his operas, and his brusque manner had made him many personal enemies, otherwise such a determined stand would never have

been made against his music. However, his operas were given in the following order at the Imperial opera-house of Vienna:

"Flying Dutchman," Gabrielle Krauss as Senta, November 2, 1860
"Meistersingers"....February 27, 1870
"Rienzi"....May 30, 1871
"Walküre," Frau Materna as Brünnhilde....March 5, 1877
"Rheingold"....January 24, 1878
"Siegfried"....November 9, 1878
Frau Materna as Brünnhilde, and Fräulein Stahl, one of my pupils, as Erda.
"Götterdämmerung"....February 14, 1879

Of the trilogy the "Walküre" and "Siegfried" pleased me best. But it is a pity that Wagner, to intensify the music, should have introduced into this trilogy dwarfs, dragons, gnomes, water-nymphs, etc. Is this not rather in contradiction to the theories he expounds in his work *Music and Drama*? This great man visited us in Vienna, when I had a long discussion with him on matters relating to singing, but there was one point on which we did not agree. He was of opinion that every voice should be at the composer's command. I, on the contrary, held that the composer must take into consideration the compass of the different voices, by which interpretation, pronunciation, and declamation must naturally benefit. Wagner remained true to his principle, and so, alas! many voices have been ruined through his music, and many talented singers, both male and female, have been lost to art.

In 1857 I had the misfortune to lose my dear

mother. I was giving a lesson when the telegram containing the sad news of her death was brought to me. I did not even know she had been ill, so that the blow came with double force, and soon after my grief was increased by the death of our two little sons, Hugo and Otto. These were truly sad times! I had also many hard struggles in connection with my art, for although I was the only professor who had formed well-known and talented singers, my position at the Conservatoire became from day to day more difficult and unpleasant. Herr Hellmesberger, director of the art department, had no strength of mind; he was like a swaying reed; and the President, Prince Czartoryski, wishing to give my post to a protégée of his, was not favorably disposed towards me. His paper, *Monatschrift für Theater und Musik*, attacked me incessantly, both unmercifully and unjustly, so that I began to think of leaving the Vienna Conservatoire, the more so as the yearly salary of $160, with the low price of private lessons, was not an encouragement to remain. My husband, then in Paris, spoke to Rossini about the difficulties and unpleasantness of my position. The latter, having heard several of my most distinguished pupils in Italy, offered to obtain a position at the Paris Conservatoire for me, and he advised us to make the move immediately, so as to start working at the commencement of the scholastic year.

Those who know what it means to tear one's self away from an occupation to which one is bound heart and soul, and take a farewell of true friends

and dear relations, will understand my state of mind at this time. But I felt there was no help for it; I owed it both to my art and to myself to at once leave Vienna. On the day we started I went to the church-yard for the last time to strew flowers on my children's graves, and there I wavered in my decision. Willingly I would then have given up the journey, but I had no longer any choice; the die was cast. Twelve of my pupils, Ilma di Murska among the number, with their parents, aunts, and sisters, insisted on accompanying us to Paris; and thus, in the month of September, 1861, we left the Imperial city on the blue Danube, a caravan of twenty-five people, including my three little daughters, Theresa, Stella, and Clara, for the French capital.

CHAPTER X

From the Blue Danube to the River Seine.—Death of an Infant Child.—An Interview with Auber at the Paris Conservatoire.—The Pasdeloup Concerts.—Letter from Baron Haussmann.

OUR journey towards Paris was a most painful one, for little Clara, only a few months old, suddenly became very ill, and I consequently suffered perfect martyrdom. Although the poor infant had every possible care and attention bestowed on her, she died in my arms at the hotel five days after our arrival in the capital. This unexpected blow almost drove me to despair; my powers seemed paralyzed, and yet I could not give myself over to my natural grief, as I had to start afresh and make a new position for myself. Rossini, whom we visited soon after our sad loss, assured me that my nomination was a *fait accompli*, that he had taken the necessary steps with the Ministry, had sent in the requisite papers, and that Auber, then director of the Conservatoire, was prepared to receive me. Accordingly one dark, rainy autumn morning before eight o'clock—Auber only received at that early hour—I went with my husband to call on the celebrated musical composer at his residence in the Rue St. Georges. An elderly servant opened the door, and silently showed us into

the room of his master, whom we found standing before the fireplace, cup in hand. He never took anything beyond a cup of tea in the morning and a meal in the evening. Our interview led to no result whatever. Auber insisted on my adopting the method then in use at the Paris Conservatoire, and would not allow any singing to Italian words. It was impossible for me to accept these conditions, as I had already arrived at such excellent results by my own method, and, besides, the French language, with its open vowels and nasal sounds, is not only prejudicial, but in direct opposition, to the correct production of the voice. I could not sacrifice my artistic convictions in order to gain a position, however honorable and desirable it might be; this I explained plainly to Auber, who was somewhat surprised at my candor; then, thanking him for his kind reception, we left the room. A sad feeling crept over me as I descended the stairs. My home in Vienna and the position I had held there rose before my mind; and now it was to be a question of incessant work to climb the ladder afresh and make a new artistic position for myself in Paris.

But I succeeded beyond all expectations, and was received everywhere with open arms, pupils flocking in from every side. At the same time I sang in private and public, and we gave several concerts; in short, I began to feel my old self again. Even as I owed my artistic education to Paris, so have I to thank Paris for having restored to me my faith in my own powers, without which all work becomes impossible. Among other celebrities, we made the ac-

quaintance of M. Gevaert, one of the greatest living musicians, and an excellent composer, now Director of the Brussels Conservatoire. With him we devoted ourselves to early classical music, arranging programmes of historical concerts, which we gave with great success, not only in Paris, but in London, Cologne, Amsterdam, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Leipsic. These programmes, of the Italian School, were: The Origin and Development of Airs and Duets from 1600 to 1835, comprising compositions by Peri, Caccini, Luigi, Rossi, Arcangelo del Leuto, Cesti, Cavalli, Stradella, Porpora, Jomelli, Piccini, Sacchini, Mozart, and Rossini. Those of my songs which generally gave the most pleasure were "Dimmi Amor," by Arcangelo del Leuto (1640), and "Povera Pellegrina," by Scarlatti (1700).

We also often took part in Pasdeloup's concerts at the Hôtel de Ville, which rivalled in importance those of the Tuileries. In one of them, on April 12, 1862, I sang the duet from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" with Madame Marie Sasse, then first singer at the Grand Opera. Baron Haussmann, one of my relations, at that time Préfet de la Seine, and a great musical connoisseur, did much towards the development of music in France. He had studied under Cherubini at the Paris Conservatoire at the same time as Berlioz, and it was to him that the public owed the foundation of the celebrated Concerts Populaires, to which he appointed Monsieur Pasdeloup as conductor. The Baron's object, he said, was to raise the taste for music and give the general public an opportunity of hearing classical music, which

at that time could only be heard at the concerts of the Conservatoire. His plan was in every way successful. Pasdeloup's concerts not only brought about a thorough change in the musical world of Paris, but found numerous imitators at a later period. It may interest readers of these memoirs to hear the opinion which the Préfet de la Seine under Napoleon III. passed on Pasdeloup and his influence on music in France. On December 11, 1887, Monsieur Haussmann wrote me as follows:

PARIS, *December* 11, 1887.

"MY DEAR MATHILDE,—You have asked me to tell you all I know about Pasdeloup, the apostle, the martyr of classical music. Well, here it is: I heard his name for the first time and met him at the Louvre, at the Count de Nieuwerkerke's, who, like myself, was Senator of the Empire, an Academician besides, and occupying the post of Superintendent of Fine Arts. The Count often gave bachelor parties, enlivened by a little music. Pasdeloup used to draw up the programme, which was limited to a few songs accompanied on the piano by himself. I must here mention that in his early youth he had taken a first prize as pianist at the Conservatoire. After the Revolution of 1848 he obtained, I know not through whose influence, some kind of post at the Palace of St. Cloud, and occupied this modest position during the Empire, supporting his mother and sister at the same time; but notwithstanding this, he had not given up art. On the contrary, he was, at the time he was introduced to me, busily engaged in organizing an association of young artistes, the object of which was not to compete with the Conservatoire concerts, but to assist young musicians of promise, not members of the latter society, as well as to give an opportunity of hearing good music to the people unable to find room in the small hall of the Faubourg Poissonnière.

"I was present at the first concert given by the new orches-

tra in the Salle Herz, Rue de la Victoire, and was struck with the excellence of the execution. The results of these concerts were financially unsuccessful, the Salle Herz being much smaller than the hall of the Conservatoire, and the expenditure out of all proportion to the receipts. I therefore resolved to allow them the use of the salons of the Hôtel de Ville, where every Saturday the best Parisian society used to meet, and here they gave regular concerts. It was a twofold advantage for these young artistes, for they were not only properly remunerated, but gained a prompt notoriety which was of great help in their career. The programmes of these Hôtel de Ville concerts, which obtained a certain celebrity, were always arranged by me upon Pasdeloup's propositions, as it was necessary to moderate his zeal, and the favor they met with was owing to the fact of their being of short duration, as well as to the choice of the music, which, carefully adapted to the standard of the day, could only be slowly developed.

"They usually contained six, or at most seven, numbers, and were divided into parts, ices and other refreshments being handed round during the interval. Very little unknown music was given, but at every concert a masterpiece of early date was introduced, and was thus saved from oblivion; in addition to this, an interesting modern work was discreetly produced among those pieces already familiar to the public, and which were favorably received through the excellence of the interpretation. Each part began with some fragment of a symphony or with an overture, which, in the second part, was often replaced by a piano, violin, or violoncello solo by a first-class artiste, with orchestral accompaniment. Besides this, I introduced into the first part a song for a man's voice, and into the second part one for a woman's, which I was careful to intrust to the most celebrated artistes. The best pupils of the Conservatoire classes also sang a chorus chosen from the most successful in old and modern music, and a duet by the two principal singers was sometimes substituted, or even added. In Holy Week the concert was consecrated to sacred music.

"During the last years of my residence at the Hôtel de

Ville, I increased the pieces in the programme to eight, in consequence of the strides the audiences had made in their general knowledge of music; but there I stopped. Yes, if I could have offered them selections from operettas—but no! Notwithstanding all this I knew what the greater portion of the public thought, although they did not dare to express. 'Good music is all very well, but we do not want too much of it,' was what they thought. I assisted Pasdeloup in procuring a larger hall than the Salle Herz for the public concerts of the Société des Jeunes Artistes. The Circus was placed at their disposal every Sunday from two o'clock to four, and things were so arranged as in no way to interfere with the evening performances. I allude to the Cirque d'Hiver, on the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire, which is situated in the artisan quarter. The feeling for art had already been awakened among the working-classes, as during my administration musical tuition was introduced into all the public schools, while the best pupils organized the so-called Orphéons, which also gave their concerts in the Cirque d'Hiver. Through my influence the Société des Jeunes Artistes succeeded in making a special arrangement with the Board of the Assistance Publique, by which, instead of paying a tax on their gross receipts, a fixed one was accepted. In this way the Popular Concerts were organized and the lower classes became acquainted with the immortal works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and of Wagner.

"About this time Gounod, who, with Bazin, conducted the Orphéons de Paris, withdrew, and I was enabled to offer to Pasdeloup the post which the composer of 'Faust' had left vacant, and which replaced the situation he had previously held as 'régisseur'—a position incompatible with his employment as director of these concerts. After several successful years, the unheard-of pretensions of the chief members of Pasdeloup's orchestra raised serious difficulties. Instead of being satisfied with their fair share of the profits of the undertaking, they demanded a fixed sum which they considered due to their talent, and after a while these demands became general. They even required to be paid for the rehearsals! Finally, the

pretensions of the soloists, who already had a certain reputation, grew higher and higher. I might mention here the name of a very well-known singer, who, not content with a moderate remuneration, when it was a question of delighting thousands who had never before had, and would probably never again have, an opportunity of admiring his splendid talent, did not hesitate to ask the unfortunate Pasdeloup for a sum amounting to one-third of the gross receipts. It will be easily understood that the owner of the Circus was also induced by the great success of these concerts to raise his price for the hire of the hall. The former president of the Société des Jeunes Artistes, who, through the force of circumstances, had become a concert impresario, had great difficulty in meeting all these demands out of the takings at the concerts, when Monsieur Colonne, at one time a member of his orchestra, assisted by a group of musical amateurs, unexpectedly started a rival concert society. Very soon afterwards Monsieur Lamoureux, the former conductor of the Opera and Conservatoire orchestras, commenced a similar undertaking. The latter was rich enough to enable him to gratify his ambition, and his artistic knowledge was sufficiently great to permit of his success in organizing his new undertaking so as to secure large and fashionable audiences.

"In this way poor Pasdeloup received his death-blow. Ruined by this succession of unforeseen circumstances, and deserted by nearly all the musical authorities, who never should have forgotten the immense services he had rendered to art, he no longer possessed the strength to struggle at the same time against ingratitude and poverty. Nor was it possible for him to fight single-handed against the latter, as in the meantime he had even been replaced as conductor of the Orphéons de Paris. He died in sorrow and disappointment. As for myself, I remained faithful to him to the last. This, my dear Mathilde, is the history of a man who always placed the interests of art before his own. Affectionately yours,

"CH. E. HAUSSMANN.

"P. S.—When Monsieur Carvalho was compelled to give up

the management of the Théâtre Lyrique, in the Place du Châtelet, a few capitalists took the theatre over under the name of Pasdeloup, who became manager of it and conductor of the orchestra. In the latter capacity he rendered excellent service, but he was not equal to the task of attending to the complicated business questions of the concern. He had, besides, the mistaken idea that Gluck's principal operas, which he immediately produced, would be the very works to interest the general public, who, up to that time, only knew those of modern composers. The undertaking was a failure. I should mention, however, that the winding-up was in no way attended with financial difficulties. Pasdeloup came out of this affair in a most honorable manner."

CHAPTER XI

An Artistic Tour through Switzerland.—Historical Concerts in Leipsic.—Return to Paris.—Anecdotes of Rossini.—Singing in the United Kingdom.—A New Opera by Meyerbeer.—Accepts a Position at the Cologne Conservatoire.

In September, 1862, we started from Paris on an artistic tour, going first to Switzerland, where we made Zurich our headquarters for the winter, and thence visited the principal towns of the Confederation, such as Berne, Lucerne, Winterthur, etc., sometimes giving concerts ourselves, and sometimes taking part in the Philharmonic concerts of the different places. How primitive everything still was in that romantic country. Among other things, I noticed tallow candles in the drawing-rooms of many rich families. But this was not the case at Monsieur and Madame Wesendonk's, who lived in a beautiful and luxuriously furnished villa. The first Madame Wesendonk had been my most intimate friend, and I was her bridesmaid; but when Monsieur Wesendonk called on us at the hotel to invite us to his house, he begged me never to mention his first wife, which I promised. The second Madame Wesendonk was not only a very handsome woman, but a poetess of talent, and, as we were most graciously received by these people, we

passed nearly all our leisure moments in their society. In the magnificent park belonging to their villa, which had a splendid view of the lake, stood a small chalet, and here Richard Wagner lived for some time with his first wife, a woman, as I was told, of very ordinary condition. They quarrelled constantly, and at last he sent her away, remaining on alone as guest of the Wesendonks. In Monsieur Wesendonk's study I saw a beautiful oil portrait of the great composer, in dressing-gown and skull-cap, the work of the celebrated Lembach, of Munich, who had been invited to stay some weeks at the house for the purpose of painting it.

I still remember an incident of our stay in Switzerland which amused us very much at the time. After a concert, where I had been very successful in a song by Handel, an Italian air, and also in some German songs by Schumann, Schubert, and Taubert, several ladies and gentlemen handed me some beautiful flowers, and then, after the public had dispersed, a bashful-looking young girl came up to me, holding a parcel in her hand.

"You delighted me so very much at your last concert," she said, "that to-day I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers fade, however. I, therefore, beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir, which will keep me in your memory." And with these words she unwrapped a silver soup-ladle, presented it to me, and disappeared. *Sancta simplicitas!*

We left Switzerland for Germany, gave some historical concerts in Leipsic, and sang several times at

Court in Weimar, where, however, we did not meet our friend Liszt, he having settled in Rome since 1861. Eduard Lassen, the celebrated composer, who is musical conductor at the Opera and of the Court concerts in Weimar, accompanied us on the piano.

Then, towards the end of February, 1863, we returned to Paris, where, a short while afterwards, our daughter Blanche was born. For some time I was almost exclusively occupied with giving lessons and composing, but managed to write several numbers of my Vocal Exercises, one of which—for contralto and mezzo-soprano—I dedicated to our dear friend Rossini, who wrote me the following letter in reply:

"My dear Madame Marchesi,—If I have delayed thanking you for the flattering dedication of your 24 Vocal Studies, you must kindly excuse me; the state of my health has hindered me. Bravissima, Madame Marchesi! Your Exercises, which I have gone through with the greatest interest, not only display a thorough knowledge of the human voice, but are written elegantly and clearly. They contain everything that is required for the development of an art which for so long I have seen treated as if it were a question of *storming a barricade*. May your interesting work prove useful to students, who nowadays seem to have strayed from the right path. Pray continue to teach the fine Italian method; it excludes neither expression nor dramatic effect, which unfortunately is becoming more and more a question of lungs, and this, too, without the necessary study that makes it very easy!

"I remain, dear madame, yours gratefully,

"G. Rossini.

"Passy, Paris, *July* 3, 1863."

At that time we saw Rossini very frequently. One day, as we were talking of singing and of the new school of composition, he said to me that, "in order

to compose for the voice, one must either sing one's self or have sung. If one does not know from experience the capabilities of the vocal cords and the larynx, it is impossible to write passages that will not ruin the voice." Then he added, "Cette musique de barricades, qui chante toujours à l'assaut, est certes la ruine des voix les plus puissantes." These words were uttered thirty odd years ago, and were prophetic as regards the method of singing at the present day. Rossini was then busying himself very much with compositions for the piano, in consequence of which he was surrounded by young pianists. We met Diémer, now a celebrity, at Rossini's house—and singing was of minor importance. Whenever I begged of him to hear some of my pupils, he never failed to ask, "Are they contraltos?" adding, "I far prefer low voices, and do not object to soprano *giusto;* but singers who are always pitching their voices on the highest registers, and not only use the *voce di testa* (head-voice), but also *voce di capelli*" (hair-voice)—by which he meant the high C sharp, D, E, and F—"these offend my ear." Speaking of the Wagnerian school, Rossini said, "Whatever is good is not new, and whatever is new is not good."

Rossini had a fine apartment at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Boulevard des Italiens, where throughout the winter he gave delightful entertainments; but in the summer he lived in a villa at Passy, near the Bois de Boulogne, where we often visited him. His mind was still very fresh, but he had great difficulty in walking. "Quelle maladette gambe non vogliono più andare" (these con-

founded legs won't go any more), he would often say to me as he leaned on my arm while walking in the garden. In his sitting-room there were always several wig-rests to be found, from which wigs of different sizes and colors seemed to look down with pride on their owner, waiting patiently until their turn had come to adorn the master's head. As is well known, he was a great epicure, and we often caught him in his bedroom, his favorite room, surrounded with saucepans of all kinds, cooking his food over a spirit-lamp.

Popular as Rossini was, and beloved by all who knew him, so was Madame Rossini unpopular. People courted her so as to be near the master; but her want of tact had become almost proverbial, and several anecdotes were told of her want of courtesy and her stinginess. I myself was a witness when, at an evening party in their own house, she reproached a lady for having taken ices twice! When I called one New-year's Day with my husband, she stood up in the midst of her guests and asked who I was. I answered, "You know me very well. I am Madame Marchesi!" Then I sat down and began talking to friends. After the composer's death, on November 13, 1866, his wife, who died only a few years ago, was avoided by her former friends, and was soon forgotten.

In March, 1864, my husband and I were engaged by Mr. Beale, the impresario, for a tour through England, Ireland, and Scotland, together with Miss Louisa Pyne as soprano, Harrison as tenor, Lotto as violinist, and Pfeiffer, the now well-known Parisian, as pianist. In five weeks we sang at thirty concerts.

This *tournée*, which was very successful financially, was particularly interesting to me in consequence of the visits to cities I had never seen before; neither was there any lack of amusing incidents. During the journey Miss Louisa Pyne and her countryman, the amorous Harrison, played chess in the railway carriage, while we used to read, so as not to disturb them, and not tire our voices. Herr Lotto, to everybody's despair, played the violin incessantly, and Monsieur Pfeiffer studied five-finger exercises on a dumb piano. Miss Louisa Pyne, being the soprano, played the part of the prima donna of the troupe, looked down on me in consequence, always had the seat of honor at table, stepped first into the carriage, and made herself generally disagreeable, in order to impress us fully with her importance. I did not care, however, for I was singing my best then, and was happy over my own success. We often travelled six or seven hours a day, which did not prevent our appearing fresh and bright on the same night in the concert-room. There was not much time left for toilette, and it sometimes happened, in my hurry, that I left my gloves, even my music, in the hotel; but for all this we had a merry time, and, in spite of our fatigue, trouble, and excitement, we were always cheerful and good-tempered, and — what was more important — always in good voice. After our return to London we gave a few more concerts, and then finally sang at Court, when Queen Victoria and the blind King of Hanover spoke to me in the kindest possible manner. The latter was especially pleased with my German songs, more

particularly with a *duetto di camera,* by Handel—"Che vai pensando"—which I sang on that night with my husband.

During the summer of that same year we had an engagement, through Mr. Benazet, at that time owner of the gaming establishment at Baden, to sing at the concerts which were to be given there. The Queen of Prussia, to whom we were warmly recommended by her brother, the Grand Duke of Weimar, was in Baden at the time, and expressed a desire to hear us in private; so Countess Flemming (*née* Von Arnim), wife of the Prussian Ambassador to Carlsruhe (as I have already mentioned, she was one of the friends of my youth), organized a musical evening at her house, at which Madame Viardot also sang. Count Flemming, an excellent violoncellist, played several pieces, and towards the end of the concert my husband was expressly desired by her Majesty to sing a few Italian national melodies, of which "Sul mare luccica" was received with the greatest enthusiasm, a proof that the Queen preferred light music to classical.

Baden was then the centre of a most mixed society—diplomats, artistes, savants, aristocrats, crowned heads, financiers, and curious persons, all congregating in a motley crowd at the Kursaal; but of the various nations represented there, the French predominated, and felt themselves most at home. The delightful place could be termed, without exaggeration, a small Paris, the colors of the rich toilettes of the *grand monde* and the *demi-monde* harmonizing with the fresh and tender green of the meadows and

the deep foliage of the shady trees. But this international intercourse ceased when the gaming-tables were abolished. The beauties of nature became once more the principal attraction of the place, and no "faites votre jeu" or the chinking of gold now strikes unpleasant discords in the great symphony of creation, in which the murmuring streams, the songs of nightingales, and the rustling of leaves join in an eternal rejoicing.

After our return to Paris I devoted myself to teaching, to composition, and to the education of my three little daughters—Thérèse, Stella, and Blanche. We lived very modestly at that time, and had a hard battle to fight, so that whenever a new pupil presented herself she was always exceedingly welcome. One day a lady wrote me, asking for an appointment to try her voice, saying she had heard a great deal about me, and wished to study under me. She arrived at the hour I had fixed, sailing into my little drawing-room in a long, trailing silk gown.

"I wish to speak to Madame Marchesi," she said, looking at me inquiringly.

"I am Madame Marchesi," was the reply.

"You!" she cried, abruptly; "then I have been grossly misinformed, for a person living in such humble circumstances cannot possibly be a great artiste!" And she left the room without even wishing me good-day. Who can describe my astonishment?

In April, 1865, the Parisian musical world was very much excited over the first production of Meyerbeer's "Africaine." Fétis, then Director of the

Brussels Conservatoire, had come to Paris to study the new opera of the great composer, who had died only a few months before. The rehearsals had lasted over eight months; but the performance was a remarkable one, and the opera was brilliantly successful. Madame Marie Sasse, as Selika, the Africaine, and Faure, as Nelusko, were both perfect. Meyerbeer's family came to Paris to assist at the rehearsals and the first performance, so we renewed our acquaintance with them, and I superintended the singing-lessons of Cornélie, the youngest daughter, to whom I dedicated No. 5 of my Vocal Studies.

About this time a new and very interesting opera, "Le Capitaine Henriot," by Gevaert, was brought out at the Opéra Comique in Paris. The principal rôle had been intrusted to Galli-Marié, for whom Bizet wrote the leading part in "Carmen," as Ambroise Thomas did that of "Mignon." Although this artiste's dramatic talent left nothing to be desired, Monsieur Gevaert was dissatisfied with the production of her higher notes, so he brought her to me, insisting that she should study under my care for a short time. At the first lesson Mademoiselle Galli-Marié was not very amiable. I may even say she was sulky and defiant, casting piercing glances at me, and refusing to be advised in anything. I, therefore, wished to discontinue the lessons; but, as friend Gevaert would not hear of this, an explanation with the rebellious pupil became unavoidable, and I then learned, after much discussion, the reason of her objection, or rather dislike, to me. She had been her father's pupil, owing her entire musical

education to him; hence to study under any one else seemed to her like an act of treason against his memory. The cause of her unpleasant behavior was no doubt noble in a certain sense; but my position was not a pleasant one. I was, therefore, delighted when, at the end of two months, Monsieur Gevaert expressed himself satisfied with her progress, and permitted his opera to be produced.

I spent the months of June and July in Schwalbach with the Meyerbeer family, and Cornélie—she married the celebrated painter Richter, of Berlin, but is now a widow—continued her singing-lessons with me. My health was failing at the time, and a persistent hoarseness often prevented me from speaking at all. But our stay in Schwalbach restored my health, although I began to feel that my life in Paris was overtaxing my strength. The doctors repeatedly advised me to leave the French capital and exchange my arduous work for a quieter life elsewhere; still I should not have cared to move once more and settle elsewhere if I had not received a very flattering offer from the Cologne Conservatoire for the post of Professor of Singing, which our physician insisted on my accepting. As this seemed like a decree of fate, I had nearly resolved to sign the contract when I heard that the Director, my friend Ferdinand Hiller, disapproved of the nomination. I thereupon wrote, begging him to give me his candid opinion on the subject, and received the following letter in reply:

"Most Esteemed Friend,—I sincerely congratulate myself and all of us on your coming here. That I opposed it is only true in so far that on the one hand I could not believe

it, and on the other was troubled on your account, for that which keeps me here as a composer, seeking solitude, is not that to which you are accustomed and which I thought would be your preference. All the better that it should have happened as it has. That you will find in me a really sincere and devoted friend I have no need to tell you. Say to Madame Meyerbeer that I had not the heart to write to her at her husband's death, but was none the less affected by it. I had known Meyerbeer from my earliest youth, and he was always most kind to me. Yes, I even ascribe his legacy to the Cologne Conservatoire to his friendship for me, but had not the right to speak of all this in a letter. If I had expressed myself too warmly it would have appeared exaggerated, and I felt too deeply to run the risk of growing commonplace. In fact, I could not find the right tone, so refrained from writing; then afterwards, when I regretted not having done so, it was too late. You will understand my meaning better than I can explain it, and will know the right thing to say to Madame Meyerbeer. Remember me kindly to your husband.

"Ever your faithful friend,

"FERD. HILLER.

"COLOGNE, *June* 24, 1865."

The die was, therefore, cast; I signed the contract with a heavy heart, with a still heavier one said farewell to Paris, and left for Cologne towards the end of September, in the year 1865.

CHAPTER XII

An Indescribably Dull City.—Royal Eccentricities.—Witty Letters from Ferdinand Hiller.—Makes the Acquaintance of Hector Berlioz.—Rubinstein's Advice Unheeded.—Re-engagement at the Vienna Conservatoire.

AFTER having been accustomed for years to the life of a large capital like Paris, the city of Cologne appeared to me indescribably sad and dull. I found no consolation either in the beautiful dome or in the mighty waters of the Rhine, or in the interesting carnival, or in the Rhenish musical festivals, or in Hiller's friendly reception. I clearly felt that his doubts had not been unfounded, and that I could not possibly remain long in such a narrow, limited sphere, where religious prejudices, originating in the Protestant fanaticism that had taken root in the Rhine provinces, induced young singers to neglect the stage for concert singing and for the study of church music and oratorios. During my three years' stay in Cologne I was only enabled to prepare two pupils for the operatic stage, namely, Fräulein Hedwig Scheuerlein, for several years prima donna at the Brunswick Court Theatre, and Fräulein Louise Radecke, now married and professor of singing at Riga, though she was for a long time at the Munich Opera-house. The latter, after a performance of "Lohengrin,"

MATHILDE MARCHESI

(in Cologne)

when she had been greatly applauded in the leading part, received from the King of Bavaria a very valuable drawing by Kaulbach, representing Lohengrin's farewell to Elsa, which regal present was brought to her in the middle of the night, when the whole household was asleep. Louise could never tell me enough about the King's eccentricities, and she often had to sing to him his favorite melodies in the dead of the night, hidden behind a curtain or a screen.

I must not forget to mention here another pupil possessing a rare contralto voice, Antoinette Sterling, who studied with me for a year in Cologne. I was sorry at the time that she was not able to finish her studies with me, but her friends wished her to go to Italy. She has since become one of the favorite concert singers in London. Although I felt anything but at home in Cologne, I did, at times, forget the dreadful monotony of my new life when, in the company of friend Hiller in his study overlooking the Rhine, I listened to his delightful playing or to his interesting accounts of Goethe, Beethoven, Schubert, Cherubini, Bellini, Börne, Heine, Chopin, Schumann, etc., all of whom he had known personally. And how well he could talk of the past and the present time. He was not only an excellent pianist, a remarkable and prolific composer, a wonderful conductor; he was also a witty, amiable man of the world, as fascinating in his conversation as he was thorough and pleasing in his writings. I think some of his letters addressed to me at Vienna, after my departure from Cologne, may prove interesting to my

readers. Here is one, dated Cologne, October 31, 1869:

"MOST WORTHY FRIEND,—It is really cruel for you that in all the trouble of your moving you should have that of reading a letter, but who knows how soon again I shall have a free Sunday hour. I rejoice that you and yours are getting on so well, and hope the success may continue, the longer the better. Here we live very quietly. My wife is with her sister in Paris. Felix comes sometimes from Dortmund on a locomotive to pay us a visit; Paul is at school all day; Tony a great part of the day at the Conservatoire; I am at work on a cantata for Birmingham; I read and play, and so the time passes. Last Tuesday Wilhelm played with great talent and great success; poor Madame Schumann is still prevented from doing so, but at all events we often see her, as she spends her time between here and Düsseldorf. All goes well at the Conservatoire; professors and pupils are satisfied; what more can one wish?

"It is really quite absurd to write when one has nothing more to say; this is the case with me to-day, but as I have once commenced, I will go on chatting. What do you think of the immortality of the soul? Do you believe in the continual progress of humanity? Have you faith in the stability of the House of Hapsburg? Do you think that the music of the future has a future? Are you of opinion that only those people can be made great artistes who were born artistes, or can we give talent to people?

"My impression is that the pupils who do you the most honor are the ones that need the least teaching. Have you more faith in a *mariage de raison*, or a *mariage de convention*, or a *mariage d'inclination*? Do rich people derive much pleasure from their money? Do you believe in the gratitude of man? Do you believe in a present, a future, or . . . no reward at all? Do you say with Goethe, 'Every sin is punished upon earth'? Are you of opinion that first thoughts and ideas are best? Do you think me mad after all these questions? Il Cavaliere Salvatore has not written to me; let him do so soon, and you also. Yours faithfully,

"FERDINAND HILLER."

Here is another:

"COLOGNE, *March* 13, 1870.

"MOST WORTHY FRIEND,—Are you aware that after all it is you who owe *me* a letter? But I will forgive you, and the more willingly that you have a right to say that not you but I have been round the world, and you know the saying: 'He who travels has much to tell.' I could do so, too, if we were sitting quietly together, drinking one cup of tea after another, Signor Salvatore putting me under cross-examination, as they call it in England. But worried as I am now, unsettled, overworked, sometimes even a little out of temper, I cannot attempt the epic *genre*. I will therefore only tell you that I had a good time in St. Petersburg; that I was very well received there; that I intend to return there before I die; that since my return I have again been in Hamburg and Lübeck to give concerts, and in Hanover to hear the 'Meistersinger'; that I am now tied down to my writing-table because my English publisher is already pressing me for the piano score of 'Nal-Damajonta,' although I only commenced the orchestral score four days ago; that the burgomaster of Bonn offered me yesterday the sole direction of the Beethoven Festival, and I now see in the papers that I am to share it with Wasilewski—which, however, will not happen; that the day after to-morrow we are to give the ninth concert; that on the 30th, in the midst of all this turmoil, I shall have to play in the Harz for the benefit of the artistes' widows; that we shall have Passion music on Palm Sunday; . . . that . . . that . . . *je n'en peux plus!* Besides all these more or less pleasant things, I have the grief of having our dear Felix at home ill, and am very much upset at the death of Moscheles, one of my oldest and most trusted friends; in fact, I am surrounded by worries. However, do you know any one without them? If only those dear to me are spared and I retain the power to continue working for them, then I shall not mind letting others declare that the Pope is infallible! And you? and your husband? and the children? and the Conservatoire? and the pupils? and the Viennese? and the theatres and concerts? and the Tower of Babel? and the

'Meistersinger'? This latter is in reality the Tower of Babel. Now you have your task, and your husband as well. A thousand greetings from us all. Ever your faithful,

"FERDINAND HILLER."

And here is still another:

"SUNDAY, *April* 17, 1879.

"We are also doing great things here, my dear friend, only the world knows nothing about it, which, after all, does not much matter. But last Tuesday we had an amateur concert, a work of love and charity, in honor of the Imperial Golden Wedding, which not only vied with Paris in point of elegance, but was well carried out. If I had a programme I would send it you, but you will take my word for it. And then we worry ourselves with Wagner's 'Nibelungen'—which is a pleasure—and then we expect the Meiningen Theatre Company for the entire month of May—and every month I have a musical entertainment at the Conservatoire—and our Gürzenich concerts are also not bad; in short, *tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles*, or, let us say, *dans la meilleure des villes possibles*. It is only a pity that it is so far from Vienna. Of course I do not receive such beautiful presents as the celebrated Professor Mathilde Marchesi does, but after the Ladies' Union concert the lady president of the Association, surrounded by the ladies of the committee, presented me with a portfolio and a laurel wreath, and from the portfolio read out a poem of *her own composition*. Did ever the wife of a Lord Chamberlain make verses for you, and, above all, a Prussian one? You see *we* also are somebodies. But now, without any joking, I am very pleased that you are satisfied that you are doing such good work, and that your work is also being appreciated. 'He who remaineth faithful unto the end shall be blessed,' says the Evangelist; and whoever is not blessed on earth will have the whole of eternity to enjoy his bliss to the very dregs. Do you know the latest news, dear friend? In seventeen million years our earth will once more become a horrible mass of ice. Then good-bye to your famous pupils, and many more things besides. I do not mind, as I shall no longer

be alive, but you are still young, so be careful; one can never know. With a thousand greetings to you all from us all.

"Always your faithful, FERDINAND HILLER."

Hiller's celebrated house was the centre of Cologne society. Although in smaller towns the different coteries make social intercourse more or less difficult, his salon was an exception in this respect. There Guelphs and Ghibellines would meet, for the master's great tact, combined with the softening influence of music, prevented any unpleasantness between the different camps. A soirée or matinée at this king of composers' house on the Rhine was at all times a special event, and every artiste passing through the city deemed it an honor to take part in one. Among many others I heard there Julius Stockhausen, a former fellow-student of mine at Garcia's, in Paris, who in later years devoted himself to concert singing, and has now opened a singing-academy in Frankfort-on-the-Main. I also met the violinist Joachim, with his wife, Clara Schumann, Rubinstein, etc. At these soirées and matinées I generally sang songs which Hiller had dedicated to me, and among these the "Schlummerlied," "Im Maien," "Um Mitternacht," "Mädchenlied," and "Der Schmied" are perhaps the best known.

Hiller rendered invaluable services to the Rhenish musical festivals which are held every year at Whitsuntide alternately in Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Düsseldorf, and in which I often took part. Nine times did he direct the Cologne festival, and always had reason to look with pride on his orchestra and singers, who positively worshipped him. In 1883,

though failing in health, he conducted for the last time. How dead and dreary Cologne always looked after those delightful festivals, when the strangers, who had flocked thither from all parts, had left the city to its monotonous everyday life. In his judgment of other musicians Hiller was always particularly charitable; but he was very bitter against Liszt, with whom at one time he had been on intimate terms, for he had quarrelled with him over Wagner, for whom he had no sympathy.

During our stay in Cologne Hiller enjoyed remarkable health, was always at work on his compositions, was indefatigable as Director of the Conservatoire, and was ever ready to accept invitations from the different cities in which his works were produced. His health began to fail him in the last two years of his life, however, and during the last months of his illness he was obliged to remain day and night sitting in an arm-chair. He was a patient sufferer, and always had a pleasant word for those who went to see him, his mind remaining fresh up to the very last moment. I kept up a lively correspondence with him until his death, which happened in 1885. Here are copies of the two last post-cards he wrote me:

"COLOGNE, *April* 26, 1884.

"I am ill enough, esteemed friend, for the joy of my life to be taken away, but not ill enough to take it away myself. I hope, notwithstanding, to meet you soon again. All best wishes from ours to yours. Your faithful,*

" "

* The following two notes, in German, represent F and H—

"COLOGNE, *December* 10, 1884.

"DEAREST FRIEND,—I can only tell you that it goes badly with me; still I have faith in the future, and beg you and your husband to send me your photos for a collection at the Conservatoire. You are already hung up in every part of our dwelling. Ever your faithful friend,

"F. HILLER."

During our stay at Cologne we gave the historical concerts already referred to, and undertook several tours in Germany, Holland, etc. In the winter of 1866 I had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Hector Berlioz, who had been called to Cologne to conduct his symphony "Harold in Italy," when he very kindly wrote a few bars of the *adagio* in my album.

Thème de la Symphonie d'Harold en Italie
Hector Berlioz.

Cologne, 26. Février 1866.

Pour l'album de Mme. Marchesi.

Berlioz was most warmly received in Cologne. He had been so terribly persecuted, especially in his own country, that he was hardly ever known to smile, but he looked pleased when recalled innumerable times, and when he received a perfect ovation after the concert in the great Gürzenich hall. He was induced to

that is to say, the initials of the name of Madame Marchesi's distinguished friend.

spend an evening with us. At first cold and reserved, he became gradually more communicative, and at last seemed to feel himself at home. His conversation, however, bore the stamp of an imbittered mind and a saddened heart, and I found him very reticent in his opinion on music; perhaps because he did not know us well enough. After supper he asked us to send for a cab, but as it was midnight all the drivers in the city had retired to rest, and it was impossible to find a conveyance. Berlioz said he was unable to walk to the hotel—he was physically ill at the time—but most emphatically refused to pass the night in our house. It was difficult to know what to do. At last he decided to return on foot to his hotel, accompanied by my husband and one of our friends, who had to support him the whole way. Poor Berlioz!

That same winter the piano Titan, Anton Rubinstein, gave several concerts in Cologne, in consequence of which the usually quiet and dull town was put into a state of feverish excitement, as can be easily understood. At one of these concerts two of my pupils sang several of Rubinstein's charming duets to the master's accompaniment. When they saw the great musician the poor girls were seized with such a panic that they seemed petrified. They tried to compose themselves, but their voices failed, and it was not until after Rubinstein had spoken a few kind words to them that they mustered up courage and sang, to the general satisfaction of everybody present.

"What are you doing in Cologne?" Rubinstein once asked me. "This is no field for you here, the

cage is too narrow; fly farther, and come to us at St. Petersburg."

"Russia is too cold for me; but this will not last much longer. I am already spreading my wings," I answered.

We were very intimate with the poet Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, who unfortunately died so young, and with the author Auerbach; but on the whole our life was respectably monotonous. I had made a decided stand against the customary afternoon coffee parties; soirées were few, however, and far between, the opera was mediocre, and but few artistes visited the town to impart a little life into the prevailing dulness. This uniform existence quite paralyzed the mental and artistic development of my foreign pupils, all of whom complained of an uncontrollable home-sickness, and I felt myself as if I were living in dreary exile.

At the time of the Austro-Prussian war, in the spring of 1866, Cologne was for a short while in an unusual state of commotion. There was a constant running to and fro, and all was bustle and confusion. On the day when victory was announced there were ceaseless shouts of joy in the streets, and the victorious soldiers returning home from the field of battle were smothered with flowers. My feelings were, however, divided, for Austria had a strong claim on my sympathies. In the barracks opposite our house a great many prisoners were quartered, and among them were several Italians. Although they were very kindly treated, and were allowed to walk about the court-yard, we could not help pitying their sad

fate. So, whenever we passed the grated windows of the barracks, situated on a level with the street, we never failed to give the poor men all kinds of eatables and cigars. But this excitement did not last long, for, peace being declared, the "holy city on the Rhine" fell asleep once more.

During the third year of my stay in Cologne I received letters from competent persons in Vienna announcing the news of the deterioration of the singing-class at the Conservatoire. I was urgently requested to return, and was informed that the school of music had become a high-school, and that, instead of the narrow, dark, stuffy rooms of the old Conservatoire, there was a spacious, light, and cheerful building, which was near completion. I had also very tempting offers from Berlin, St. Petersburg, New York, Dresden, Leipsic, etc.; but I allowed myself to be guided by my sympathies, and decided on returning to Vienna. Our removal was attended with many difficulties. My eldest daughter, Thérèse, was at a boarding-school in my native city; my dear, delicate Blanche, then five years old, was forbidden by the doctors to undergo a change of climate at the beginning of the winter, and my husband's contract with the Cologne Conservatoire, where he directed the men's singing-class and taught the Italian language and literature, not having expired, it was impossible for him to accompany me. Thus I was obliged, with a heavy heart, to leave Cologne alone with my daughter Stella, then only eight years of age. Before doing so we gave a farewell concert, where, among other things, I sang Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Le-

ben," to Hiller's delightful accompaniment. This was my last appearance in public; and then when, along towards the end of September, 1868, in the gray morning light, I left that home to plunge alone once more into the whirl of a big city, my courage failed, my energy deserted me. How willingly would I have given up the projected journey, how willingly would I have cancelled the contract in that trying moment! But it was now too late. Time pressed, and retreat was impossible. Arrived at the station, I clasped little Stella in my arms, jumped into the first car I came to, and while sending a last farewell to my husband, and struggling to control my feelings, Cologne disappeared from my tearful gaze.

CHAPTER XIII

In Vienna for the Third Time.—A Reunited and Happy Family.—Opening of the New Opera-house.—Suicide of the Architect.—Concerts at the Conservatoire.—A Visit to Naples and to Bologna.

AT the station in Vienna I was met by my former pupil, Antonietta Fricci, and her husband, Signor Neri Baraldi. Both were on their way to St. Petersburg, where brilliant engagements awaited them, but they accompanied me to a hotel, and by their forethought and sympathy helped me over the bitter unpleasantness of the first few days. Their great kindness did me a world of good. After an absence of seven years I found Vienna had undergone great changes. The bastions had disappeared, the suburbs were connected with the town by streets, the Ringstrasse with its palaces had sprung up, and the new opera-house was nearly completed. Fresh life had come into the old imperial capital. By the end of a week I had settled down comfortably with my little Stella in a somewhat dismal but roomy furnished apartment, had seen all my numerous friends, and had resumed my lessons at the Conservatoire, as well as general occupations in connection with my art. Unfortunately many of my relatives were missing.

My aunt, Baroness von Ertmann, had been dead some years, and my cousin, Feldmarschall Baron Carl von Frank, Minister of War, had died a short time before. My whole interest was centred in the Conservatoire, and although, as during a previous stay, I did not find in it a single pupil of any promise, still I set to work with all good-will.

The little dark, low room in the old Conservatoire Unter den Tuchlauben—the new one was not yet finished—did not please me very much in the beginning, but the thought of the successful singers I had already formed there reconciled me to the place. Many pleasant recollections rose to my mind, and the clear, fresh voices of the new pupils, with the excitement of the life into which I was being drawn, soon dispelled the sadness and troubles caused by the separation from my family. The numerous artistic pleasures which Vienna then offered to such a high degree afforded me considerable enjoyment. I not only never missed a concert, a Helmesberger quartet, an important or interesting performance at the opera, but I also spent many evenings at the Burgtheater—all pleasures these from which I had been long debarred. My husband came to see me in the month of March, when we had intended giving our historical concerts, but our plans were frustrated in consequence of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, which laid me up for several weeks. For the same reason I was unable to be present at the opening of the new opera-house, which took place on the 25th of May, 1869. It was a most exciting moment, and crowds assembled from far and near to assist at

a fête which had been organized on a grand scale. But the building itself was sharply criticised, and even declared by some to be a failure. The architect was so much blamed that in despair he committed suicide. "Don Giovanni" was the opera selected for the opening night, the cast being as follows:

Don Giovanni.....Herr Beck.
Leporello.....Herr Rokitansky.
Il Commendatore.....Herr Dr. Schmidt.
Donna Anna.....Frau Dustmann.
Donna Elvira.....Frau Wild.
Don Ottavio.....Herr Walter.
Masetto.....Herr Meyerhofer.
Zerlina.....Fräulein Tellheim.

Frau Wild was the same actress whose tragic end some time ago in Vienna created so much sensation.

Towards the end of April I went to Cologne to get rid of my household there, to fetch my daughter Blanche, and to make necessary preparations for the departure of my family, which took place in May, as my husband had again been appointed professor of the men's singing-class at the Vienna Conservatoire. How can I describe our delight on being once again all together, sitting down to dinner for the first time in our cosey home?

In the autumn of 1869 the new and handsome Musical Academy was inaugurated, and the class for operatic singing I had so eagerly looked forward to was at last opened. A new life now began for me, a life exclusively devoted to music, and absorbing all my artistic powers. Liszt came to Vienna in the beginning of 1870 to give concerts entirely devoted

to Wagner's compositions. Like Schumann, Wagner had found great opposition at Vienna, as I have already mentioned. Since 1857 Liszt had espoused his cause, and the greatest praise is due to him for having already at that period introduced Wagner's music into Vienna. At one of these concerts a pupil of mine, named Caroline Smeroschi, sang, and with great success, the prayer of Elisabeth, in "Tannhäuser," which *no other singer* had ever been willing to undertake.

The first operatic performance *en costume* on the Conservatoire stage took place May 18, 1870, and the orchestra, composed of the pupils, conducted by Director Helmesberger, played remarkably well. This small musical event created quite a sensation among the art-loving public of Vienna, and especially among the Conservatoire pupils. The programme was as follows:

1. Overture to "Der Freischütz".....Weber.
2. Second Act from "Der Freischütz".....Weber.
3. Chorus from "The Ruins of Athens"....Beethoven.
4. Third Act from "Faust".....Gounod.

All the singers, both male and female, Caroline Smeroschi and Anna d'Angeri among the number, were from the classes of my husband and myself, while Herr Lewinsky, one of the principal actors at the Burgtheater, undertook the scenic arrangements. Caroline Smeroschi, as Marguerite in Gounod's masterpiece, "Faust," was enthusiastically applauded. It is worthy of note that Anna d'Angeri, who afterwards made such a brilliant career, and whose prin-

cipal rôles were in "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," and the "Africaine," etc., should have undertaken the insignificant part of Martha on that evening.

The second operatic performance took place on the 25th of April, 1871, with the following programme:

1. "Das Nachtlager von Granada".....Kreutzer.
2. The Mad Scene from "Lucia".....Donizetti.
3. First and Second Acts from "Le Nozze di Figaro".Mozart.

Caroline Smeroschi was remarkable as Lucia, and the same can be said for Anna d'Angeri as the Countess in "Le Nozze di Figaro." These performances, which became more successful from year to year, were of artistic importance from the very beginning, and the proceeds were devoted to the charitable fund for poor students.

In the summer of 1871 my husband and I decided on a second trip to Italy; and as we took our daughters Thérèse, Stella, and Blanche with us, never shall I forget their delight when we drove to the railway station. We stayed a few days in Venice, to be present at the début of my gifted pupil Caroline Smeroschi, who, after three years' incessant study, appeared on the operatic stage with unprecedented success for the first time as Norina, in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," at the Teatro Rossini. The cast was exceptionally fine, for, besides Smeroschi, it included the tenor Corsi, the barytone Cotogni, and the buffo Ciampi. These distinguished artistes assisted the young débutante in such a praiseworthy way that the *ensemble* of the performance was absolutely perfect. Caroline Smeroschi was long considered one

of the best Italian singers, and had great success in Russia, as well as in Italy, Portugal, Spain, Egypt, England, etc. She left the stage only a few years ago.

After visiting all the churches, galleries, antiquities, and wonders of Venice; after being rocked in gondolas by day and by night; after refreshing ourselves with sea-baths at the Lido, we started for Bologna, where, for several days, we availed ourselves of the kind hospitality of my old pupil, Antonietta Fricci, who then occupied the first floor of the house of Donzelli, at one time a celebrated tenor. For many years Rossini had also lived there, but all that remained of his furniture were some red damask settees in the ballroom. Although we lived in town, we spent the greater part of the day at my former pupil's country-seat, which was not far distant.

Antonietta Fricci, an expert swimmer, like most Viennese ladies, had built a beautiful swimming-bath in her garden—after the style of the Vöslauer Baths, near Vienna—which was fed by various springs, and was furnished with every comfort. A large board, with the inscription "Bagni Antonietta," pointed out the entrance to it, and every morning our entire party, in every variety of colored bathing-dresses, had a delightful swim in the pond under the shadow of the trees. It was most amusing to see the celebrated Norma and Lucrezia instructing her friends in the art of swimming like a practised professor, calling out, in a dramatic voice, the classic "one, two," to those who were trembling with fright, their teeth chattering, and shrieking at the top of their voices as they hung on to the safety-pole.

"All those young ladies are now excellent swimmers, and even disport themselves in the sea," Antonietta told me with the greatest pride, when I afterwards met her at Vienna and reminded her of this incident. We had music regularly every evening at the villa, and it was always a great artistic pleasure for me to listen to the singing of the talented couple, especially to their duets.

From Bologna we went to Naples, where we were very hospitably received by my brother-in-law, Giuseppe de Castrone, formerly Minister of Finance under the Bourbons, and later on a celebrated barrister. Naples made a wonderful impression upon me. I had both read and heard much about that city, but though my expectations were very great, the reality surpassed by far my highest imaginations. To me it was simply an earthly paradise, and for six weeks I lived in a continual whirl of delight, revelling in air, light, and sunshine, and enjoying beyond description the wonderful beauties of the heavenly climate. For all that, I did not neglect to visit the remarkable antiquities and art treasures in which the place abounds. As often as possible we used to walk of an evening to the marvellous Posilippo. We also visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, Portici, Castellamare, Sorrento, Baja, etc. From Pompeii I could scarcely tear myself away, and would wander through the streets notwithstanding the heat, entering houses, visiting and rummaging every hole and corner. I would much have liked to buy up every antiquity offered me, but that, of course, was impossible. Meanwhile Vesuvius was rumbling incessantly, sending up an un-

interrupted flow of cloudy smoke towards the clear, blue sky. Ah, what a beautiful recollection! and it is almost incomprehensible that in such a lovely country men should immure themselves in cold, narrow monasteries and convents, and pass their lives in gloomy meditation and useless inactivity. This may originate in religious fanaticism, a diseased mind, a wounded heart, or a false appreciation of the world, but it is certain that he who dreads the light does not deserve it. How much lower do those nuns stand who shut themselves up of their own accord than do the Sisters of Mercy, who devote their whole lives to suffering humanity, and who, with a cheerful spirit, with genuine piety, with Christian devotion and a rare self-sacrifice, minister consolation and help to the sick and dying both in palaces and cottages. Of late years several of the convents in Italy entirely devoted to religious contemplation have been closed, but there still remain too many of them. The Sisters of Mercy, however, can never be too many, for the number of those requiring help and consolation is unlimited.

In Naples we also visited a home for old men, called "San Gennaro dei Poveri." It was the dinner-hour when we entered the large dining-hall, and only broken-down old men, several of whom had fiery, expressive eyes, were sitting at long tables waiting for their soup. Beside every plate was a big piece of bread and, to my astonishment, a large onion. This, with a little meat and fruit, completed the meal. What sorrow may there have been in the lives of these poor men, and yet they could now deem

themselves fortunate in having found a shelter for the rest of their days.

I looked in vain for a lazzarone such as is described in books or shown on the stage. The number of idlers has decreased very much in Naples, and the people there, more than anywhere else, earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Few good-looking women were to be seen among the lower classes, for unfortunately they neglect their personal appearance, and, as regards cleanliness, leave much to be desired. It was amusing on Saturday and Sunday mornings to see the market-women having their hair dressed in their produce-stalls. The men are mostly strong and well built, and devote more attention to their attire, but children run about almost in a state of nature, without any feeling of shame; that which appeared strange and startling to us seeming quite natural to the Neapolitans. Many of these little sons of Adam used to run along the sea-shore and fish up with remarkable dexterity the coins we threw into the sea, bringing them to the surface between their teeth.

As to music in Naples, we only heard the shrill voices of the hucksters, besides a few street-singers; but at Sorrento we heard a boy of fourteen who sang with a cracked voice, but a good delivery, "La Donna è Mobile," also some popular ballads to a guitar accompaniment.

During the daytime we visited the celebrated San Carlo Theatre, where I seated myself comfortably in the royal box for a few moments to get a view of the *ensemble* of the house. A deathlike stillness reigned

on the stage, where only a few half-starved rats were to be seen crossing from time to time. But for the moment I fancied I saw walking about all the celebrated singers who once achieved such brilliant successes here, and who are now singing with the angels; then I hurried into the air, for the close atmosphere of the place nearly suffocated me. I was not tempted to visit the Conservatoire, as at that time no ladies were educated there, and it is only lately that the fair sex has been admitted.

Signor Florimo, the librarian of the Conservatoire, a well-known composer and school-fellow and friend of Bellini, was kind enough to give us some interesting details on music in general in Naples, as well as information concerning the somewhat old-fashioned organization of its musical Academy, which has given forth to the world men like Scarlatti, Durando, Jomelli, Paisiello, Porpora, Mercadante, Bellini, etc. According to Florimo, the celebrated school of singing at the Naples Conservatoire went down after the death of Crescentini. The establishment, which had a yearly revenue of more than 300,000 lire, has been so badly managed, and has done so little good of later years, that the Ministry of Public Instruction has been obliged to intrust a committee with the care of its entire reorganization.

CHAPTER XIV

Musical Matinées in Vienna.—Advice to Pupils.—Some Famous Scholars.—Etelka Gerster and Madame Patti.—Journey to Ostend.—A Mother's Love for her Children.—A Museum for Musical Instruments.

It was with a heavy heart that we tore ourselves away from Naples, and on our return to Vienna I did not feel happy at the thought of at once resuming my professional duties in such close confinement. Italy had spoiled me for this kind of life; indeed, so great was the impression made on me that for some time I had to fight against a longing to return to that earthly paradise; but happily my artistic occupations soon absorbed my thoughts so completely that the recollection of beautiful "Parthenope" rose less and less frequently before my eyes. In the spring of 1872 we gave a few musical matinées at our own house, which were largely attended by a circle of artistes and amateurs, one of these entertainments being particularly successful, owing to the presence of Rubinstein, whose marvellous execution called forth frantic applause. He also played the accompaniments of his delightful vocal duets for two of my pupils, Clementina Proska and Anna d'Angeri, and was full of praises at their performance.

Anna d'Angeri—Von Angermeier—a Viennese,

made her début with great success in Mantua in the month of December, 1872, as Selika, in Meyerbeer's "Africaine." She afterwards became a celebrated dramatic singer, appearing in the first theatres of Italy, Spain, Russia, Portugal, and England, and was for two years at the Imperial Opera-house of Vienna. At the zenith of her musical career she retired from the stage, owing to her marriage with a Trieste banker. This accomplished artiste had, in consequence of the difficulty she had in training her voice, to study with me for fully four years, after which period it became perfectly even in all its registers, sonorous, flexible, and of large compass. Her répertoire was most extensive.

The majority of my successful pupils studied for three years, only very few remaining but two. What pupil is allowed to study for three years in these days, when everybody is impatient to get money and fame? In one year, often in only a few months, all this has to be attained, without even having gone through the most elementary preliminaries! To become a good singer, a first-rate artiste, it is necessary to have, first of all, a good general education. One must be musical, something of a pianist, and, besides singing, one should study languages, elocution, and acting. How can all this be attained in one short year? Instrumentalists, without exception, give themselves over to many years of study. Then, why should this be denied to singers? The former buy their instruments ready-made, the latter have to form and develop theirs. And is not the voice the most tender, the most fragile, of all instruments? We may

safely attribute the decline of the vocal art to these unfortunate causes, and blame especially those teachers who, partly through ignorance, partly through egotism, do not point out to their pupils the importance of their mission. Oh, holy art of singing, how sad a fate hath befallen thee!

Clementina Proska had already signed a contract with Count Platen, then Intendant of the Court Thetre at Dresden, a year before finishing her studies with me, and in the month of September, 1873, she appeared in "Lucia" with great success in that town, where she is still a favorite with the public. This charming blonde is considered one of the best light sopranos in Germany, and is as good an actress as she is a singer. She told me one day that her répertoire embraced eighty-five operas. She was married in Dresden to Herr Schuch, Musical Conductor of the Royal Opera-house. After her début I received, as a token of gratitude, and by order of the King, from the Intendant of the Dresden Court Theatre, a magnificent set of china and two candelabras from the royal porcelain manufactory in Saxony.

Two more of my pupils created a great sensation at our private concerts. The first, Wilhelmina Tremel, afterwards called Tremelli, a Viennese, was tall, dark, and full figured; the second, Mademoiselle de Septavaux, known later as Caroline Salla, a Parisian, was blond, delicate, and graceful. Wilhelmina Tremelli, on leaving the Conservatoire, was engaged at the Imperial Opera, where she made her début in the autumn of 1872 as Orsini in "Lucrezia Borgia."

She remained but three years in Vienna, however, and then went over to the Italian opera. Her magnificent contralto voice, of very great compass, called forth much admiration, and she sang successively in Italy, Spain, England, Russia, and in 1883 at the Italian opera in Paris, where she created the title rôle of Massenet's successful opera of "Hérodiade." She sang also for some years at the Pesth National Opera, and then went to America.

Caroline Salla, before commencing her studies with me, had already sung in Paris, Florence, and Cairo, but only in contralto parts. She threw up her career to study seriously and thoroughly with me for two years in Vienna, returning in 1875 to the Italian opera, where she sang with great success the parts of Aïda, Traviata, etc., in London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Moscow, etc. This artiste afterwards obtained an engagement at the Grand Opera-house in Paris, and created there the leading rôle in "Françoise de Rimini," a highly interesting work by Ambroise Thomas. After her marriage with Herr Uhring she retired into private life for a short time, but soon afterwards accepted an engagement at the Paris Opéra Comique, made a brilliant appearance in "Traviata," and created the principal part in Saint-Saëns' opera of "Proserpine." A few years ago she withdrew definitely from the stage, although she now sings occasionally at charity concerts.

In May, 1872, Herr Hellmesberger, Director of the Conservatoire, requested me to admit a new pupil into my class who, according to his opinion, was worthy of special attention. He told me how he had

heard the young girl in a private house in her native town of Kaschau, in Hungary; how he had been struck by her voice, as well as by her exquisite delivery of one of Schubert's songs; and how he had induced the parents, instead of devoting her to teaching, to let her join my class and study for the opera. Accordingly the next day a fair, smiling girl came to me, and her name was Etelka Gerster. The young Hungarian had not sung many notes before I recognized that she had an extraordinary musical gift, and I may say that I devoted myself heart and soul to her education.

But Etelka Gerster had to struggle against many difficulties, and she, more than many others, had to learn that glory cannot be attained without gigantic efforts. Her beautiful high notes, which were afterwards so much admired, her shakes, her cadences, and her delivery were due, not only to my tuition, but also to her incessant study and perseverance. Then, on the 4th of December, 1873, a theatrical performance was given in the large hall of the Musikvereins in honor of the Emperor of Austria's jubilee of his five-and-twenty years' reign, and, as my Conservatoire pupils sang several scenes from different operas, Etelka made her first appearance in public, creating even then an extraordinary sensation with her silvery voice in a scene from "Linda de Chamonix." At the dramatic competition of the Conservatoire, in the month of July of that same year, the modesty of her disposition had shown itself by her accepting quite an insignificant part in "Robert le Diable"—the handing over of the petition to the Princess—which

all her colleagues had refused. Another proof that real talent is never above the smallest undertaking.

In the spring of 1873 the Austrian capital, owing to the International Exhibition, became the centre of great interest. Our house was like a hotel, where friends, acquaintances, artistes, and relatives from all over the world congregated. Among others we often had the pleasure of seeing the elder M. Heugel, of Paris, he who died a few years back. He was a great art patron, a well-known music publisher, and founder of the journal *Le Ménestrel*, in the direction of which he was succeeded by his son, the present M. Henri Heugel. It was Heugel who discovered and brought before the public the young American singer Mademoiselle Marie Van Zandt, she who created "Lakmé" at the Opéra Comique, and was for a long while the delight of Parisian audiences.

The Italian composer Petrella, who had been elected president of the musical jury at this Exhibition, was also a daily guest at our house. As he only spoke his mother-tongue he was constantly getting into difficulties which not infrequently led to comical mistakes, and we had great trouble in quieting his most excitable nature. He died a few years ago in the hospital, and in great poverty, when on the point of writing a new opera for the theatre of Genoa. Of all his works "Ione" and "Marco Visconti" are the only ones which still form part of the Italian répertoire, his kind of music never having found favor in Germany.

We did not travel that summer, but spent the time at Baden, near Vienna. This delightfully situ-

ated watering-place, with its sulphur spring discovered by the Romans, has long remained my favorite resort, and has always been very much patronized by musicians. When, on the 26th of July, in the year 1812, a terrible conflagration had destroyed much of the town, and money was being collected in all parts of the country to alleviate the distress of the unfortunate inhabitants, Beethoven, who on several occasions had spent the summer at Baden, sent the proceeds of a concert he had given at Carlsbad for this special purpose. It was there the immortal composer spent the summers of 1821 and 1823, and it was there he composed his Ninth Symphony. Down in the beautiful valley of the Helenenthal is a seat on which Beethoven often rested while sketching his musical thoughts, and it is probable that a monument will be erected to his memory on that very spot. In 1871 a marble slab, recording the dates of his stay and his work in the delightful little town was placed over the door of No. 10 in the Rathhausgasse, where he lived, by the Baden Choral Society. Mozart also seems to have liked the spot, for at No. 4 in the Renngasse the following inscription can be read on a marble tablet:

In this house, in the year 1791,
W. A. MOZART
composed his immortal "Ave Verum."
Erected by the Men's Choral Society, 1885.

The winter of 1873–1874 was spent in constant work. In December, 1873, and in April, 1874, scenes were produced at the Conservatoire from the follow-

ing operas: "Flying Dutchman," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Maurer und Schlosser," "Africaine," "Nozze di Figaro," "Linda di Chamounix," Vaccai's "Romeo and Juliet," Spohr's "Zemire and Azor," "Freischütz," "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "Prophète," "Fidelio," and Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." The elegant stage, with its variety of scenery, the excellent pupils, the orchestra under Director Hellmesberger, as well as the rich costumes lent by the Imperial Opera-house, contributed in no small degree to the success of these performances. Even at that time Gerster was remarkable in scenes from "Linda," as Marguerite, and as Norina in "Don Pasquale," while three other pupils—Rosa Bernstein, Pauline Kunz, and Ida Baier—also distinguished themselves.

In the spring of 1874 the divine Patti came, sang, and conquered at the Italian Opera in Vienna. She was at this time the acknowledged favorite of the musical world, standing at the zenith of her artistic fame. There was a constant rush after places for her performances, and wailing and despair when none were to be had, for the little nightingale had turned all our heads. On the 14th of March I was sitting at my piano, surrounded by pupils, giving Etelka Gerster a lesson, when Patti entered the room, which, by the way, was a perfect garden, my singing-birds having celebrated my birthday by offering me the loveliest flowers. The *diva* seemed surprised at the sight of the sweetly smelling roses, violets, pinks, the immense bouquets and garlands of all kinds, and very likely she thought, "How does a professor of singing come to receive such homage, which belongs only

to us queens of song?" All the pupils raised their heads as she entered, in order to have a good look at the celebrated singer, whom it was so difficult to get to hear at the opera. A young Russian, a Patti enthusiast, even went so far as to offer her, after glancing imploringly at me, a large bouquet which was meant for me. Bowing kindly to all, Patti walked up to the piano and begged Gerster, whose voice she had heard on entering, to sing something. After some hesitation, Etelka sang the cavatina from "Linda." The celebrated artiste was full of praises of her voice and delivery; she was especially delighted with the charm of her *mezza-voce*, and advised the young student to steer courageously and fearlessly towards her goal. Who would then have supposed that the two would make an operatic tour together in America, and that Etelka Gerster would become the successful rival of the great *diva*? Patti made herself so charming, and had so many kind words for every one, that my pupils' admiration for her grew into fanaticism; and soon afterwards, on her benefit night, they presented her with a magnificent laurel wreath, with the following inscription on the ribbon: "Alla Regina del bel Canto, la Scuola Marchesi" (The Marchesi School to the Queen of Song).

In August, 1874, we once more undertook a long journey with our three daughters, visiting Salzburg, Munich, Nüremberg, Cologne, Brussels, and staying a month at Ostend. At that favorite watering-place we met Mosenthal, the poet, author of many dramas and librettos. As we talked with this dear friend, who had just recovered from a long and dangerous

illness, about his future plans, his works, the stage, and, above all, about the Conservatoire, of which he was vice-president, we little thought that he would be taken from us so suddenly a few short years later, to the sorrow of his numerous friends and admirers. During our stay in Ostend, Mosenthal busied himself at settling a dispute which, owing to a misunderstanding, had arisen between the directors of the Conservatoire and myself. Without giving me notice, a commissioner had been appointed to inspect the preparatory classes several times in the course of the year. Moreover, they had omitted to inform me that they had reckoned the first year in my class, which was devoted to the formation and mechanism of the voice, as a *preparatory*, not a *finishing*, class, as it used to be considered. One day Mr. Dessoff, conductor at the opera, and professor of harmony at the Conservatoire, entered my class-room with a paper in his hand and a pen behind his ear. Somewhat astonished, I asked him the reason of this visit, and he answered, "I have come, madame, to inspect your class and examine your pupils." Seizing the situation at a glance, I replied, "I am very sorry; but, strange to say, all my pupils are hoarse to-day." A dead silence ensued. Mr. Dessoff, deeply offended, left the room, to send in his resignation, and I soon after went to do the same. Through Mosenthal's efforts and influence, after his return from Ostend, this serio-comic incident was settled, Dessoff and I withdrawing our resignations. My class continued to be called, as at the commencement, a *finishing* one, and was no longer subject to inspection.

Ostend during that year was anything but a pleasant resort for us, cold, storms, and rain vying with each other to make our stay as unpleasant as possible, while bathing was entirely out of the question. Wrapped in our winter cloaks, we hardly ventured to direct our steps towards the sea, as we generally returned frozen to death, blown about by the wind, and with our noses red with chill. Although Ostend offers many amusements in the way of theatres, concerts, and balls, the raw weather of that season took away our inclination ever to return there. Notwithstanding all this the holidays passed only too quickly, and I had but too soon to bid good-bye to my little girls Stella and Blanche, who, under my sister Charlotte's care, now returned to their school in Frankfort-on-the-Main, as my artistic occupations, taking up all my time, did not permit of their being educated at home. Perhaps my greatest sacrifice to art has been this separation of myself from my own children. Yes, I will say it has been *the greatest*, for nothing can compensate a mother for the joy she derives from watching the continual development of her children, and their daily growing attachment to herself.

We women, as in olden times, should concentrate our interest on our households, and devote all our energies to our families. Only in rare instances and exceptional cases, where a young girl shows particular talent and strongly developed tastes, should she be allowed to choose a career. This, however, is hardly possible nowadays, the forced emancipation of woman having struck a severe blow at home-life. I

say *forced,* because many less gifted girls and women are compelled from sheer necessity to take to teaching music, painting, sculpture, literature, languages, etc. In these times of constant excitement and continually increasing wants, when men no longer show the same energy and spirit of self-sacrifice as heretofore, it follows naturally that women should try to emancipate themselves so as not to be dependent on the will and unscrupulousness of men, who often ill-treat them physically and morally.

On our return journey to Vienna we stayed several days in Brussels, meeting with a very hospitable reception at the house of our friends, the Gevaerts. Monsieur Gevaert was then just bringing out the first volume of his interesting and clever book, *Histoire et Théorie de la Musique de l'Antiquité.* The hours spent in the company of this remarkably learned man were most pleasant and entertaining, and willingly would we have prolonged our stay if time had only permitted; M. Gevaert, moreover, had to go to Ghent to attend to the publication of his book, while duty called me back to my class-room at Vienna. Before our departure we visited the beautiful Conservatoire, then in course of erection, and only completed a few years ago. The Brussels Musical Academy, which we have often visited since, has, thanks to the artistic management of Monsieur Gevaert, become in every sense of the word a model Conservatoire.

The Museum for Musical Instruments was founded by Monsieur Gevaert. We owe this unique collection from every country and of every period to his energy and acoustic knowledge, as well as to the practical

skill of his secretary, Victor Matillon. Here are to be found flutes with mouth-pieces, side flutes, different kinds of oboes, with large and small bassoons, reed-pipes and clarinets, fagots, ancient cornets made in different sizes, and pitches, and many other instruments only known to us by name, such as krumornes and others, besides organs for oratories and chapels. One of these last-named instruments, called "L'Orgue de Régall," in shape like a long table, was used by the Protestants in France in the sixteenth century to accompany their psalms in their secret meetings.

Fac-similes of the rarest instruments to be found in the archæological museums of Europe, such as the British Museum and the Naples Museum, are all collected there, and offer excellent advantages for study. The instruments are arranged in different rooms according to the different countries. India, China, and Japan are classed together; one room for the Mohammedan countries and Africa, another for Australia, another for the East Indies, and one especially for Java. For Europe the instruments have been arranged in groups since the sixteenth century. The violas, in all their varieties, numbering in all 250 instruments; harpsichords, with one or several keyboards; clavichords, spinets, and every kind of wind instruments. By order of the government a very handsome house, communicating with the Conservatoire, has been built for Monsieur Gevaert, where he lives with his family.

One evening just before our departure, as we were having an interesting conversation about Wagner,

Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and *tutti quanti*, but especially about Mozart, Gevaert's favorite composer, I asked the maestro why French musicians insist that in Suzanne's recitative in "Le Nozze di Figaro," in the following passage—

the appoggiatura E *natural* should be sung instead of E *flat*. Our conversation being interrupted, Gevaert sent me the following reply to Vienna:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You wish to know my opinion about an appoggiatura in the recitative from an air in 'Le Nozze di Figaro.' My idea is that it should be sung—

that is to say, E *flat*, and not E *natural*. In the first place, as regards harmony, the E *natural* is not correct in its relation to the E *flat* of the chord—E *flat*, C, A—which immediately precedes it; and, in the second place, the E *flat* imparts a mysterious expression which is admirably suited to the word *notte*.

"Your devoted friend,

"A. GEVAERT."

Passing through Cologne, we hastened to visit our friend Ferdinand Hiller; but, unfortunately, he was out of town. However, I gained access to his study, and, sitting down in my favorite place at the window, which affords a magnificent view of the Rhine, of Deutz, and of the pontoon bridge, I looked sadly at the silent piano, all covered with dust, on which my

friend used to play Mozart and Beethoven in such a marvellous manner; then I wrote a few lines to him, and hurried to the train, which took us to Nüremberg. This town, with its architectural interest, took a strong hold on my imagination. Like the Italian republics of Genoa and Venice, there is blood, much blood, on this once free German city, and I could not look without shuddering on the numerous instruments of torture in the ancient castle, a proof of the unparalleled cruelty of old republican Nüremberg. The thought of these dreadful instruments—of the Iron Maiden, who received in her iron embrace all who had been condemned to die—haunted me incessantly. I felt oppressed and perfectly miserable in the dismal place, and was in a hurry to depart. We therefore left as soon as possible and started for Munich. In the German Athens we spent a few days visiting the delightful picture-galleries, then returned through picturesque Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace, to Vienna.

CHAPTER XV

Absence of Love of Music in Vienna.—Arrival of Johannes Brahms.—No Court Patronage Shown to Art.—The Celebrated Verdi.—A Question of "Tempi."—How Gerster was Hooted at Madrid.

THE winter of 1874–75 was passed in incessant work. Through rain and wind, snow and hail, every morning punctually at nine o'clock I betook myself to the Conservatoire. On my return home I found private pupils awaiting me, and then the evenings were spent either with my family or at the opera. We seldom accepted invitations out, social life in Vienna not being very entertaining, class distinctions, strong religious prejudices, and the antagonistic feelings among the different nationalities preventing friendly intercourse. Although Vienna has the reputation of being a very musical city, and in some respects deservedly so, there is, nevertheless, an absence of that love of music and the pursuit of it among amateurs which elsewhere form a bond of sympathy in society. During our stay only two prominent members of the musical world had settled there, the Hungarian composer Karl Goldmark, and Johannes Brahms, a German by birth, and both of them led quite retired lives. It may be owing to the times, or perhaps for local reasons, that Vienna, once the abode

of such composers as Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, who made it the first musical city in the world, should now rather be avoided than sought after by great artistes. The Court gives little or no patronage to art, and the aristocracy, formerly the warmest of patrons, now follows the example of the Palace. Vienna can no longer be ranked, either socially or musically, as first among the large cities.

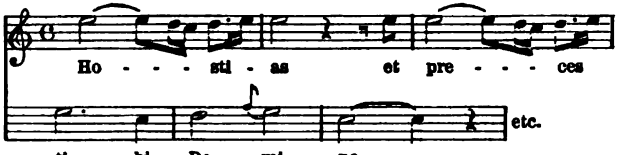
At the pupils' concerts in the Conservatoire, which took place in the months of April and July, 1875, scenes were given from "Norma," "La Juive," "Freischütz," "Nozze di Figaro," "Aïda," "Faust," "Martha," "Le Domino Noir," "Dinorah," "Mignon," "Hamlet," and "Traviata." As Ophelia and in "Traviata," Etelka Gerster achieved a perfect triumph, while Anna Riegel distinguished herself as a brilliant light soprano, as did Rosa Bernstein as a dramatic mezzo-soprano, and Ida Baier as a remarkable actress. Fräulein Bernstein first sang for a year in Italy, afterwards for several years at the Leipsic Opera-house. She married a journalist named Neuda, and is at present one of the favorite concert singers and professors in Vienna. Fräulein Ida Baier, on leaving the Conservatoire, obtained an engagement at the Imperial Opera of Vienna, where she is still a popular and useful singer. In character parts she is extraordinary.

In June, 1875, I had at last the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the celebrated Verdi, on the occasion of his second visit to Vienna, whither he had come to conduct his opera of "Aïda" and his beautiful "Requiem." The maestro was quite young

when he went the first time to the Austrian capital to conduct his opera of "Nabucco," which had already created a great sensation at the Scala, in Milan. Although many families had already left for the summer holidays, Verdi's name was powerful enough to recall them from all parts of the country, and the ticket-office of the opera was besieged by an eager crowd, anxious to secure places. All the seats were occupied, and the public was enthusiastic over the "Requiem," of which the *soli* were remarkably well rendered by Mesdames Stolz and Waldmann, Messieurs Masini and Medini, while the chorus, strengthened by a private choral society and the orchestra from the opera-house, surpassed themselves under the master's magic baton. Verdi has often remarked since that it was a real pleasure to conduct such an excellent orchestra and chorus. On the night of the first performance, as Verdi was leaving the theatre and preparing to enter his carriage, he was suddenly surrounded by a crowd of students, who cheered him enthusiastically. Being of a retiring disposition, and always having a horror of stormy ovations, he jumped quickly into the carriage; but when he observed that the hot-headed youths intended unhitching the horses, he sprang out at the opposite door and ran like lightning to the hotel, never leaving the theatre on the following nights until he was sure that no one was lying in wait for him.

The illustrious composer was kind enough to write in my album a few bars of the beautiful tenor solo—in C major—"Domine Jesu," from the "Offertory" in his "Requiem," as follows:

Nel Requiem.



À Madame Marchesi.

Vienna, 20. Giugno, 1875. G. Verdi.

Having often before heard the opera of "Aïda" in Vienna, it was particularly interesting for me to hear it now sung by Italian artistes, and conducted by the composer in person. On this occasion I once more observed how constantly German conductors mistake the *tempi* of the Italian operas, which, as a rule, they are inclined to drag, and mentioned it in one of my letters to the *Signale*, a paper to which I have contributed for years. It was in answer to this letter that Mr. Dessoff, at that time conductor of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, wrote me the following lines, which will, no doubt, interest my readers:

"I am only too well aware of having taken the *tempi* too slowly at the first two performances of 'Aïda.' Until Verdi came I had never heard the work performed, and therefore relied on the indications of the metronome, which, on investigation, you will find marks much slower *tempi* than you heard given by me. One ought really to warn composers against marking their music by the metronome. I see no objection to it for instrumental music; in fact, I consider it even necessary to prevent misunderstandings; but where the words and situation give every indication, the metronome seems to be a dangerous element. The composer at his writing-table, with the metronome before him, thinks of nothing but the music; but, once

seated at the conductor's desk, his ideas change entirely under the influence of the dramatic situation. Here it becomes a question of true expression, no longer of melody alone, and hence the conflict!"

Yielding to our united request, Verdi promised to adapt his opera of "Don Carlos" to the German stage. Mosenthal was to undertake the translation, but he died meanwhile. Though it has since been translated, it has never formed part of the German répertoire, in consequence of which German contralto and mezzo-soprano voices, nowadays insufficiently considered, are deprived of the beautiful part of Eboli. Verdi, and his wife, who accompanied him, led very quiet lives, steadfastly refusing the invitations which poured in from all sides; but before his departure the Conservatoire organized a fête in his honor, when the youthful orchestra, under Hellmesberger's excellent direction, played several overtures from the great composer's operas, and some of my pupils sang selections from the same. Even at so early a period of her studies, Verdi predicted a brilliant career for Etelka Gerster, who sang the air from "Traviata." On this occasion the maestro inquired into the organization of the Conservatoire, visited the class-rooms and the library, and was much interested in the manuscripts of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Bach, etc. Before he left he had a word of praise and encouragement for everybody. All those who were fortunate enough to assist at this fête can never say enough in praise of his simple, unaffected, and straightforward way. During this visit to Vienna he was made Commander of the Order of

Francis Joseph, with the star, by the Emperor of Austria.

Shortly afterwards Etelka Gerster, whom Verdi had praised so highly, sang the death scene from "Traviata" at the dramatic *concours*, and left the Conservatoire, after having gained all the prizes. Then, in December, 1875, the young artiste made her début as Gilda, in "Rigoletto," at the Teatro della Fenice, in Venice, the celebrated Graziani playing the title-rôle. Her second part was Ophelia, in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," in which her success was so great that the Director of the Paris Opera offered her a three years' contract, which was accepted for her by Dr. Gardini, the Italian impresario, with whom she had already signed an engagement for five years. The young singer then went straight from Venice to Paris, in order to study the rôle of Ophelia in the French language under the composer. She was waiting to make her début, but weeks and months passed without its taking place, while Halanzier, then Director of the Opera, did his best to console the artiste, who was beginning to lose patience. At last, seeing the difficulties that were placed in her way as a débutante and as a stranger, Etelka decided upon cancelling her engagement, and a few days later accepted an offer at the Italian Opera in Madrid, to take the place of Nilsson, who had been engaged and announced to appear by Director Robles, but at the last moment had withdrawn her promise.

It was arranged that Gerster should make her début in "Rigoletto," and, as at the dress-rehearsal she had had a brilliant success, it was quite to be ex-

pected that she would be equally successful on the first night; but it was fated to be otherwise, for when she appeared on the stage she was received with hisses and yells. The occupants of the boxes remained quiet, but in the pit and galleries the noise was deafening, and "Nilsson! Nilsson! we want Nilsson!" was heard on every side. Not a voice was raised against this demonstration, aimed exclusively at the management; nobody thought of the poor débutante, standing pale, trembling, and nearly fainting on the stage, yet having no choice but to continue with the opera; and so, mustering up her courage, she sang for the first and last time to a Madrid audience. She left the city, however, under more favorable auspices. My husband and I had recommended her to one of our friends, Count de Morphy, a very good musician; and, as the Count occupied a prominent post at the Spanish Court, he mentioned my unfortunate pupil's début to the King, who did her the honor of asking her to sing at a Court concert, to which all the nobility were invited, and he made her a very handsome present.

Some weeks later Gerster sang several times in Marseilles, where she was enthusiastically received. Thence she went to Genoa, and appeared during the entire winter at the Teatro Carlo Felice, creating a sensation, especially in "La Sonnambula" and "I Puritani." Verdi, who for many years past has spent the winter in Genoa, received the young artiste in the kindest manner, and was full of her praises.

Fortune henceforth smiled on her. From Genoa she went to Berlin, and sang in Italian opera at

Kroll's Theater, where her triumphant successes can only be compared to those of Jenny Lind. Hitherto the Court had not patronized that theatre; but after the young prima donna's appearance they never missed a performance, and she soon received the title of Prussian *Kammersängerin*. Etelka Gerster was equally applauded in Pesth, Vienna, London, St. Petersburg, Moscow, etc., and spent many years in America, where she acquired the name of the "Hungarian Nightingale." She, however, fell ill in consequence of the fatiguing travels in the New World, and had to retire from the lyric stage. Shortly after her before-mentioned exciting stay in Madrid she married her manager, Dr. Gardini, of Bologna, and near that city she bought a fine country-house, beautifully situated on a hill, where she generally spends the summer months. Madame Etelka Gerster-Gardini has two charming little daughters, and she named the elder one Linda, in grateful remembrance of her first success at the Vienna Conservatoire.

Here is a copy of some lines which Gerster wrote in my album, and in which, it may be stated, *en parenthèses*, nearly every pupil I have ever had has put an autographic farewell to me as teacher:

"Was Sie der Kunst, was Sie dem Schüler waren,
Verkünde süsses Lied dem Erdenkreis.
Doch was Ihres Herzens lautlos Stimm' mir sagten,
In meiner Seele Grund begraben sei's.
"Ihre ewig dankbare Schülerin,
"ETELKA GERSTER.

"WIEN, *den 21. December*, 1875."

CHAPTER XVI

On the Lido and among Lagoons.—Frequent Gondola Excursions.—A Laughable Operatic Performance.—Visit to a Madhouse.—Lunatics Guarded by Young Girls.—An Armenian Monastery.—Rose-leaves for Refreshments.—The Tenor Voice of a Young Fisherman.—With Verdi at Sant' Agata.

AFTER this visit of Verdi to Vienna I felt once more irresistibly drawn towards the South; so, after spending part of the month of August in the suburb of Baden, we travelled by way of Villach through the beautiful Pustherthal, and past Verona, to the Lido. Since our last visit that peaceful little island, washed by the Adriatic on the one side and on the other by lagoons, had become a perfect paradise. Beautiful avenues of shady trees invited repose; the baths, at one time in such a primitive state, were now comfortably arranged, and several villas, built in the style of Swiss chalets, were at the disposal of visitors desirous of remaining at less favorable seasons of the year. There was also no lack of amusements to be found on the island. There was a quartet every evening in the comfortable wooden building erected on pile-work above the sea, and connected with the island by a bridge; while an excellent restaurant contributed towards making life pleasant. We took our

meals on a terrace built over the sea, and meanwhile were always greatly interested in watching daring swimmers of both sexes performing all manner of feats before our eyes. There was a stage erected in the large hall at La Favorita, a little place in the neighborhood, where acrobats and conjurers gave entertainments, and where several times a week the splendid orchestra from the Teatro della Fenice, of Venice, played, and where from time to time a wandering troupe of singers gave operatic performances with this same orchestra. We assisted at one of these that was perfectly grotesque. The work was Donizetti's "La Favorita," and the tenor part of Fernand was taken by an old actress with a cracked contralto, who sang every note with a chest-voice. The *embonpoint* of this worthy dame, beneath the warlike costume of Fernand, made her look most ridiculous, and, as the rest of the troupe were quite as bad, the less said about them the better.

Communication with the town was kept up from early dawn till late at night by a service of small steamers. The route by moonlight from La Favorita to our Swiss chalet was bewitching. A mysterious melody arose from the murmuring ripple of the waves, the chirping of the crickets, and the rustling leaves, while our eyes looked across the lagoons, with their silver-tipped islands, and rested on Venice standing out majestically on the horizon. How unspeakably dear was this little strip of earth to me, where I could forget all the sorrows and troubles of this world. We frequently made gondola excursions to neighboring islands in the Laguna, visiting Murano,

with its numerous mosaic and glass manufactories. At the celebrated Salviati's a beautiful *anfora* was made after an antique model while we were there and presented to me as a souvenir by the manager of the works. One day we steered to the island of San Clemente, where an asylum for female lunatics was founded many years ago. It had first been a house for pilgrims, then a penitentiary for priests, before conversion into the asylum. The director, Dr. Cesare Vigna, is well known as a musical connoisseur, a composer, and an intimate friend of Verdi's, and in his drawing-room we saw an excellent portrait of the maestro. We remained several hours in this melancholy house, and, accompanied by a keeper, visited the large, airy, well-designed building, which shelters nearly a thousand inmates. In one of the rooms we were shown a boy of about eight years of age staring fixedly before him, incessantly making the same movement with his hand; also an old woman covered with pieces of stuffs of all colors, a paper crown on her head, sitting on a kind of throne, receiving homage in a most dignified manner from a number of lunatics who crowded round her. Strange to say, these so-called ladies of the court pointed out the false queen to one another as being mad! A nun, who had a religious mania, never left her bed, and did nothing else but knit. Many of the inmates wanted to tell us their troubles, and the history of their lives, but the keepers prevented them. I noticed with surprise that the latter, without exception, were all young girls, who moved fearlessly and freely among the patients. As I expressed my astonish-

ment at this, our guide assured me that these young attendants had more influence over the lunatics than older persons.

We had already passed through a great number of rooms when I suddenly found myself in the midst of a crowd of mad women, some in strait-waistcoats, some bound hand and foot, being conducted by a young keeper from the recreation-ground to their dormitories — each class of patients has its own ground for recreation—and as I was making room for these unfortunate creatures to pass, one of them, although her hands were tied, made a rush at me and tried to fasten her teeth into my flesh. The keeper quickly stood between us, and, as if yielding to some mighty power, the patient permitted herself to be quietly led away. It is the undaunted courage the attendants display which subdues these lunatics.

After we had visited the church, where many women were praying fervently, the director's apartments, the park, etc., we were taken to the kitchen. Here we were received by a very young and remarkably beautiful Sister of Mercy, who superintended the department, and attended to the convalescent patients. Entering into conversation with her, we learned she was of an old and noble family of Verona. It was neither poverty nor disappointments that had induced her to relinquish every pleasure in life for this difficult calling, only the earnest desire to devote herself to suffering humanity. Her face was expressive of perfect peace, and she seemed to me like some saint before whom I could have knelt in worship.

After a while she called in several of the patients who were busy in the next kitchen peeling potatoes and washing vegetables, when we suddenly heard a sad national air sung in a beautiful, clear soprano voice, and going quickly into the adjoining room saw a pleasant-looking young woman turning a wheel and singing.

"This unfortunate woman is incurable," said the sister; "jealousy is the cause of her madness, but as she is very good-tempered and fond of me, I keep her near me."

In the laundry more than thirty patients were at work. The noise they made was deafening, and their voices were rough and hoarse. Some of them were singing love-songs, into which the names of Beppo and Carlo were often introduced. We were told that most of these women had lost their reason through love troubles. A sad feeling came over me as I said good-bye to the Sister of Mercy, and this feeling she seemed to share. She asked us to come again, but the impression this terrible misery had made on me was so overwhelming that I could not pay a second visit to the island of San Clemente.

The recollection of all I saw there reminds me of visits to other asylums, as well as hospitals and prisons in various European cities, being drawn into them by an earnest desire to comprehend, in some small degree, the mysteries of suffering humanity. I have found that with women, in most cases, madness is brought on by jealousy in love troubles, while with men it is generally the thirst for gold and glory that has overturned their reason. I have found English

prisons to be cleanest and best kept; but as for the system of solitary confinement—and the punishment of the treadmill, at which I assisted in London—so much practised all over the world, I consider it to be the greatest cruelty ever committed by man towards his fellow-man.

The day before our departure we made a pilgrimage to the island of St. Lazare, where there is an Armenian monastery, in which, as is well known, Lord Byron lived in the greatest seclusion for six months in order to study Eastern languages, and his inkstand and pen are still to be seen. In the library there were portraits of Pope Pius IX., Napoleon III., and the then reigning Sultan—a curious trinity. Father Isaverdens was kind enough to act as our cicerone, showing us, besides the church and churchyard, the Oriental library, the little museum, the dining-hall, the splendid cow-house, the garden wherein the Armenian pupils work in their leisure hours, and the large printing works belonging to the monastery. The men employed in these works live in Venice and go over every day to the island.

A great work was being printed while we were there, *Les Chants Liturgiques de l'Église Arménienne. Traduits en notes musicales Européennes par Pietro Bianchini, et publiés par la Congrégation des Pères Mekitharistes, sous la direction du Père Dr. Isaverdens.* This clever and highly interesting monk showed us a few proof-sheets of the work, which has lately appeared in Armenian, Italian, French, and English. After walking about some time, refreshments—*confitures de feuilles de rose*—were served us

on elegant little plates. It is well known that the East is the land of sweets, but one has to be educated up to eating rose-leaves in order to enjoy them, and the handsome, dark-eyed monk who offered us these refreshments looked at me in some surprise when I preferred a draught of fresh water. Before leaving the monastery Father Isaverdens conducted us to a platform whence we had a delightful view of Venice. The moon was rising; silent gondolas were gliding across the lagoons; the stars were twinkling mysteriously; the sounds of the bells from Venice were wafted towards us; in a shady path of the garden two gray-bearded monks were walking . . . what a beautiful, solemn, impressive picture!

On our way back to the Lido we suddenly heard, quite close to us, a powerful and melodious tenor voice, and looking round we saw a young fisherman walking in a shallow part of the lagoon, taking advantage of the low tide to follow up his calling, and lustily singing "La Donna è Mobile." We were astonished to hear such a beautiful voice; and if that young man could only have guessed what untold gold is now being paid to worn-out tenors, he would quickly have thrown back into the sea the fishes he had caught, and would have exchanged the silvery shine of the evening moon for the glare of the footlights. And I think, too, that if some impresario in search of a new tenor had discovered this treasure in the lagoons, he would quickly have caught him in a net and taken him home in triumph as a new Prophet, or a Faust, or a Lohengrin.

After spending a few weeks on the Lido in a de-

lightful *dolce far niente*, we received a letter from Verdi wherein he sent us an invitation to spend a few days with him at his villa in Sant' Agata, near Busseto. To see Verdi in his home was happiness indeed, and from that moment the Lido lost all attraction; so, packing our trunks forthwith, the very next day we were on our way to Cremona, where we spent the night, and where the hotel was so very uninviting, so dirty, that I could scarcely muster up courage to lie on a sofa, much less on a bed. The night was therefore spent in walking restlessly about the room, and early in the morning we rode through lovely fields and delightful meadows to Sant' Agata, in an open carriage, under a cloudless sky, in the fresh autumn air.

All nature was still in full bloom. The vine, clinging to the trees, bent under the weight of its fruit; vintagers were busily hurrying to and fro; everything told of industry, life, and prosperity. The villages through which we passed were clean, the houses were of stone, and the people appeared contented with their lot. After a three hours' drive we arrived at our destination, and, the carriage stopping before a high gate, we were admitted by the lodge-keeper, to be, a few moments later, most warmly received by Signor and Signora Verdi, who came out to meet us. The Villa Verdi is arranged with elegant simplicity and taste. The maestro's study opens upon a large park. The furniture is of yellow satin in the Egyptian style, in souvenir of his opera "Aïda." One of Érard's grand-pianos stood in the centre of the room, while some valuable paintings by old masters deco-

rated the walls, as also a few modern pictures which Verdi had bought in order to encourage and assist young artists. To the honor of Verdi's wife, who personally superintended her household, I must say that the villa is admirably appointed, and in our bedroom on the first floor we found every arrangement made for our comfort. In a neighboring salon we saw the antique little piano (*spinetto*) on which Verdi practised when a boy.

The park surrounding the villa is both large and beautiful, and is separated from the adjoining fields by an avenue of poplars planted by the master's own hand. Its beauties are heightened by fine clumps of trees, two large ponds, mysterious grottos, shady arbors, lovely flowers, and shrubs. Verdi, a passionate lover of nature, has planted in his garden different species of fir-trees from every country and climate, and with great success, for they all thrive exceedingly well. On the top of a hill, surrounded by trees, stands a tombstone erected by the maestro to his favorite dog, on which the following words are engraved, "All' amico fedele"—that is to say, "To the true friend." The woods and fields belonging to the estate are farmed; consequently they do not require Verdi's care. He was, therefore, interesting himself very much at that time in the breeding of horses, and every evening numerous colts and fillies were brought into the meadows belonging to the park, where they disported themselves, to the amusement of everybody.

After dinner we talked, while the gentlemen played at billiards; then, shortly after ten o'clock, the mas-

ter of the house, who rises with the sun, retired to his room. Verdi kindly went through three of his operas with me, "Aida," "Don Carlos," and "La Forza del Destino," singing the principal airs with exquisite taste and all the fire of youth, and interesting me exceedingly. The day after our arrival we went with him to Busseto, to see the small but elegant theatre built in his honor and called Teatro Verdi, and where, only a few months before our arrival, "La Traviata" had been produced with a capital cast.

Verdi has been called the "Cigno di Busseto," or Swan of Busseto; so, owing to this, many people are under the impression that Busseto is his native town. The celebrated musician was, however, born, October 10, 1813, in a village called Roncolo, near Busseto, where he went to school. This village is a small, poverty-stricken hole, containing but a few hundred people, while Busseto, a pleasant little town, has some three or four thousand inhabitants. Verdi's parents kept a little inn in the only street Roncolo can boast of, where they had also a store for groceries and liqueurs. On his way to school young Verdi had to pass by the dwelling of a family who were continually playing the piano, and he used often to stand for hours under the windows attentively listening to this music. The owner of the house, struck with the boy's behavior, called him in one day, inquired of him who he was, and asked him why he used to linger so long in front of their dwelling. Verdi told Signor Barezzi that music was his greatest delight, and that his uncle, the organist of their village church, was giving him les-

sons. Barezzi kindly expressing a wish to hear him, Verdi sat down to the piano and played a few small pieces, and this decided his future fate. He had found a patron, who put him at once to school in Busseto, leaving his uncle sufficient time to perform his duties as organist of Roncolo—Verdi was then only eleven years old—and a few years later he was sent to the Conservatoire in Milan to complete his studies.

Verdi's first wife was one of the daughters of his benefactor, whose portrait hangs in his study. She died a few years after their marriage, as did also their two little children. The maestro's second wife was Giuseppina Strepponi, a celebrated singer, and as this union was a childless one, he adopted one of her nieces, who, at the time we were with Verdi, was a fresh young girl, but is now married and the mother of several children. As I walked up and down the beautiful park with Signora Verdi it seemed to me like a dream that she, who had so kindly befriended me during the time I studied in Paris, should now be the wife of the maestro, and it was a great satisfaction to me to be able once more to offer my warmest thanks for her former kindness. Time passed only too quickly in such interesting and pleasant company, but the hour had arrived when we must take our departure. We wished our kind host and hostess good-bye, and the road between Sant' Agata and Cremona, which had so delighted me a few days previously, now appeared endless and dull, the dust unbearable, the heat too oppressive, the sky too blue, the sun too bright to bear. The finest spot on earth loses its charm when one is sad at heart.

CHAPTER XVII

From Sunny Italy back to the Austrian Capital.—Arthur Nikisch and Felix Mottl.—Pauline Lucca.—The True Art of Singing, or How to Form the Female Voice.—Anecdotes about Pupils.—A Bitter Disappointment.—Marriage of a Daughter.

FROM Cremona we went to Treviso to be present at the début of my pupil, Louisa Proch, as Selika, in the "Africaine," and there we put up at the best hotel in the town, La Stella d'Oro, which I may be excused for not describing. In small Italian provincial towns people have a remarkable notion—or rather no notion at all—of cleanliness, and woe to the traveller who expects to find any. The first night that our unlucky star made us spend under the "Golden Star" was so painful that the mere thought of a second night filled me with fear and trembling, and though I was very sorry not to be able to assist at this pupil's appearance, a further stay in Treviso was out of the question. Our departure was more like a flight than anything else, I fear. We had only just time to partake of a dubious breakfast; to run to the theatre, and take leave of the artistes assembled for rehearsal; to console my pupil, who was in despair; to have a look at the stage where, under Director Gardini's supervision, the ship was noisily

creaking and rehearsing for the evening's performance, and then to rush to the railway station; and it was only when I heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive announcing our departure that I began to feel once more at ease.

In Vienna I was awaited with the utmost impatience, for I had overstepped my holidays by three full weeks, and my bright-eyed pupils, usually so amiable, all of them, were looking annoyed at this tardy return. I hastened to resume my place at the piano, without paying any attention to their sulky looks; but I did not set to work with particular enthusiasm. It is anything but pleasant, after having a long spell of country air, to be boxed up once more within four walls, in a cage, and to have to bear patiently the many worries of life and the difficulties of one's profession. A rebellious spirit is strong within us. We grumble at the unpleasantness of our life in town, think it hard to have had to renounce the pleasures of a free, simple, healthy, rural existence, and doubly so to be obliged to put ourselves back once more into harness. Never have I felt the monotony of a professor's life so strongly as I did after this delightful trip, but constant work and the pleasure derived from the good results attained by it put an end to all this dissatisfaction. Much is said about the strong desire for freedom which is supposed to be inherent in every artistic nature, and yet it is knowledge alone, not an utter disregard for all established rules, which gives us this freedom. Knowledge can only be obtained through work; it is, therefore, essentially through work that we be-

come free, in the true sense of the word. Work alone can give us peace of mind, and I recommend this panacea to all young girls and ladies who complain of melancholy, nerves, and ennui. The numerous pupils who flocked around me left me no time for melancholy thoughts, and soon my classes became more animated than ever before.

In January, 1876, we gave for the first time an entire opera at the Conservatoire, that of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." It was a brilliant success, the soloists, chorus, and orchestra, all pupils of the Conservatoire, working splendidly. My pupil Anna Riegel sang the title-rôle, and she was specially praised for her fine rendering of the part. This young artiste made her début in the autumn of that same year in Italian Opera at Madrid, as the Princess in "Les Huguenots." She was engaged afterwards at the Munich Opera, sang for many years in the Imperial Opera-house at Vienna; and then, after leaving the Austrian capital, made a very good contract with the Court Theatre of Stuttgart, where she soon became one of the most popular singers. About the same time as Anna Riegel, two other pupils, Louise Kaulich and Ida Baier, left the Conservatoire, and were at once engaged at the Vienna Imperial Opera-house, where they have remained ever since. Ida Baier is an exceedingly good actress, and undertakes chiefly comic parts. As to Louise Kaulich, although she never had a remarkable voice, her musical knowledge and memory are so great that she is always ready to fill a part, whether important or otherwise, and has become

indispensable to the direction of the Imperial Opera.

In my class for operatic singing at the Conservatoire I repeatedly had two very talented young men as accompanists, Arthur Nikisch and Felix Mottl by name, who have since made great reputations as musical conductors. Arthur Nikisch directed the orchestra of the Leipsic Opera-house for many years; then he became director of the Philharmonic Concerts of Boston, and finally returned to Leipsic, where he was called to the direction of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts. Felix Mottl, known as a fervent Wagnerist, and for years conductor at the opera-house in Carlsruhe, has since made his reputation as conductor at the Bayreuth festivals.

It was about this time, or perhaps a few years previous, when a young and pretty girl, named Hedwig Werner, studied with me. She was an actress at the Burgtheater, where she played small parts, but, having a pleasant mezzo-soprano voice, was desirous of becoming a singer. Notwithstanding her well-established reputation, she had made the friendship of a young actress in one of the smaller theatres who belonged to the *demi-monde*, and was continually to be seen in her company, which was a great source of annoyance to her other friends. One day I mustered up courage to tell the girl that unless she gave up all intercourse with this other person I should decline allowing her to continue her lessons with me. Hedwig was much upset by my observations, begged to be allowed a few days to consider the matter, and finally came to take leave of me.

"I cannot give up my friend," she said; "she has stood by me in all my troubles, and has shown me every possible kindness; neither can I remain in Vienna without having the benefit of your tuition. I am, therefore, going to Milan, to Lamperti."

She did so, and shortly after married the celebrated professor, who was old enough to be her grandfather.

Two stars, Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca, had appeared in the spring of 1876, at the same time, at the Italian Opera of Vienna. This was a rare treat, for every evening one had the choice between Patti, with her extraordinarily beautiful voice and delightful method, and Lucca, with her marvellous dramatic talent. The former excited the greatest admiration, and carried us quite away with the charm of her singing; but the latter appealed to the feelings of her audiences, and in great dramatic moments would take our hearts by storm. It was a thousand pities that Lucca's natural and remarkable talent should not have been properly cultivated. She had been taught by Richard Levy, first horn-player at the Vienna Imperial Opera-house, and had sung for a short time in the choruses; then she made her début in the little solo of the Jungfernkranz, in "Der Freischütz." She sang afterwards for many years at the Italian Opera in London and at St. Petersburg. The wonderful progress she subsequently made in her singing was mainly due to the excellent example of Italian singers she had before her; she was the best Carmen I ever saw.

Owing to the exclusive direction which the lyric drama has taken within the past few years, the true

art of singing has not only been seriously neglected, but has fallen a victim to empiricism. This art, which was formerly a subject of unceasing care and attention, and was only imparted to students by competent teachers, has now become common property. Every musician—amateur or instrumental professor—fancies himself capable of undertaking the production of the voice and competent to teach singing. Each one seeks to invent a new system, and each one thinks he has found the right thing. One makes his pupils sing with the mouth shut, another with the mouth wide open, a third with the mouth distorted into a kind of grin. A fourth is of opinion that it is necessary to practise at the top of one's voice four or five hours a day, and yet a fifth says the pupil should murmur *pianissimo*. One professor maintains that there are no registers, another that there are as many as four or five. One, still more ignorant than the rest, states that the chest voice is produced from the chest, and the head voice from the head. Many make their pupils sing with the head bent down, others with the body well forward, swinging to and fro. As to the emission of the voice, one teaches that the note must be given with the breath *ha* with the open glottis, while another thinks of obtaining the purity of the attack by a repeated *staccato*. Both methods are as fatiguing for the voice as they are dangerous. Others, who have not the slightest notion of the stroke of the glottis, have the tone produced with *la la, da da, ga ga, na na*, etc.

And what shall I say about the many impossible theories of taking the breath? Of late it has become

the fashion to breathe through the nose with the mouth tightly closed, which, if done repeatedly and quickly, produces a very unmusical sound, and is altogether a mistaken notion. I knew a teacher of singing in Vienna who used to place her finger on the larynx of her unfortunate pupils, to prevent it from moving up or down. Needless to add that they all suffered from cramp in the larynx. What madness! Nature is, in this respect, the grandest teacher, for there is virtually but one mode of breathing: the diaphragmatic, or abdominal. Clavicular and lateral respiration are two modes of taking the breath which are fatal to the vocal organ, as they create what the most eminent physiologists of the day term "the vocal struggle." Singing nowadays would not be such a difficult matter if the high-priests of this beautiful art would make a thorough study of it, as was the case in times gone by, and thus be enabled to initiate their pupils into its mysteries. As I have said before, every modern singing-master has his own particular system of teaching, and hopes to make himself known by a so-called new method, even if the results he obtains are *nil*.

In order to form the female voice, which contains three registers in its compass, it is necessary that the teacher should have a thorough knowledge of physiology and acoustics, enabling him to fix the limits of each individual register and bind them together; and to this end the conscientious teacher cannot do better than study the writings of the well-known physiologists of every country, who, during the last thirty years, have published many remarkable works upon

the vital subject of the art of singing. He must not only be able to discover at once the defects in a voice, but he must know how to remedy them. Although, theoretically speaking, there are scientific rules, they must be varied in their application, according to the aptitude of each pupil, for the voice, being a physical instrument, is subject to the changes consequent upon the special organization of each person. It is a great mistake to imagine that Nature is also the best teacher for the formation of the voice.

Young and untrained voices are generally rough, hard, of small compass, unequal in strength and tonality, and frequently tremulous. It is only after years of patient study, of prudent and careful tuition, that a voice can be considered formed as regards compass, flexibility, evenness, and durability, so as to satisfy all the requirements of art. It being the prevailing opinion that the modern style of singing does not require such perfect mechanism as was formerly necessary, it is believed that, given a strong voice, this mechanism which, as before stated, can only be acquired by several years of incessant study, may now be replaced by force, power, and breadth of tone.

This is a great mistake. Dramatic, as well as florid, singing requires careful training. A singer, therefore, who thoroughly understands how to take her breath, whose voice is perfectly even throughout all the registers, in whom the flexibility of the larynx, the elasticity of the glottis, and the vocal chords are so well developed that she is able to produce the different colorings of the voice with the alternating gradations of dramatic expression—this singer can, I main-

tain, do justice to the demands made upon her by the modern school without effort or fear of losing her voice, provided the music be not written contrary to the physiological laws by which the human voice is bound, as unfortunately very often happens in our day. On the other hand, the singer who has to fight against a defective mechanism, uneven registers, etc., and consequently is only capable of shrieking and forcing her voice, will wear it out and lose it in a very short time.

Where are the singers who have a long career nowadays? After a few years they are heard of no more on the stage, and become teachers without having undergone the amount of study requisite for such a position. It is an indisputable fact that, owing to this state of things, thousands of voices are ruined, and many a brilliant future is hopelessly destroyed. It is, therefore, a matter of little surprise that the few "stars" shining in the firmament of song are positively worshipped, and are remunerated on a scale out of all proportion to the salaries paid to other persons. Although my pupils are intrusted to me by their friends and relations solely in order to pursue their musical studies, many of them have such distorted views regarding their future career, are so spoiled, and at the same time are so obstinate, that I have to educate their minds, often without their being aware of it. One of my principal difficulties is to make some of the girls and their parents understand that they are not possessed of sufficient talent for an artistic career, as, in order to obtain good results, constant appli-

cation, perseverance, and a great love for their art are necessary, besides natural disposition. In a singer the voice alone is not sufficient. Whenever, therefore, I perceive in any of my pupils symptoms of indolence and a want of enthusiasm, I at once dissuade them from an artistic, and especially from a theatrical career.

This was the case with Fräulein T——, from Cologne, who had a good soprano voice, and was remarkably handsome, but very lazy. One day I said to her: "Get married, my dear child, and become a good wife and mother. You will never do anything on the stage." To which she replied, laughingly, that she believed it was easier to get a good engagement than a good husband. Shortly afterwards, on coming for her lesson, she whispered to me:

"I am following your advice—I am going to be married."

"À la bonne heure," I answered. "And who is the happy man?"

"I do not know him," was the laconic reply.

"What! You are going to marry some one you do not know?"

"Yes, my *fiancé* saw me before he went to India, when I was twelve years old. I have been shown his photograph, and, as his noble expression inspires me with confidence, I have decided upon marrying him."

This little romance began to interest me. "When will your *fiancé* come to fetch you?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, he cannot come for the wedding," she answered, with a slight blush; "his business pre-

vents him from doing so. I am to be married in my native town, to a friend of the family, by proxy, and he will take me to Bombay to my future husband." I was greatly surprised. However, a few weeks later the marriage took place in this fashion, and I have since heard that it turned out a very happy one.

On the other hand, I have come across young girls of good personal appearance, with fine voices and great talent, who have never been able to attain their object, owing to family reasons, or through the extraordinary decrees of fate. This was the case with Sarah W——, a talented young Hungarian. She had nearly completed her studies, and, as she was one of my best and most diligent pupils, had every chance of a good engagement, when one day, at the end of the lesson, I went with her to the waiting-room, and noticed a young girl standing shyly in a corner, who struck me by the unmistakable likeness she bore to Sarah.

"Who are you," I asked, walking up to her, "and for whom are you waiting?"

"I have come to fetch Fräulein Sarah W——. I am her maid," she answered, in some confusion.

Rather surprised at this answer, and not quite believing what she said, I started to communicate my doubts to Sarah, when she fell on my neck sobbing, and asked me to return with her into the study, as she desired to speak to me.

"You have found out a family secret," she said, through her tears, "but I cannot withhold the truth from you. My sister has been hated by our mother ever since her birth, and in order to save her from

being ill-treated father sent her to one of our aunts in Hungary; but when aunt and father died, my sister, then fifteen years old, came back to us. Mother forbids us to call her sister, makes her do all the heavy work of the house, and compels her to eat and sleep in the kitchen. Everybody believes her to be our servant, and no one ever imagines she is my sister."

My indignation was roused as I listened to this story, and I begged of Sarah to take the unhappy girl under her special protection, which she promised to do. I was powerless to act, for I knew the mother to be a woman of no breeding, and the law could not be brought into play. After this incident, which upset me all the more because I was unable to be of any service in the matter, I never saw my pupil again—most likely she regretted having made this communication to me; and a few months later I heard she had lost her voice through severe illness. I heard also that the mother was dead, that a brother was in prison for forgery, and that a married sister was in a lunatic asylum. In spite of many inquiries I was never able to find out what became of my former pupil or of the unfortunate Cinderella.

I relate these events in my career in order to show that the life of a professor of music is not devoid of excitement, and that in respect to the brilliant but dangerous path my pupils had chosen I always did my utmost to strengthen their minds, and, where it was necessary, dissuade them from the profession. In many instances, however, the parents themselves impeded their children's future, as the following ex-

ample will show. Fräulein N. B——, a pretty girl with a delightful mezzo-soprano voice, had finished her studies, and was on the point of signing a good engagement through my recommendation, when her mother came one day into my room in great excitement, and said she would never allow her daughter to go on the stage unless she sang exclusively the title-rôles of such operas as "Aïda," "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Fidelio," etc. As no theatrical manager would accept such an insane proposition, and as the obstinate mamma would not give in, the poor girl had to relinquish her artistic aspiration. She afterwards married a briefless barrister, and sang sweet lullabies to her numerous children.

In the month of May, 1876, the engagement of our daughter Thérèse caused some excitement in our family circle, and all my spare time was taken up by that event. Italy, the land of my dreams, the land of sunshine and eternal youth, was to be the future home of our beloved daughter; for she married her cousin, Eugenio de Castrone, on June 29, 1876, and parted from us amid my bitter tears and our prayers for her future happiness. A few weeks later one little word stirred the musical world—"Bayreuth." I, too, was seized with the fever, and formed a thousand plans in order to undertake the pilgrimage to the music Mecca, but all in vain. Unforeseen events, difficulties of all kinds, prevented my carrying out my pet scheme.

Sitting in the silent forest—we were spending the summer in Vöslau, near Vienna—with a pile of newspapers before us on the mossy banks fragrant with

sweet-scented flowers, I perused with deep interest all the details of that extraordinary and remarkable festival. We certainly were told of the difficulties, privations, and disagreeable things of every kind which pilgrims to Bayreuth had to contend with, all huddled together in the little town, but to this day I have not got over my disappointment at not having been present at that, the first, performance of the "Trilogy" under Wagner's personal direction. I have, however, since then heard this most interesting work at the Imperial Opera-house in Vienna, excellently directed by Herr Richter.

In the month of December of that same year, Friedrich Bodenstedt, the celebrated author of "Mirza Schaffy," came to Vienna to lecture on Persian poetry. Although he had been for years a friend of my husband's, it was the first time I had had an opportunity of making his acquaintance. He spent several evenings with us in friendly intercourse, and I found him a witty and agreeable gentleman. He was so delighted with his reception in the Imperial City, as well as with the success with which he met at the hands of the numerous public that attended his lectures, that he thought of settling in Vienna, but never carried out his plan, choosing Wiesbaden instead as his place of residence. Before parting from us he wrote the following lines in my album:

"Nie kann ich aufwärts schauen, als
Um weiter meinen Schritt zu lenken,
Und nirgends Hütten bauen, als
In guter Menschen Angedenken.

Nur Eines ist mein Trost geblieben,
Und lindert stets der Trennung Schmerzen,
Aus manchem Ort ward ich vertrieben,
Doch nie aus meiner Freunde Herzen.

"FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT.

"WIEN, 9./12./1876."

That year (1876) I worked at my vocal method, completing numerous exercises for one, two, and three voices; but, unfortunately, I had to do this at night, from nine o'clock till towards two in the morning, and my health suffered in consequence. Still, it is a genuine satisfaction to me that these, as well as the compositions I published later, are not only used by private teachers, but also in many of the Conservatoires. In order to carry out this work, I was obliged to deprive myself for a while of everything in the shape of amusement. When, however, the name of Nilsson was on everybody's lips—it was her first visit to Vienna—I left off scribbling and hurried to listen to the song of the so-called Swedish Nightingale. I had heard the fair singer in Paris, at the beginning of her theatrical career, as Queen of the Night, and had admired her clear, pure, high notes, as well as her staccato. Christine Nilsson shortly afterwards left the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, for the Grand Opera, where she created the rôle of Ophelia in "Hamlet," which she had studied with the composer, and in which the silvery tones of her voice, and her poetical conception of Ophelia, called forth unwonted enthusiasm on the part of the Paris public. From that moment Nilsson became a "star," a celebrity, her artistic tours being so many triumphs.

MATHILDE MARCHESI

(in Vienna)

The harmonious *ensemble* of her beautiful singing and fine acting did not fail to create a great impression on me on her first appearance at Vienna, and, like Patti, she soon became the favorite of the art-loving public in that town.

In March, 1877, two entire operas were once more given at the Conservatoire—Schubert's "Häuslicher Krieg" and the "Heimkehr aus der Fremde," by Mendelssohn, which were excellently mounted by Herr Leo Friedrich, actor at the Burgtheater and professor of dramatic art, Director Hellmesberger conducting the pupils' orchestra with his wonted skill. One of my pupils, Amalia Stahl, who had already created a sensation at several concerts by her beautiful mezzo-soprano voice and her artistic delivery, had a brilliant success in some scenes from "Aïda" and the "Prophète," which had been added to the programme. This young artiste left the Conservatoire as a prize scholar in September, 1877, to make her début as Amneris at the Italian Opera in Madrid; after which she went over to the German Opera, and sang for three years in Vienna. Her principal rôles were Fides, in the "Prophète"; Amneris, in "Aïda"; Azucena, in "Trovatore"; Ortrud, in "Lohengrin," Orpheus, etc. The tempting offers which Amalia received from St. Petersburg, London, and Italy decided her return to Italian Opera, and she has earned a great reputation in Europe, as well as in North and South America, ranking to-day among our best mezzo-sopranos.

CHAPTER XVIII

Madame Marchesi's Silver Wedding.—She Leaves the Vienna Conservatoire.—Is Engaged at the Brussels Conservatoire, but Gives Up the Engagement.—The Paris Exhibition of 1878.—Powerful Comparison of French and German Singing.—A Visit to Gounod.

On the 19th of April, 1877, twenty-five years had elapsed since my marriage to my beloved husband, and a still longer time had passed since I had commenced my career as teacher, years of restless activity and, I may say, years also of success in more ways than one. We had intended to celebrate our silver wedding solely by a family fête, but everybody around me took such a kindly interest in it that it became quite a grand affair. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, who had already presented me with the Golden Order of Merit, with the Crown, now sent me the Gold Medal for Art and Science, which I likewise received from the Emperor of Germany, from the King of Italy, and from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and the King of Saxony gave me the Gold Medal "Virtuti et Ingenio," with the ribbon of the Albrecht Order. The Società di Santa Cecilia, in Rome, and the Reale Accademia Musicale, in Florence, made me their honorary member; the Burgomaster of Frankfort and the directors of the Conser-

vatoire there, as well as other musical societies, sent addresses; innumerable letters and telegrams from all parts of the world reached us on this memorable day; and among these was an affectionate telegram from my old friend Franz Liszt. My private pupils and those of the Conservatoire vied with one another in the proofs they gave of their gratitude and affection. Those of the Conservatoire had prepared a pleasant surprise for me at home in an excellent rendering of a charmingly appropriate cantata, written and conducted by Arthur Nikisch, in which Amalia Stahl sang the solo. Dedications, costly presents, works of art, laurel wreaths, as well as the finest and rarest flowers, came pouring in, and all our dear, faithful friends remained with us till far into the night. Among so many tokens of affectionate remembrance I must not forget to mention a beautiful golden tea-service, sent from Paris in the names of my former pupils Gabrielle Krauss, Ilma di Murska, Antonietta Fricci, and Anna d'Angeri.

That same year, in the month of December, her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who writes under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," paid me the honor of addressing me a letter in her own handwriting, and which I, of course, keep most carefully. The Queen, a remarkable poetess and a very Mæcenas in literature and art, recommended warmly one of her protégées, Mademoiselle Assan, to me. This young girl, who had never been accustomed to steady work, as her Majesty mentioned in her letter, set out for Paris several weeks later, and I have never heard of her since. I transcribe here the Queen's letter:

to me a sacred duty, in this important and difficult moment, not to shrink from any sacrifice for my pupils in order to assist them to attain their object, and help them in the completion of their studies.

When it became known that I had resigned my post, I received the most flattering propositions from a number of conservatoires. Russia, however, was too cold for me; America was then too far away; the sphere of action in German towns like Dresden, Leipsic, etc., was altogether too limited; Italy was too hot for such fatiguing work; so I finally decided on Brussels, and, coming to a satisfactory arrangement with Gevaert, the director of the Brussels Conservatoire, his Majesty the King of the Belgians sent me the decree to sign. Scarcely had I done so when I regretted it, for I had had to put up with so much unpleasantness and so much injustice during the past few years that the mere thought of joining a new institution and having to adapt myself to a new order of things filled me with great fear. I, therefore, begged Monsieur Gevaert to permit me to cancel my engagement. I wrote a polite letter of apology to the Belgian Minister of Fine Arts, and I remained on in Vienna, devoting all my energies to my private academy, which, from an artistic point of view, gave me much satisfaction. For some years there was a coolness between my friend Gevaert and myself on account of this withdrawal of my promise to go to Brussels, but, our old friendship proving the stronger, we became reconciled again.

At the end of July, 1878, we went by way of Munich

to Starenberg Lake, where we remained a month, and were joined by my daughter Thérèse and her husband. We stayed at the Hôtel de Bavière, situated near the railway station and the landing-stage of the steamers, whence we had a splendid view of the surrounding scenery, and facing this hotel stands the Royal Castle Berg. It was here where Louis II. lived in strict seclusion, and though we made all kinds of attempts to get a glimpse of him—armed with glasses, we rowed up and down in little boats in front of the castle—it was all in vain; the King remained invisible. Who could have imagined that this poetical-minded sovereign, who did so much to further art, and was so beloved by his people, would seek death and everlasting peace in that same silent lake?

Unfortunately we had very bad weather during our stay, for it rained almost incessantly, and only at rare intervals could we go out into the open air, or visit the different places on the shores of the lake, such as Leoni, Tutzing, and Possenhofen. Still the time passed only too quickly in our happy family circle, and soon brought round the hour of parting. Our daughter Stella, who was slightly ailing, accompanied her sister Thérèse to Naples, and my husband and I started for Paris to place Blanche, our "Benjamine," in a boarding-school, for, although born in that city, she would never give sufficient attention to the study of the French language. At the same time we intended visiting the International Exhibition, and I accepted the kind invitation of my former pupil, Gabrielle Krauss, with whom I spent three pleasant

weeks, my husband taking up his quarters in a neighboring hotel meanwhile.

The Paris Exhibition of 1878 surpassed all our expectations, and we spent entire days admiring the various and interesting objects from all parts of the globe. One thing, however, made a painful impression on me. In the "Exposition Rétrospective" we saw in a glass-case the score of "Don Giovanni," which then belonged to Madame Pauline Viardot. It is, and always will be, incomprehensible to me that Austria should have allowed such a valuable national relic to go out of the country. Johann André, musical publisher at Offenbach, and owner of the greater part of the Mozart manuscripts, had commissioned his relative, Ernst Pauer, the well-known pianist, then in London, to dispose of the score of "Don Giovanni." Pauer offered it to the Imperial Library of Vienna, and then to the Court Library of Berlin; but he could make no satisfactory arrangement with either, and, in the meantime, the British Museum was haggling over a difference of twenty-five guineas. When Madame Viardot heard about it, she immediately came forward and acquired the priceless manuscript for, if I am not mistaken, the sum of £200 sterling, or, say, $1000. If the Germans had had a strong national feeling for art, they would never have permitted this precious relic to leave the country.*

While I was then in Paris Madame Gabrielle Krauss

* Madame Pauline Viardot has since presented this priceless manuscript of the greatest masterpiece that any musician has yet composed to the Paris Conservatoire—that is to say, to the French Republic.—HENRY HAYNIE.

only sang once at the Grand Opera, and that was in the "Africaine." I was happy, indeed, at being able to assist at her triumph, and thought of the Vienna public, who had never known how to appreciate this great artiste. I also, at this period, heard Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore." It contains many beautiful motives—admirably interpreted by Mademoiselle De Reszké and Lassalle, the famous barytone. The new Paris Opera-house, beautiful as it is, cannot compare with the Vienna Opera-house, so far as regards style, comfort, acoustics, ventilation, etc., and the choruses, the orchestra, the *mise en scène*, even the ballet, at that time, appeared to me artistically inferior to what we had at Vienna. On the other hand, the French artistes, male and female, far surpassed the Germans in diction, clearness of enunciation, and style. The French sing the words; the Germans sing the music. The French modulate their voices; the Germans sing from beginning to end with their full power. In Germany a singer must have a powerful voice to be appreciated; in France a singer must be a good elocutionist. The two combined make the artiste. Personally, I am no admirer of big, heavy voices, and lean towards beauty of delivery and dramatic expression.

At the Paris Opéra Comique I heard "Mignon" —I love this opera for its melody and touching story —when Madame Galli-Marié sang the title-rôle in perfect artistic style, her performance being all the more admirable that she had not a large voice at her command. Ambroise Thomas, who wrote this opera for Galli-Marié, consequently for a mezzo-soprano, re-

wrote it at Nilsson's request for a soprano voice, and introduced cadenzas, shakes, and embellishments of all descriptions into it. In this latter form Goethe's "Mignon" disappears in a great measure, and in the place of the simple, poetical child of Nature, we have a prima donna entering into a singing contest with the frivolous Philine.

In France, as in Italy, operas are quite distinct from operettas. An artiste who wants to excel in a certain *genre* must not only thoroughly study a particular style, but must also be fitted for it. This is not the case in Germany, with the exception of one or two Court theatres. They now even go so far there that, in the written agreement, they omit to mention the artiste's *spécialité*, and merely insert "singer." One day singers are required to undertake lyric, another day comic, and again another day heavy dramatic parts. At Frankfort-on-the-Main I heard an artiste as Elsa, in "Lohengrin," and a few days later she was the principal character in Millöcker's "Bettelstudent." The demands made in Germany on an operatic singer are incredible. Her physical and psychological powers are so heavily taxed by the constant changes in the répertoire that she is only very rarely able to do justice to her parts, unless gifted with good nerves, good lungs, strong vocal cords, and an extraordinary memory. She must also be musical. I have known many cases where, by order of the management, an artiste has been called upon to learn a new opera in three or four days. In strong contrast to these unheard-of demands, the répertoire of a Patti or a Nilsson does

not comprise more than twelve parts. With little trouble they have earned millions, while the German singer, working at a low salary and by the sweat of her brow, never makes anything like a fortune. In addition to all this, a well-trained singer in Germany must always be at war with the musical conductor, inasmuch as the latter, only knowing his baton, attaches little importance to interpretation, and is a sworn enemy to anything in the shape of *rallentando* or *tempo rubato*. Even in the recitatives *ad libitum*, in which declamation plays an all-important part, the singer has to yield to the inexorable tyrant. The German musical conductor is just as unmerciful with regard to the words, requiring the singers to pronounce the most difficult ones on the highest notes, unheedful of the effect produced. The same reproach can also be made to the composers of the new school, who treat the human voice as an instrument, as I have already said. When will the golden period arrive when composers shall have a technical knowledge of the human voice, as they have of trombones, clarinets, etc.?

Shortly before leaving Paris we accepted an invitation from the lamented Gounod to spend a few hours at his charming villa out at St. Cloud. On this occasion the master, who had only a composer's voice, sang us *la grande scène du baptême*, from his opera, "Polyeucte," in truly splendid style. This scene, in which the music is most impressive, is the gem of the work, though some objection has been taken to the opera on account of its having been written too much in the form of an oratorio. Un-

fortunately, we were not able to assist at a performance of "Polyeucte," in which Gabrielle Krauss, as Pauline, achieved a great triumph. We saw and heard many interesting things during the Exhibition, and were sorry to leave such a beautiful and attractive city; but, as everything pleasant or unpleasant must come to an end, one cheerless, rainy September evening—and one standing out in strong contrast with our pleasant stay in Paris—we drove to the railway station, where an indescribable confusion reigned, owing to the enormous crowd of travellers. Swearing, shrieking, imploring were heard in all languages. Everybody wanted to be first; everybody wanted the best place, and many a coin found its way into the hands of the guard, who smilingly accepted our contribution with the rest. Then the bell rang, and the passengers rushed to the railway carriages. Imagine our astonishment at finding all the places taken. The guard had looked after his special favorites, and had also pocketed the tips of those whom he had thus deceived. We had given up all hope of finding room when I was suddenly thrown, rather than lifted, into a compartment by some strong arm; my husband followed me, and the train started. Our travelling companions were anything but pleasant, consisting for the most part of uncivilized-looking men with long beards, who divested themselves of their coats, waistcoats, and shoes; then soon commenced snoring in concert in most unmusical fashion. Sleep for me was out of the question; so I ensconced myself in a corner, and recalled to mind the beautiful World's Fair and our interest-

ing stay in the French capital. However, thanks to a liberal tip to the guard, we were able to change cars at Strasburg, and in comparative comfort, and without any further trouble, we continued our journey.

CHAPTER XIX

Once more in Austria's Capital.—A Plea for Poor White Slaves.—Criticism of the Marchesi School by a Distinguished Writer.—How the Famous Professor Learned the Russian Language.—Appearance on the Scene of Emma Nevada.

On September 14, 1878, we were once more in the Imperial City, which I found empty, sad, and even tiresome, fresh as I was from the pleasures of Paris life and still under the charm of the great Exhibition. When I looked out of my window in the morning, instead of finding a lively, good-tempered crowd hurrying to their various occupations, I saw tired, sleepy, badly-fed working-men going to their day's labor in a listless manner, or women and girls harnessed to carts heavily laden, while the men walked behind, smoking their pipes. The press has often espoused the cause of dogs treated as beasts of burden in Austria and Germany, but no one takes pity on the poor women; no one has yet risen to defend their cause. These poor white slaves have to join the men in hard work of every description; and when one sees them helping the builders, the perspiration pouring off them in summer and their teeth chattering in winter, it makes one's heart bleed for them. It made a still more painful impression

on me after having been in France, where women are so differently treated. Let us hope that the advance of civilization may remedy this disgrace to society.

My pupils did not leave me much time for melancholy or for philosophical reflections about a woman's place in life, however, for they had a claim on my entire attention, and after having been idle for so many weeks, I recommenced work once more. It was very quiet at home now, for our daughter Stella, still somewhat ailing, was in Naples with her married sister, while Blanche, the youngest, was sitting on a hard bench at school in Paris in her black woollen uniform. But the days passed quickly enough, and my singing birds chirped again to their hearts' content, though the evenings were unbearably long. Formerly we had a nightly family concert at home, our Stella, a pupil of that excellent Viennese Conservatoire professor, Herr Anton Door, being a remarkable pianist. She would play us sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven, and also pieces by Grieg and Schumann, her favorite composers. Blanche, who had selected the violin as her instrument, often played duets with her sister, and, in conclusion, both united their fresh young voices in Mendelssohn's and Rubinstein's part-songs. Whenever I thought of those happy by-gone evenings I used to feel unspeakably sad, and while looking about for some means of diverting my mind I hit upon the only thing, the very best thing—work and study. Having a number of Russian pupils at that time who only spoke their own language, I had been obliged

to call in the assistance of an interpreter during the lessons, and so I determined to learn Russian. One of my pupils, Nadine Boulitchoff, offered to teach me that difficult language. Every Sunday morning my severe mistress came to me, and every evening I worked away like a good school-girl at my letters, learned words and sentences by heart, declined verbs, and wrote exercises. In this way I drove off sad thoughts and learned a language that has often proved of great use to me.

At the beginning of December Stella returned to Vienna with some relatives, an uncontrollable feeling of home-sickness causing her to prefer our snowy winter to the sunny South. Her return filled our home once more with life, and we spent a very pleasant winter, both socially and artistically. On the 31st of March, 1879, I gave my first dramatic performance at our own house, in which Professor Leo Friedrich, from the Burgtheater, my former colleague at the Conservatoire, who afterwards taught my private pupils, was of great assistance. In a very few hours the carpenters from the theatre had mounted a charming little stage in our drawing-room, so erected as to permit of changing the scenery, and altogether most satisfactory from every point of view. Gustave Geiringer, the well-known pianist, undertook the accompaniments, and Baron Hoffmann, president of the Conservatoire and Intendant of the Imperial Opera, who at one time was my greatest opponent, but had become later one of my best and truest friends, after he had had the opportunity of knowing me better, placed all the cos-

tumes of the Imperial Theatre at my service. The programme consisted of selections from "Der Freischütz," "Martha," "Hamlet," "Mignon," "Aïda," "Linda," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Mauer und Schlosser," "La Favorita," and "Les Dragons de Villars." I invited the pupils' parents, their friends, and their relatives to the dress rehearsal, and all our own friends and acquaintances to the performance. The success was so great that the celebrated author and musical critic, Dr. Edward Hanslick, thought fit to send the following article to the *Neue Freie Presse*, which appeared on the 4th of April, 1879:

"Madame Marchesi gave recently a dramatic and musical soirée at her residence, which, although of a private character, was an artistic event of great importance. It is well known that the Vienna Conservatoire has had the misfortune of losing in Madame Marchesi its most famous and successful professor. Vienna, however, may be congratulated on having retained her within its walls. This soirée afforded ample proof of the artistic zeal with which Madame Marchesi successfully devotes herself, outside the Conservatoire, to the education of young talent. By a very ingenious arrangement a little stage with a curtain and scenery had been erected in the parlor, where an aristocratic and artistic audience had assembled to witness the performance of some of Madame Marchesi's most promising pupils. Twelve scenes from operas were given in German and Italian, in complete theatrical costume. The young ladies, for most part possessed of fine voices and great talent, showed themselves in this their first dramatic attempt perfectly sure of their rôles, both as to the singing and the acting. As regards the latter, they had to thank Monsieur Leo Friedrich, from the Imperial Burgtheater, for his admirable tuition. The young ladies, including the chorus, numbering at least twenty singers, not

only illustrated the excellence of Madame Marchesi's method, but also showed how great her attraction is for young artistes from distant lands. On the programme of this small theatrical performance we found the names of pupils from Moscow, St. Petersburg, Nijni-Novgorod, Chicago, San Francisco, and Texas, not to mention those who hailed from Dresden, Breslau, Carlsruhe, and the like. We cannot possibly give all the names of the performers, but cannot help mentioning the beautiful voices of three Russian ladies, Mademoiselles Gollikow, as Siebel; Boulitchoff, as Margaretha; and Porafidin, as Nancy; also the brilliant execution of Mademoiselle Nevada, as Ophelia and as Linda, as well as the remarkable talent in comedy shown by Mademoiselle Marie Müller, as Rose Friquet. The entire performance gave the greatest pleasure and satisfaction to all present."

Many of the pupils who took part in that performance have since married and given up their artistic dreams, and among these I may mention Mademoiselle Marie Müller, who wedded the well-known author, Hans Hopfen, of Berlin. But two of them, Nadine Boulitchoff and Emma Nevada, have become famous as opera-singers. Mademoiselle Nadine Boulitchoff was born at Nijni-Novgorod. After having completed her studies in July, 1879, she sang for several years in some of the first theatres in Italy, as well as at Moscow, St. Petersburg, Madrid, and elsewhere, creating everywhere a great sensation with her beautiful voice and dramatic power, and in Madrid she was specially patronized by the royal family. In the summer of 1880 Nadine sang at Rio de Janeiro, where not only her artistic qualities were brought to light, but also her nobility of heart. It is well known that Brazil was until lately the hot-bed of the

cruel and barbarous slave-trade. When Nadine learned that at her benefit she was going to be presented with several valuable gifts, she begged that the money which was to be spent on her should be used for the liberation of some female slaves. She had thus the satisfaction of releasing from their unhappy fate seven poor creatures, one of whom had just before been publicly whipped, by order of her mistress, for some slight neglect of duty. The newspapers all described the touching scene on the benefit night, when, after the third act of "Aïda," the seven negresses went on to the stage, introduced by Jose Patroncinio, the great promoter of the anti-slavery movement, to thank the humane artiste for their freedom. The house was crowded, and the applause lasted for several minutes; then the National Hymn was played, and the Emperor, and with him the whole audience, rose and gave her a brilliant ovation. For Nadine Boulitchoff it was a moment of happiness such as can occur to but few people on this earth.

Emma Nevada, whose family name is Wixom, completed her studies a few months after Nadine. She was born in California, where her father was a doctor. From her earliest infancy she had shown musical talent, for when she was only four years of age she sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a public concert, where she created a considerable amount of enthusiasm, and was considered a perfect prodigy. Some time after this she went to Austin, in Nevada, with her parents. She lost her mother when barely twelve years old, after which Dr. Wixom took his daughter to San Francisco and placed her at Mill's

College, where she received her diploma. After her studies were completed, she returned to her father, who then, granting her long-cherished wish to study singing, intrusted her to the care of Dr. Ebel, director of the Ebel School, at Berlin. Dr. Ebel was in the habit of going to America every year to escort back to his academy any girls wishing to devote themselves to study, and in March, 1877, a steamship left New York with him and twelve pupils, Emma being among the number. Shortly after the ship had started the doctor fell ill, and, retiring to his cabin, died just before their arrival at Hamburg, leaving the girls intrusted to his care in a painful state of agitation, rendered still more painful by the grief of his young wife, who had come to the steamer to meet her husband.

Soon after this sad event the young Americans proceeded to Berlin under the care of the widow, and directly on her arrival Emma Wixom paid a visit to Dr. Ehrlich, the well-known musical critic, to whom she had been warmly recommended, and he advised her to start at once for Vienna and place herself in my hands. Accordingly one morning a young girl came to me, and, throwing herself into my arms, said: "I am an orphan; will you be my second mother?" The little American Nightingale—as they called her at Vienna—acquired such a great reputation after having studied two years that she was asked to sing at the Concerts du Conservatoire—undoubtedly a great honor for a beginner.

Baron von Hülsen, then Intendant of the Royal Berlin Opera, heard her at our house and engaged

her for three years on excellent terms. She, however, soon cancelled her agreement, fearing she was not physically strong enough for the German stage. In the autumn of 1880 she made her début at Trieste in "Sonnambula," and during the three following years sang with success in the first opera-houses of Italy. In September, 1883, she came to Paris, resumed her studies with me, and signed a three years' engagement with M. Carvalho, Director of the Opéra Comique, to whom I had presented her. After having devoted a few months exclusively to the study of the French language, she made her début in "La Perle du Brésil," by Félicien David, her fine and sympathetic voice and her brilliant execution creating a good impression, the air of the "Mysoli," for which I had written a *point d'orgue* with a flute accompaniment, being encored every night.

Although popular in Paris, Nevada was compelled to cancel her agreement on account of a misunderstanding between herself and the manager. She was to take the part of Norina, in "Don Pasquale," and Carvalho said that, in accordance with French traditions, she must appear in the first act in a simple black dress. To this the young singer replied that she would rather cancel her engagement than appear otherwise than in a white gown. Carvalho instantly went to his desk, drew out the engagement, presented it to her; she tore it up, and left the room and the Opéra Comique at the same time. What a pity it is that artistes, for such futile reasons, lose sight of their future, for this one act was the great mistake of Nevada's artistic career.

However, in the spring of 1884, we find her once more in Paris, this time at the Italian Opera under Victor Maurel's management, when she appeared in "Sonnambula" and in "Lucia." Since then Nevada has sung in England, Italy, America, and Russia, and has been received everywhere with much enthusiasm. In October, 1885, she was married to Mr. Palmer, an English physician. She went back to the United States immediately after her wedding, and after a short season in her own country once more settled down at Paris. The birth of a daughter, christened Mignon Mathilde—Ambroise Thomas and I were the godfather and the godmother—interrupted Emma's career for some time; but later she appeared in various large cities, little Mignon accompanying her mother on all her artistic trips.

CHAPTER XX

Ill-health of a Beloved Daughter.—Competitive Examinations.—Gerster's Home near Bologna.—Marchesi's Villa, at the Foot of Vesuvius.—Death in the Family.—A Farewell Charity Concert.

THE first scholastic year of my private Conservatoire was nearly at its close, and it had been passed in incessant work. In June, Blanche returned from her Paris boarding-school, speaking French like a French girl, and having also made great progress on the violin. Our life at home at this time might have been perfectly peaceful and happy if we had not felt so much anxiety about Stella's health. How painful and sad it is not to be able to assist those we love, and to feel ourselves powerless to fight against the decrees of Nature! The various watering-places to which we took our dear child relieved her sufferings to some extent, but her condition still required constant care and attention. We spent the following winter in the quietest manner possible. Theatres and soirées had lost all charm for me, as poor Stella was ailing constantly. My academy, however, was full of life, the pupils' eagerness to learn giving me a fresh incentive to work, and thus rousing my oft-sinking courage. On my fête, March 14, I gave a second dramatic performance at our house. My

pupils decorated the little stage with lovely flowers and choice plants, and it was a bewitching sight. The programme contained selections from "Carmen," "The Flying Dutchman," "La Juive," "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Jean de Paris," "Les Huguenots," "Le Domino Noir," "Così Fan Tutte," "Don Carlos," "Linda," and "Le Roi l'a Dit." The directors of the Imperial Opera were once more kind enough to lend me rich costumes for the chorists, as well as for the soloists; and Professor Friedrich, as on the previous occasion, rendered me valuable service in the arrangement of the scenery. The persons who particularly distinguished themselves at this performance were Betty Frank, Mina Walter, Adèle Gloser, Marie Müller, Eulalie Risley, and Rosa Papier, the last-named making her first appearance in public that evening. Although she was only heard in minor parts—the maid of honor in the "Huguenots," and as Mary in "The Flying Dutchman"—her musical talent and fine mezzo-soprano voice were much noticed.

This performance was followed by several public competitive examinations in the Bösendorfer Rooms. Competitive examinations have the great advantage of not only accustoming pupils to appear in public, but of being an incentive to work and emulation. I am of opinion that class-tuition in every branch of study is superior to private lessons, and more especially for singing. The pupil learns a great deal by listening, the teacher is enabled to give those with weak voices frequent rests, while pupils who intend devoting themselves to teaching learn how the dif-

ferent kinds of voices have to be managed. With class-tuition there is also the advantage of part-singing, and, what is not least to be considered, it counteracts a tendency on the pupil's part to over-estimate her own powers. On the other hand, it is the teacher's duty to see that harmony and good-feeling reign in the class. Speaking of study, I cannot repeat often enough that, besides singing, pupils should also learn the piano, harmony, languages, history, and literature. In order to become a great artiste, a good singer, or a teacher, it is not sufficient to study singing alone; yet up till now I have preached to deaf ears, and most of the pupils that have been brought to me have had insufficient schooling.

Spring was nearly at an end, and as Stella's condition was beginning to make us very uneasy, the doctors prescribed a cure at Gleichenberg. How I envied those mothers who, unfettered, were able to devote themselves solely to the care of their children. More than ever I repined at my fate and cursed not only my duties towards those intrusted to my care, but art itself, to which I had to sacrifice so much. I had to remain in Vienna while Stella was taken to Gleichenberg by her father and Blanche, where they spent two months. When we arrived at the station on the day they left we found all my pupils assembled to wish them good-bye. They had filled the compartment with flowers, and all of them presented the invalid, whom they loved dearly, with fine and useful presents. There were tears in every eye as the train started, but how can I describe my grief on returning to that lonely home? One small

consolation was, however, in store for me, for Mrs. Johnson, one of my Russian pupils, offered to come and stay with me, which offer I gratefully accepted. She was a great comfort to me in those sad, troubled times, and I shall never forget her untiring kindness. Mrs. Johnson, on account of delicate health, did not actually take lessons, but assisted at all the classes with the intention of becoming herself a teacher, and then returned to St. Petersburg, where she established herself as professor of singing.

At the close of the scholastic year I went to Trieste, where, after a separation which had seemed to me endless, I rejoined my family. I found my daughter Stella looking so well and feeling so much stronger from the Gleichenberg cure that I saw no objection to her accompanying us on a trip to Miramare. Miramare, well known through its having belonged to the unfortunate "Emperor" Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico, is situated near Trieste, close to the sea, which washes the boundaries of the beautiful and extensive park. A gloomy silence reigned everywhere. We hurried quickly through the lonely rooms of the palace, once the home of joy and happiness, and I could not help letting my thoughts wander across the Alps, far away, to the unfortunate lady in an equally lonely castle in Laeken, whose reason was plunged into darkness by the news of her husband's death. Husband and wife were both victims to the terrible Moloch of politics.

From Trieste we travelled by easy stages to Bologna, where we spent a few days with my former pupil, Etelka Gerster, at her country-house near the

town. This mansion, called "Villa Mezzana," is situated in the midst of a beautiful park, on a hill covered with vines and corn-fields, with the little town of Sasso stretching at its foot, and the silver streak of the river Reno winding in and out. When one remembers that Etelka Gerster acquired this beautiful place by her art in such a short time, it is sad to reflect that hers is almost an isolated case, and that singers in Germany, after working all their lives, seldom acquire a competence for their old age. We were very loath to leave our amiable hostess and say good-bye to the woods and the mountains, but our journey to Resina, near Naples, where we had taken a villa, had to be continued, and so we started. Resina, with its numerous vineyards, lies in a very picturesque spot at the foot of Vesuvius, just beyond Herculaneum, and our garden, with its tempting golden grapes and sweet figs, was in close proximity to the excavated portion of the latter town. From it we could look into the silent streets of the buried city, and we often sat spellbound before those dumb records of bygone greatness. From the balcony of our villa we could see the shores of the Gulf of Naples reflected in the deep blue sea, while the islands of Ischia, Procida, as well as lovely Sorrento, Tasso's birthplace and favorite resort, and the rumbling and fiery Vesuvius, presented a magnificent and fascinating panorama. Across mighty rocks of lava lay the sea, in whose waters we sought to cool and refresh ourselves, the accommodation, although very primitive, permitting of our bathing and swimming at all hours. In the evenings we generally

walked to the Favorita, once a royal palace, situated near the sea, where the ex-Khedive of Egypt had installed his harem. Black servants kept guard outside the gates, and women's eyes were seen curiously peeping here and there from behind thick curtains. During our stay at Resina one of these women managed to escape in order to marry an Italian chemist, with whom she was deeply in love.

I have already spoken of the manners of the lower classes in Naples, and will only add that on Sundays and holidays old and young, big and small, don their best clothes to attend mass in the morning and then at night to enjoy the illuminations, which are always taking place in honor of one saint or another. We were thus living quietly and contentedly when I was suddenly seized with a violent fever. The doctors ordered me to leave at once, and I felt so ill that I had not the strength to resist. As Stella was to pass the winter in the South, we left her in her sister Thérèse's tender care, though both girls accompanied us to the station at Naples, and with our last parting kiss we called out "Au revoir" to Stella. I never saw her again.

Breaking our journey at Rome, at Florence, and at Bologna, we went on to the Lido, in Venice, and it was only after several weeks of rest and constant care that I was able to go on to Vienna. I arrived there late in the season and began my work in a very depressed state of mind. The buoyant spirits of pupils who were once my delight now wounded me to the quick; their very singing jarred on my ears, for my thoughts were continually with the sick child so far

away. At first we had favorable news from Naples, but in her letters Stella expressed such a strong desire to see her parents that my husband decided on going to her at once, Blanche and I to follow at Christmas-time. In the beginning of November, a few weeks after my husband's departure, I was sitting at my piano giving a lesson, when some friends called and wished to see me. I hurried to meet them in fear and trembling, and read the worst in their sad faces. All was over with our darling girl.

There are moments in our lives when existence becomes a burden to us and death would be a release, but when the storm has calmed down and our grief has found relief in tears, we think of those still near and dear to us who have a claim on our love and care. We bow to the will of the Almighty, and with aching hearts once more turn our thoughts towards life and to the duties we owe to the living. And so it was Art, the faithful companion of my life, which once more comforted and consoled me in my sorrow. With supreme effort I roused myself and attended to my duties; but one thing was certain, however. I must leave the spot where everything reminded me of my sad loss. I felt strongly drawn towards Paris, the city where I had made my studies, but, before putting this plan into execution, I desired to arrange a charity concert, in order to take leave of the Vienna public and bid farewell to the town to which I had devoted twenty years of my life.

Accordingly, on the 14th of March, 1881, I gave a dramatic and musical performance, preceded by an amateur concert, at the Theater an der Wien, in aid

of the Italian Friendly Society and of the poor incurables at Währing, under the patronage of Countess Robilant and Countess Bellegarde, the following pupils of mine appearing at this performance: Mademoiselles Rosa Papier, Mina Walter, Betty Frank, Gisela Koppmayer, Paula Novack, Eulalie Risley, and others. In the concert were Countess Irma Andrassy, Countess Misa Esterhazy, Baroness Baum, Pauline von Goldschmidt, and my daughter Blanche, who played a violin solo. The theatre was crowded, and it was a brilliant success in every way. The programme consisted of selections from "Der Freischütz," "Aïda," Vaccai's "Romeo and Juliet," "Martha," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Le Roi l'a Dit." All the costumes of the Imperial Opera-house were again placed at my disposal. Rosa Papier, afterwards a favorite singer in Vienna, created such a sensation as Amneris on this occasion that Baron Hoffmann engaged her the following day for the Imperial Opera, where she remained for many years. She was born at Baden, near Vienna, and had passed her youth in the midst of rather humble surroundings. She began her studies at the Vienna Conservatoire, and, after I resigned my position there, completed them in my private academy. She had many difficulties to overcome as regards her voice, though she had great musical talent. Her clear mezzo-soprano was of very small compass and required most careful training, so that it was only at the end of four years' continual study that she really commenced her artistic career. Her principal rôles were Orpheus, Amneris, Fides, Azucena, Erda, Adrien, in "Rienzi,"

etc. She was also an excellent concert-singer, her *Lieder* never failing to make a great effect upon her audiences; and not only in Vienna, but in other German towns, she captivated everybody with the impressive manner in which she rendered German melodies. Unmindful of the difficulties she had to contend with at the beginning of her studies, and against my wishes, this talented singer overtaxed her powers. With the view of increasing her répertoire she sang in "Tannhäuser," in "L'Africaine," in "Fidelio," and other parts too high for her voice, which was low mezzo-soprano. A short time ago she was attacked by a dangerous throat complaint which compelled her to give up singing and devote herself to teaching, but with the hope of regaining her voice at some future period. She is at present professor of singing at the Vienna Conservatoire.

There were others also among the pupils assisting at the performance who have become well-known artistes. Mina Walter, after leaving my academy, was engaged for three years at the opera-house in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where she was very successful as Elsa, Pamina, Agatha, etc. She was also for many years at the Vienna Opera-house; then she married a landed proprietor in Austria and retired from the stage. Betty Frank was engaged at the Court Theatre in Wiesbaden for about three years, then went to Riga, to Prague, and then to America. Her principal rôles were Rosina, Lucia, Despina, in "Così Fan Tutte," etc. In addition to having a very pretty soprano voice, Betty Frank was an excellent actress, and a great favorite with the public. Eulalie

Risley, an American, not only possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice of enormous compass, but had, at the same time, wonderful execution. She was called a second Alboni. She made her début in November, 1881, as Rosina, at the Teatro Nicolini in Florence, sang afterwards in Pisa, and finally accepted a seven years' engagement at the Hungarian National Opera in Pesth. As this last institution is not of much account in the musical world, the name of a singer who was fitted for a great career has remained almost unknown, and she died a few years back after a short illness. Gisela Koppmayer, who, in the before-mentioned performance, made such a sensation in the last scene of Vaccai's "Romeo and Juliet," married Herr Staudigl, son of a once famous barytone, shortly after my departure from Vienna. She was for some time at the Opera in Carlsruhe, and has lately been engaged at the Berlin Opera-house. She has also for the last few years taken an active part in the Bayreuth festivals. If I mention all these pupils, some of whom are well known in the musical world, while others exchanged the stage for home life, it is because they took part in this my farewell concert.

In the month of June I held my final examinations, and the last notes had hardly died away before I began to make my preparations for our move to Paris, an event which took place towards the middle of August, 1881. I was more upset over leaving Vienna than I had imagined I should be; for, having to bid farewell to so many dear and true friends and to the city where for many,

many years I had worked with untiring energy, made me feel very sad, and from the windows of our apartment we could see the Conservatoire, to which I sent my farewell kiss, and then we said good-bye.

CHAPTER XXI

A Cosmopolitan and Hospitable Capital.—French Women and French Girls.—Tréport on the Sea-shore.—The "École Marchesi" at Paris.—Matinées, Musicales, and Annual "Concours."—Letter from Emma Calvé.

MANY years have now passed since we settled for good in this the French capital. They have been years of unceasing labor, and yet have they contained many events of great interest. In Paris all nationalities are represented, all shades of public opinion are tolerated, all religious prejudices are, if not completely set aside, at least thrown into the background. That unpleasant spirit of caste which, in most other countries, and in cities too, is such a barrier to social life, does not exist in Paris. In order to judge the French people with impartiality, one must have lived, not only in their country, but in sufficient intimacy with them to appreciate them aright. Nowhere does the stranger meet with such large-hearted hospitality as in Paris, and the best proof of this is the number of foreign families who, having once stayed within its walls, desire no other residence afterwards. Every one feels himself at home in the delightful city. The Russians, the Americans, and the English have their own clubs; the Germans have their "Quartet Societies"; the Italians have their

"Polenta"; the Anglo-Saxon women have their afternoon tea-parties; the Anglo-Saxon men have their tennis, their polo, and their football. It is the foreign element which adds such special charm to Paris existence.

As to Frenchwomen, so often misunderstood abroad, I do not think I exaggerate when I state that in no other country do women of the middle classes work so unflaggingly and so intelligently as in France, taking, as many of them do, an active part in business, helping their husbands, and often spending the whole day behind the desk or counter. In the upper classes, the women, as in other countries, look after their children. A mother conscientiously superintends her daughter's education and is her constant companion until her marriage. She is not heard talking about household matters from morning till night, but there is as much order in her home as elsewhere, and she could give many a lesson in domestic economy to her foreign sisters. But a young French girl's education is not now what it was formerly. The daughters of needy, respectable families make a serious study of the arts and sciences, and in order to obtain situations are obliged to pass public examinations. Nowadays young girls who come to Paris from abroad to study vocal and instrumental music, painting, etc., may go about alone without fear of annoyance provided their dress and bearing are modest and reserved.

But in Paris, as elsewhere, there is a dark spot in the picture. I allude to the Parisian landlord, or house-owner. Doctors, professors, barristers, and

large families have great difficulty in finding suitable habitations in the French capital. I speak from experience, being a professor myself, and many a rebuff did we meet with, until by dint of patient search we lighted upon an apartment in a newly constructed house, in a street not even finished, the Rue de Phalsbourg. Being the first tenants, we were received with open arms, but we soon began to perceive that this harmony would not be of long duration; and in the meantime, after moving in, we went to Tréport, to enjoy a few weeks' rest at the sea-shore. Tréport is a pleasant little place, delightfully situated within a bay bounded on both sides by chalk cliffs rising perpendicularly from the English Channel. Along the beach runs a line of ornamental villas, as is also the case at Mers—a pretty little spot in close proximity to Tréport—where the cottages look like so many swallows' nests nestling on the verdant hill-side. It is altogether a charming picture. There was no lack of amusements for visitors. Every day at four o'clock an excellent orchestra performed in the Casino, and every evening we had a "hop," alternately for grown-up people and for children. I noticed a number of red-haired ladies, and was astonished to learn that it was the latest fashion to dye the hair that color. I must acknowledge I found this *chic* revolting, and involuntarily said to myself that so long as our sex was influenced by such vanities the question of woman's emancipation would remain a chimera. Small, indeed, is the number of those who, despising all frivolities and taking life seriously, choose a university career and pass the stiffest examinations.

Blanche Marchesi

On the 19th of December, 1881, I gave my first matinée musicale, my pupils singing selections from Rossini, Mozart, Marcello, Schubert, Gounod, and Donizetti. My daughter Blanche then sang for the first time in Paris, and was greatly applauded, as much for the charm of her mezzo-soprano voice as for her diction.* About fifty pupils executed in

* As this gifted daughter of gifted parents has already been, and will hereafter be, mentioned frequently in these pages, it may be permitted to one who has often heard her sing, and who has personally known her for many years, to state here that she is one of the most perfect singers now living. This is not said because she bears a famous name, nor because she is the child of my eminent friend the professor whose "Memoirs" we are now dealing with. It is said because it is true. Her voice is extremely sweet and flexible. She sings with taste and expression, her countenance is remarkably pleasing, and she acts with vivacity. In confirmation of my own opinion, let me quote the musical critic of the London *Telegraph*, of November 10, 1896, who, in his account of the Popular Concerts—Mr. Chappell's thirty-ninth season—wrote as follows of Madame Blanche Marchesi's debut: "She came, sang, and conquered. The opening phrases of the air, 'O des infortunés,' from Spontini's 'La Vestale,' served for this result. Hearing them, there could be no possible doubt that a singer, one in whom the best traditions of what—on the Continent, certainly—is a decaying art are found embodied, stood before us. In her rendering of Spontini's eloquent strains, in the air of Didimus from Handel's 'Theodora,' in Godard's 'Réveillez-vous,' and Schumann's 'Der Nussbaum,' she was equally good. These songs make various demands upon an interpreter, but nothing came amiss to the accomplished artiste, whose faultless technique was equalled by apt expression of the sentiment of her music. It is scarcely necessary to add that Madame Blanche Marchesi won the suffrages of her audi-

an admirable manner the chorus from Rossini's "La Charité" as well as the chorus of the Sabéennes, from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," accompanied by the composer himself, who always took a lively interest in the École Marchesi. At this matinée he also played the accompaniment of the Jewel Song in "Faust," which was very well sung by Mademoiselle Nowack, as well as his melody "À Une Jeune Fille," sung by my daughter Blanche. The presence of the illustrious French master electrified both the pupils and the public, and gave quite an artistic stamp to my first matinée.

On the following day, Count Beust, then Austrian Ambassador to the French Republic, gave a concert at his Embassy in aid of the sufferers through the burning of the Ringtheater in Vienna. Paris society took a lively interest in this misfortune that had befallen the Austrian capital, and a most distinguished and crowded audience, including the Queen of Spain, assembled in the salons of the Embassy. Two Parisian favorites, Gabrielle Krauss and Monsieur Faure, undertook the soli, while Blanche, who had been unable to resist the Ambassador's entreaties, sang for the first time in public, and with great success, some French melodies and a song composed by Count Beust himself. My pupils sang several of Gounod's and Rossini's choruses. From that moment I found myself drawn into the vortex of Paris social and

ence. She did more than that, by making a veritable 'sensation' where vocal art is regarded as holding a second place." I need say no more.—HENRY HAYNIE.

musical life, and meanwhile met many old acquaintances, amongst them Madame Pauline Viardot. By the excellent advice she had given me at our first interview in Vienna to study with her brother, Manuel Garcia, this highly gifted artiste had had considerable influence on my career, and we were present at several interesting musical gatherings at her home. My daughter took part in one of these, and sang some very pretty compositions by the mistress of the house. A few days later I received from Madame Viardot the following letter:

"*June* 8, 1882.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Blanche is a darling. She sang two of my songs with marvellous taste and expression. I have written to Gérard, my former publisher, asking him to forward to your dear daughter several other compositions of mine that I showed her yesterday, and which she seemed to like. She will certainly sing them well. I beg you to kiss her for me, and I expect her to return you the embrace.

"Yours affectionately,

"PAULINE VIARDOT."

Naturally, I am very proud of my daughter's musical talent, but she possesses a literary gift which is not less interesting. She once dedicated to me a small volume of poems which are greatly appreciated.

In addition to Ambroise Thomas and Gounod, both of whom I had known before, I soon made the acquaintance of younger composers, such as Massenet, Léo Délibes, Victorin de Joncières, Camille Saint-Saëns, Benjamin Godard, Théodore Dubois, Widor, Thomé, Faure, etc., and often went to the Opéra, where I heard many new works, as, for instance, "Fran-

çoise de Rimini," by Ambroise Thomas; "Henri VIII.," by Saint-Saëns; "Hérodiade" and "Le Cid," by Massenet; also "Lakmé," by Délibes; and "Le Chevalier Jean," by Joncières, at the Opéra Comique; and I was soon able to convince myself that France was then, as she is still, actually richer than any other country in composers possessing not only musical talent, but genius of the highest order. Wagner's music has nevertheless exercised great influence in France, as everywhere else, but the French, with a few rare exceptions, have lost neither their originality nor their native grace.

In 1882 Rubinstein, who was then in Paris, expressed a wish to hear the Russian pupils of my school; so I gave a special matinée, at which Mademoiselles de Friede, mezzo-soprano; Sionitzka, a dramatic soprano; Rindine, a contralto; De Karganoff, a light soprano; and De Schrenk, now professor of singing at St. Petersburg, took part. An exception was made in favor of my daughter Blanche, whom Rubinstein delighted in listening to and in accompanying. On this occasion he accompanied her in some of his own compositions, and the applause being enthusiastic, he made her repeat several of the melodies, then, taking her by the hand and turning to the audience, he said: "Voici une Blanche qui vaut quatre noires." And as I write these lines the words of Liszt come back to me, when he heard my daughter for the first time: "Décidément votre fille est votre plus belle œuvre." During his stay in Paris at that period, Rubinstein wrote the following few bars in my album:

À Madame Marchesi,

Paris, Janvier 1882. Ant. Rubinstein.

The second matinée for my pupils took place at our house on the 20th of February, 1882, when eight scholars, including Blanche, sang solos, duets, and choruses. They were loudly applauded by a crowded audience. Then, one day, in the month of May of that same year, a visitor was announced, and a young and pretty dark-eyed girl was ushered into my study, holding in her hand a letter of introduction from Monsieur Gevaert, director of the Brussels Conservatoire. Her name was Emma Calvé. "Take this young artiste in hand," wrote Monsieur Gevaert. "She has talent, but has still much to learn. I fancy her voice has not been properly trained. She has sung with some success in Brussels during the past year, and now wishes to work steadily with you."

I tried the girl's voice, and found it so tired and overworked that I advised her to rest it for some

time before beginning to take lessons. She followed my advice, and after the change of air that had been prescribed she returned to me with regained strength and began her studies. These were continued with me until 1884, when, in October, Messrs. Corti and Victor Maurel, then directors of the Paris Italian Opera, heard her sing at my house, and immediately engaged her. On the 16th of December following, she came out at the Italiens with great success in the part of Alfania in Théodore Dubois's opera of "Aben Hamet." The Italian Opera closing its doors sooner than was expected, Mademoiselle Emma Calvé passed, thanks to my efforts, to the Opéra Comique, where she sang for the first time, on the 11th of January, 1885, the part of Hélène, in Joncières' opera "Le Chevalier Jean," wherein her success was very great. Mademoiselle Calvé remained at the Opéra Comique until the spring of 1886, taking successively the parts of La Comtesse, in "Le Mariage de Figaro"; Pamina, in "La Flûte Enchantée," and finally the principal part in Widor's opera of "Maître Ambros."

At that period of her career this young artiste had not yet lost a certain timidity before the public which prevented her from doing full justice to her voice. In July, 1886, the well-known Italian impresario, Signor Sonzogno, came up to Paris, bringing with him a talented young composer, of Greek origin, Monsieur Spiro Samara, one of Massenet's pupils, and introduced him to me as the composer of "Flora Mirabilis," an opera which had obtained some success in Italy. Sonzogno and Samara were looking for a

good singer for the rôle of Lidia in this opera, which was to be put on the stage of La Scala, in Milan, for the opening of the following season. I proposed to them to hear Calvé, and they were so very much delighted that Sonzogno engaged her on the spot, while Samara came to my house several days running to teach her her new part in "Flora Mirabilis." In the beginning of December she left for Milan, whence she wrote me several very affectionate letters, and among them is one which I give word for word in the original French, as follows:

"CHÈRE BONNE MADAME,—Votre élève a remporté un succès très franc, bien que sa voix ait été reconnue un peu petite pour la Scala. Les journaux s'accordent à dire que j'ai une jolie voix et surtout une méthode parfaite de chant. Cela s'adresse à vous, ma bonne maîtresse, qui m'avez faite ce que je suis, aussi je vous en remercie de tout mon cœur et vous embrasse bien fort. Entre nous, je suis en très grand progrès, non seulement comme chanteuse, mais encore comme actrice, car j'ai beaucoup travaillé mon rôle. Si j'avais chanté à Paris comme j'ai chanté à la première de la Scala, j'aurais eu un triomphe. Vous voyez, chère bonne maîtresse, que je dois m'estimer heureuse de mes débuts en Italie, et comme c'est grâce à vous que j'y suis venue, je vous prie de croire à ma reconnaissance éternelle. Veuillez agréer, chère madame, l'assurance de mes sentiments bien affectueux, bien reconnaissants.

"Votre élève qui vous aime bien,

"EMMA CALVÉ."*

* DEAR GOOD MADAM,—Your pupil has met with real success, although her voice is found to be scarcely powerful enough for the Scala theatre. The newspapers agree in saying that I have a beautiful voice, and, above all, a perfect method. This is thanks to you, my good teacher, who have made me what I am, and for which I thank you with my whole heart, and embrace

Besides this letter, in my precious album, herein so frequently referred to, I have the original of the following "certificate":

"Je vous dois le peu que je suis; je ne l'oublierai jamais ma chère et illustre maîtresse.

"EMMA CALVÉ."

The third "audition" of my scholars in the year 1882 took place the 15th of March, when Mademoiselles de Friede, Dons, Oselio, Sionitzka, and my daughter were warmly applauded. Blanche appeared on this occasion as a violinist, and played Handel's "Arioso."

She had already, as a child, shown a great disposition for the violin. Her first teacher was Arthur Nikisch, when he was a pupil at the Conservatoire in Vienna. During her stay at school in Paris in 1878 she took lessons of M. Dancla, then a professor at the Conservatoire; and when we settled here, in 1881, she continued with M. Colonne.

you warmly. I must tell you, between ourselves, that I am making great progress, not only as a singer, but also as an actress, for I have worked hard at my part. If I had sung in Paris as I sang here on my first appearance at the Scala, I should have scored a triumph. You see, dear good mistress, how very satisfied I ought to be with the result of my first performances in Italy; and as it is owing to you that I came here, I beg of you to believe in my everlasting gratitude. Please to receive, dear madam, the assurance of my most affectionate and grateful sentiments.

"Your pupil, who loves you very much,

"EMMA CALVÉ."

On the 23d of April I gave a large matinée musicale in my own house, when, besides other concerted pieces, the programme contained the choruses for female voices from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and from Thomas's "Psyché"; duets from "Les Noces de Figaro," "Così Fan Tutte," "Linda," and "Aïda"; Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the trio from "Il Matrimonio Segreto," by Cimarosa, and the quartet from Mozart's "La Flûte Enchantée." My daughter sang some of Gounod's, Schumann's, and Schubert's melodies; also, in two of Gounod's duets, with Madame Krauss. She played the violin accompaniment to Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by Madame Krauss, who was most enthusiastically applauded by the audience for her rendering of "Le Roi des Aulnes," in which piece she has no equal.

The first concert I ever gave for the benefit of the Association des Artistes Musiciens took place at the Salle Érard on the 28th of April, 1882. Besides my pupils, the celebrated pianist, Madame Montigny—now Madame de Serres—and the violinist, Paul Viardot, kindly assisted me. It was on this occasion that my pupils sang publicly for the first time in Paris. Some days later Monsieur and Madame Ambroise Thomas called to see me, and I then placed my album before the illustrious musician, asking him to write a few notes in it. Here is the precious souvenir:

"Le songe d'une nuit d'été."

Hommage à Madame Marchesi,

Paris, 12 Mai 1882. Ambroise Thomas.

CHAPTER XXII

Praise of Two American Singers.—An Opera given in Marchesi's Honor.—Concerts and "Concours" Innumerable.—A Very Bigoted Baroness.—The Palmes Académiques.—Anecdote about Decorations.—Liszt and Verdi in Paris.

As a fit ending to this first scholastic year in Paris, I gave my annual "concours" the 22d of June, 1882, in which eight of my most advanced pupils took part. The summer of that year was a very sad one for me, as the state of my husband's health would not permit of our going out of town. Those who have not spent the month of August in Paris can have no idea of the dreary, desolate appearance of the beautiful city, so gay and animated at all other seasons; and I therefore hailed the beginning of another scholastic year with great delight.

Towards the end of December, 1882, I gave a large evening party, at which Mrs. Stone-Pyne and her sister, Mrs. Blanche Barton, were warmly received in duets from Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Weber. All agreed that, since the Sisters Marchisio, no couple had sung duets with such perfection as these two Americans. That evening my daughter also sang some of Gounod's melodies, accompanied by himself. Several other musical evenings took place early in the year 1883, and on the 4th of April I gave my

CLASS-ROOM OF THE ÉCOLE MARCHESI

second concert for the benefit of the Association des Artistes Musiciens. The sisters Stone-Pyne and Barton were again enthusiastically applauded, while M. de Bériot, a distinguished pianist, and Bouhy, the barytone, contributed to the success of this charitable entertainment. On the 19th of May, 1883, I gave a concert at the Salle Érard for the benefit of the École Libre de Saint-Denis de la Chapelle. Monsieur Brandoukoff, the Russian violinist, and the pianist Dallier, as well as my best pupils, helped me in this work of charity. The yearly "concours" took place the 10th of July in the Salle Flaxland, when Mademoiselles Dons, Heymann, Nowack, Osorio, and Kate Rolla were warmly received.

A few days later we set off for Carlsbad, spent three weeks there, then went on to Vienna, where the directors of the Imperial Opera-house paid me the compliment of giving a performance of Gluck's "Orphée" in my honor. It was admirably put on the stage, and the principal character was marvellously well sustained by my former pupil, Rosa Papier, of whom I have already spoken in these pages. From Vienna we travelled to that favorite spot of mine, the Lido. I found it hard to snatch myself away from its delights, and so prolonged our holidays to the end of September, though this proceeding was not quite to the taste of my pupils, to whom I returned in the autumn. The winter passed quickly, all of us working hard, and then the first musical evening given at my own house in the year 1884 took place the 29th of February. One of my pupils, Vicomtesse de Trédern, well known in the

musical world, and who never refuses her services in aid of charitable works, was heard for the first time in my drawing-room. She delighted the guests by her rendering of the grand air from "Hamlet," and shared her triumph with Emma Nevada, who was heard in airs from "Mireille" and "Les Puritains." My daughter Blanche sang melodies by Gounod and Diémer, accompanied by the composers personally. Following is a list of the succeeding concerts: On the 8th of March a concert at the Salle Érard in aid of the poor of La Villette, under the patronage of the Princess Blanche of Orleans and eighteen ladies of the Paris aristocracy; on the 26th of the same month a matinée exclusively for the "audition" of my Russian pupils; on the 8th of April my grand annual concert in aid of the Association des Artistes Musiciens, and on the 30th of May a large reception in my own house, when the programme was entirely composed of *vocal* music. Vicomtesse de Trédern, Mademoiselle Nevada, my daughter, and Monsieur Mouliérat, of the Opéra Comique, shared in its success. Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Délibes, and Massenet accompanied their own compositions, while my pupils sang the choruses.

The annual "concours" of my prominent scholars took place at the Salle Érard the 10th of July, and this brought another well-spent scholastic year to its close. Three days later saw us starting for Baden, near Vienna. After a season of well-earned repose spent in that pleasant town, situated in the midst of lovely pine forests, we returned to Paris, where much worry and annoyance awaited us in the Rue de Phals-

MATHILDE MARCHESI

(in Paris)

bourg. That newly constructed street had become rapidly peopled, and our house, at first so quiet, was now filled with tenants, among whom was Baronne de N——, with her three daughters. This lady, extremely straitlaced in her ideas and never going to concert or to theatre, had at first declared that my pupils' singing did not disturb her, but by degrees she changed her opinion, and pretended I ought only to give lessons to amateurs, insisting that those who destined themselves to a theatrical career would inevitably become the prey of Satan, and that their mere contact with the hall-stairs would tarnish her daughters' good name. I at first took no notice of this, but her constant unpleasantness brought about a lawsuit, which we won; however, at the expiration of our lease we were politely given notice to quit by the proprietor. Now, who would suppose that in the present day such narrow religious prejudices would still be rooted in the minds of a certain class of society? Yet were we thus obliged to set out once more in search of a dwelling-place. I saw several apartments that would have suited me, but the landlords always refused to admit a school of singing into their houses, so we ended finally by taking the private house, or mansion, which we now occupy, at No. 88 Rue Jouffroy, and where the École Marchesi has been situated these many years.

Hardly had we settled down when the round of the "auditions d'élèves," morning and evening concerts, and charitable entertainments began again as before. For a period of ten years I gave yearly concerts at the Salle Érard on behalf of the Association des

Artistes Musiciens, of which I had been made a life member soon after my arrival in Paris. Monsieur Colmet-Daage, president of this association, and several of the most celebrated Parisian composers had thought of demanding on my behalf the "palmes académiques." In the *Figaro* of October 20, 1885, the following passage occurs, taken from an article, speaking of my case in particular, and of decorations in general, and which I translate from the French:

"One day Gounod said to his colleagues of the Académie des Beaux-Arts: 'Madame Krauss, of the Opera, has just been presented with the "palmes de l'académie," and many of her comrades have already received them. It is only just to honor the professor as well as the pupils. I, therefore, propose to petition the Minister for the palmes académiques for Madame Marchesi, which petition we will all sign.' They signed, and the petition, thus brilliantly emphasized, was carried to the Rue de Grenelle, but no notice whatever was taken of it by the Jack-in-office, notwithstanding the famous signatures that it bore. Perhaps he had never heard of Gounod, of Ambroise Thomas, of Reyer, of Massenet, of Délibes, of Saint-Saëns. The name of Madame Marchesi was also, no doubt, unknown to this individual, who was possibly more familiar with that of Paul Bert. In short, he threw the petition in with a lot of others which were to be sent to the Sorbonne, and a few days afterwards Madame Marchesi received the following letter:

"'MADAME,—You are requested to present yourself' at a certain hour on a certain day 'at the office of Monsieur X——, Inspecteur d'Académie, on a matter concerning you.'

"Madame Marchesi, very much puzzled by this communication—Gounod, wishing to give her a pleasant surprise, had left her in ignorance of his application—arrived at the appointed hour at the office in question. After waiting some time, an official, with the manners of a beadle, ushered her

into the presence of a pompous-looking man wearing a white necktie, who, without any preamble, without even asking her to be seated, said, with a sardonic grin: 'Ah, ha! so you want the "palmes académiques," do you?' This in the same tone in which Bilboquet said to young Ducantel: 'So you want to be a mountebank, you presumptuous young rascal!' 'Sir,' said the poor woman, dumfounded at this reception, 'I do not know what you mean.' 'Come, now; don't pretend ignorance. We know the tune of the candidate, *malgré lui*.'

"Madame Marchesi's blood was up in an instant. 'Sir,' she replied, in a dignified manner, 'wherever I go I am in the habit of being offered a chair.' 'Oh, how affecting!' sneered the man, 'but I have no time to lose over these bagatelles. Sit down, if that pleases you, and answer my questions.' And, without further remark, he began the usual formula: 'Your profession? . . . Your references? . . . Are you married? . . . Have you any children?'—in another moment he would probably have asked if they were legitimate! Scarcely able to contain herself, Madame Marchesi made for the door, exclaiming, as she did so, 'Once again I tell you I have asked for nothing; but had I made an application, your insolent behavior would have forced me to abandon it. I wish you good-morning, sir!'

"The affair created a great sensation, and the members of the Institute protested as one man, while the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, wishing to make amends for the blunder committed by his subordinate, sent the 'palmes académiques' to Madame Marchesi in a case lined with apologies, which she had the good taste to accept."

Although the *Figaro* was mistaken in reporting that I had at that time received the case and the palms, to my great satisfaction they were presented me four years later—that is to say, on the 19th of July, 1889. Apropos of decorations, I remember one day taking a fancy to wear all mine when attending a reception at the house of the Austrian Ambas-

sador, then Count Hoyos. I heard some ladies near me whispering: "Those are medals for having saved people's lives; that lady must be a good swimmer!"

In the spring of 1886 Paris was fortunate enough to possess within its walls three great musical celebrities—namely, Verdi, Rubinstein, and Liszt. While Verdi, according to his wont, lived quietly and in the strictest seclusion, avoiding all public demonstrations, the two other heroes, Liszt and Rubinstein, were everywhere received and fêted by an enthusiastic public. They were the centre of interest at all social and musical festivities; society fought over them; and concert-givers were more than happy if they could announce either as an "attraction," even if it were only as a member of the audience. On certain concert advertisements the following sentence appeared in large letters: "M. Liszt assistera au concert." This gave prestige and brought in money. It is true that the white-haired artiste would sometimes look as if on the point of falling asleep, but he soon roused himself, and so saved appearances.

At that time Liszt was never heard in public, but Rubinstein gave a series of concerts in which the enthusiasm he evoked bordered almost upon fanaticism. In addition to his incomparable playing, every one admired his marvellous memory and physical strength. You could consider yourself fortunate to find anything in the shape of a seat at Rubinstein's concerts. Liszt stood in friendly relationship with Rubinstein, and went to several of these concerts, bestowing warmest praise on his younger colleague.

He was still very active, notwithstanding his old age and the weak state of his health. In the month of March his *Graner* Mass was given at the church of St. Eustache, which was crowded. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Écoles Libres, and a considerable sum of money was handed over to the committee. The performance of the mass left much to be desired, however, and its success was still less when it was given a second time at the Trocadéro after the composer had returned from London, where he had been as well received as in Paris. Notwithstanding this, Liszt was still the hero of the day, the applause he received from all sides and the enthusiasm he met with recalling to his mind the triumphs of his early years.

I heard Liszt at several soirées: his interpretation was still incomparably beautiful, but his power was gone, and the impression was most painful. His relations with society remained unchanged, and he was ever the same charming and witty *causeur* of times past. On the 3d of May, 1886, I gave a concert for the benefit of the Charitable Institutions of Montmartre under his patronage, with the assistance of Saint-Saëns and the excellent harpist, Hasselmanns. Saint-Saëns played Liszt's arrangement of the "Faust" Waltz in his usual masterly fashion. My pupils sang, almost without exception, Liszt's compositions: among others, the air of "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," some German songs, and the hymn, "L'Enfant à Son Réveil." This beautiful solo and chorus for female voices was studied under Liszt's personal guidance, the rehearsals taking place in the studio of the cele-

brated Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, with whom Liszt stayed while he was in the capital.

The presence of the two "lions of the day" suggested to me the idea of giving a musical party in their honor, and it took place on Sunday, the 9th of May, 1886. Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Délibes, Godard, De Joncières, and Saint-Saëns were present and accompanied each his own compositions. Mademoiselle Emma Calvé was warmly applauded in the Jewel Song from "Faust," and Saint-Saëns executed in masterly style Liszt's fantasia on the valse from the same opera. Next day Saint-Saëns wrote in my album the first bars of his celebrated "Danse Macabre":

Danse Macabre.

À Madame Marchesi,

Paris, 10. Mai 1886. C. Saint-Saëns.

When Liszt shook hands with me a few days later, on taking his departure, I had a presentiment that it was for the last time. He died, in fact, shortly afterwards at Bayreuth, where he is buried. We then lost a true friend and the world a great artiste.

CHAPTER XXIII

Verdi's Visit to Marchesi's Singing-school.—A Delightful Occasion Pleasantly Recorded. — Rubinstein's Patriotism. — Some Excellent Advice.—Louise Michel.—First Appearance of Nellie Melba.

WHILE at Paris, Verdi, who had always taken a lively interest in the École Marchesi, expressed a wish to hear some of my pupils sing, "but," he added, "none of Verdi's music, I beg of you." Notwithstanding this prohibition, with the exception of Mozart, the programme consisted solely of his compositions. The maestro was obliged to listen patiently to the duet from "Aïda," the air from "Rigoletto," the bolero from the "Sicilian Vespers," and many others. Then, when two young American girls, Rose Stewart and Eleanore Everest, sang the duet from "Così Fan Tutte," and when Mary Decca, another American, with her sweet voice and perfect execution, gave the aria of the Queen of the Night, from the "Magic Flute," the master exclaimed: "Yes, there is but one Mozart!"

Verdi was charmed with the delivery of these pupils, and had a kind word for each of them. He appeared to take much pleasure in seeing so much youth and spirits, for he was himself of a very lively disposition, and expressed the hope that their passion for music

would always remain the same.* At the end of the matinée organized in his honor, the pupils, grouped according to their respective nationalities, presented him with bouquets and wreaths, adorned with their national colors, and Verdi, moved by this attention, delighted each young singer with his autograph. These flowers decorated his rooms until the last day of his stay in Paris.

A short while after his visit Rubinstein came to hear the Russian pupils, but as soon as he entered the room the girls were seized with a panic. They trembled like aspen leaves and lost all presence of mind, and I had almost to force them to sing. Rubinstein sat down, looking dark and stern, without offering them a word of encouragement. When, at the conclusion of the performance, his countrywomen offered him some flowers, he pushed them on one side, saying:

"Flowers are for women, not for men. I dislike such demonstrations."

He then advised them as good patriots to perfect their studies in Russia, and not in foreign countries. One of the young girls ventured bashfully to remark that if Russia possessed good professors, she, for one, would certainly prefer to remain in her own home and with her own people; and then, as soon as Rubinstein left, they all burst into tears. In reply to my

* Verdi's hope has been fully realized, up to date at least. Miss Everest and Miss Rose Stewart are now singing-teachers, the former at Philadelphia, the latter at Boston, where she has a class-room for vocal instruction in the new Steinert Hall building, and she is meeting with great success.—H. H.

just reproaches for the singular manner in which he had treated my pupils, Rubinstein wrote me a letter, which is a striking proof of his fanatical patriotism, which extended even to matters of art. Translated, it reads as follows:

"PARIS, *April* 16, 1886.

"DEAR MADAME MARCHESI,—I fully appreciate the great benefit our Russian ladies are deriving from your lessons; nevertheless, I would like to recommend you a Russian accompanist, well acquainted with the Russian repertory and able to make those of your pupils who intend devoting themselves to the Russian operatic stage study in the Russian language. If you follow up this suggestion you will put right the only defect I noticed in your celebrated academy. I hope you will not feel offended at my frankness. Tout à vous.

"ANT. RUBINSTEIN."

I would willingly have followed up this proposal, only, in the first place, he was unable to find me a musician in Paris who could fill the post; and, secondly, I did not share his views. There is only one good school of singing, and it is that in which the voice is perfectly trained, and where the pupil is taught correct declamation, style, pronunciation, and expression. As a matter of course, a pupil must strive to acquire a faultless pronunciation of the tongue in which she wants to sing. In order to learn the bel canto and recitative, I recommend before everything the study of old Italian masters, irrespective of the style of opera to which the pupil directs her special attention. When one knows how to sing, and to sing well, it is easy to give a correct rendering of the compositions of any country, provided one is per-

fectly at home in the language. Have there not been for years singers of all nationalities in Paris, both at the Grand Opera and at the Opéra Comique, as well as in the principal opera-houses of Italy and Germany? Of course every one can understand that this is no easy matter, but it is nevertheless attainable; and, to return to the Russian question, I need only say that two of my Russian pupils, Mademoiselles Marie Sionitzka (soprano) and Nina de Friede (mezzo-soprano), obtained engagements at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg.

To sing well is the chief thing, but to do this much time is required, and time is what the student most begrudges nowadays. When parents bring their daughters to me, they generally ask: "How long will you keep her?" or, "Please make it as short as possible," or, "What is my daughter's voice worth?" or, "Ought one not to practise four or five hours a day?" or, "Will she ever earn as much as Patti?" and so on. Art is now looked upon as a business which should give quick returns. But to become an exceptionally good singer much time and study are required. The lack of great singers at the present day is due not only to the ignorance and want of energy on the part of the teacher, but also to the feverish impatience of the pupils and their parents.

During these past few years I have followed most attentively the vocal competitive examinations at the Conservatoire for the Opéra and Opéra Comique, and I can unhesitatingly affirm that the Paris Conservatoire is the first in the world, and that its director and teachers are eminently fitted for the posts they

occupy. With regard, however, to the formation of the female voice, they have not always arrived at the happiest results. The modern system of shrieking and forcing the voice has already crossed the Rhine and pushed its way into the Paris Conservatoire, and that elegant manner of singing, that brilliant, refined declamation, so peculiar to the French, is now often replaced by coarse effects. Furthermore, *le chant soutenu* is forced into the background by the florid school so much cultivated in France, and this is, no doubt, the reason that there is such a dearth of dramatic singers. But all dainty little Frenchwomen are admirable *sujets d'opéra comique*, and their talent for acting covers many of the defects of their singing.

One detail, however, has rather shocked me in respect to the dramatic examinations — the young artistes play without costumes, without any theatrical accessories. It can easily be understood that this takes away much of the charm and dispels every illusion, thus diminishing the effect. A "page" in woman's clothes, a Figaro, a Prophet, or a Robert le Diable in a black swallow-tail and patent-leather pumps, has a funny effect, and often excites the public to an unpleasant display of merriment. Even the insipid accompaniment on the piano has a disturbing influence. The Paris Conservatoire should give the pitch of public examinations, and not be behind similar institutions in this respect.

Having for many years been in a position to appreciate music of every kind, I was anxious to ascertain the feelings of those who had taken upon themselves the task of teaching its rudiments to savages; and as

ever since being in Paris I had heard much of Louise Michel, the Red Republican, I had a great wish to become acquainted with the ex-music-teacher of the Canaks. This opportunity presented itself in 1886, when an American journalist, who had often interviewed Louise Michel, kindly offered to introduce me to her. Louise Michel was then living at Levallois-Perret, one of the poorest suburbs of Paris. "I am in the act of correcting my poems," she said to us as she invited us to be seated. The room was small, and contained only a few miserable pieces of furniture. Her dress was most untidy, which rendered still greater the contrast of her beautiful white hands, on which she evidently bestowed every care. While we were speaking with her, we noticed every now and then a pair of piercing eyes peeping at us through the half-open kitchen door. "That is my cousin," explained Louise Michel; "she takes care of my small household." In the course of our conversation the Anarchist described her life in various prisons, and insisted that she was much happier in them than when at liberty. "When I am under lock and key," she continued, "I can write all day and do exactly as I please; but, directly I am free, I have constant appeals made on my purse, and am worried from morning till night. As it is, I can assist no one, for the little I possess I owe to the generosity of my political adherents."

Of her stay in New Caledonia she told us that she was allowed to go about by herself and look after the musical education—Louise Michel is very musical—of the children imprisoned there with their parents.

MATHILDE MARCHESI AND NELLIE MELBA

She came across an old piano on the island, which proved of great use for the choruses and singing lessons. The missing notes of the instrument had to be quickly replaced by the voice during scale-singing, and, as she triumphantly assured us, the children would very soon read music at sight through these extraordinary exercises. "All professors," she added, "should make use of this invention of mine when they teach the *solfège*."

Louise Michel, who was formerly a governess, founded several schools at Noumea, and greatly improved the morals of the natives with the assistance of an old piano. She conducted us afterwards to her bedroom, which contained some simple but pretty furniture. A large bed attracted my special attention. "The furniture and the bed," she said, "were left me by my dear mother. These cats"—referring to three enormous black specimens of the feline race, two of which were staring at us with glittering eyes —"I brought with me from New Caledonia. They were my faithful friends in captivity. One of them is blind. A poisonous spider stung it in the eyes and destroyed its sight."

We talked quite an hour with the poor woman, her pleasant voice only becoming harsh and shrill when her political opinions were attacked, and I could not help attacking them. Then, on leaving, I asked her for her autograph, and she wrote the following words on a strip of paper:

"À quelqu'un qui m'est sympathique, je ne sais pourquoi.

"LOUISE MICHEL.

"JUILLET, 1886."

In the autumn of 1886 I published through Monsieur Grus, of Paris, my complete "School of Singing," and dedicated it to my friend Gevaert, of Brussels. This work was highly spoken of by the Paris Press, and the late musical critic, M. Auguste Vitu, wrote a long article upon it. Since then I have published at Heugel's books 32 and 33, the first containing easy exercises for mezzo-soprano, the second consisting of exercises for two voices.

On the 19th of November of that year we gave a soirée, in which I was assisted by two former pupils, Gabrielle Krauss and Emma Nevada, by Monsieur Diémer, and by the celebrated Italian actress, Adelaide Ristori. That great artiste recited the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth," and received a perfect ovation for her marvellous interpretation of it. Madame Ristori has since then published her "Mémoires," in which she analyzes her rendering of her six best parts: Marie Stuart, Myrrha, Medea, Phèdre, Lady Macbeth, Elizabeth. The book, which interested me greatly, should be of considerable assistance to young actresses.

At a matinée musicale given at my house on Thursday, the 30th of December, 1886, Madame Nellie Melba was heard for the first time, and next day the *Gaulois*, the *Liberté*, and other newspapers sang her praises. Here is a translation of one of the articles published at that time:

"Among those who received the greatest applause from Madame Marchesi's numerous and distinguished guests, we must mention Mlle. Nellie Melba, an Australian, possessing a full, expressive voice, who sang the mad scene from 'Hamlet' in such a way as to win the most flattering praise from Ambroise Thomas, who was present."

But it was at my annual concert for the Association des Artistes Musiciens, which I gave on Monday, the 21st of March, 1887, at the Salle Érard, that Nellie Melba made her first appearance in public at Paris. Two other pupils of mine, Jane Horwitz and Emma Eames, were also much applauded at that concert. *La* Melba sang the air from "Hamlet" and the waltz from "Mireille" with such success that Messrs. Dupont and Lapissida, the directors of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, at Brussels, made her sign a two years' engagement, to commence as soon as she had completed her studies; and as she had worked up her parts in Italian, they allowed her to sing in that language during the first few months.

On the 2d of May, 1887, under Charles Gounod's patronage, I gave my annual concert for the Montmartre charities. Madame Melba and Mademoiselles Eames, Horwitz, Wentworth, Kriebel, Hibbard, and Sadowska sang, and my entire school took part in the choruses. The entire programme was consecrated to Gounod's music, the master himself directing the rehearsals and the concert. Here is the list:

Choruses.....1. (*a*) "Sabéenne." } "La Reine de Saba."
(*b*) "Juive." }
2. "Magnanarelles"....."Mireille."
"Jésus de Nazareth."
Monsieur Rouhier.

Duos....."Heureux le cœur sincère."
"D'un cœur qui t'aime."
Madame Melba and Mademoiselle Sadowska.

Barcarola..... ."Message de la brise."
Madamoiselle Hibbard and Monsieur Rouhier.

Cantilène—Solo et chœur. "Sapho."
Mademoiselle Eames.
Air de "Mireille."
Mademoiselle Horwitz.
Air de "La Reine de Saba."
Mademoiselle Eames.
"Air des Bijoux."
Mademoiselle Kriebel.
(*a*) Romance du "Tribut de Zamora."
(*b*) Romance de "Baucis."
Mademoiselle Wentworth.
Valse de "Mireille."
Madame Melba.

In remembrance of a concert which was most successful, Gounod then wrote a few bars of one of his sonatas for the piano in my album :

Sonate.

À Madame Marchesi. Souvenir affectueux,
Paris, 20. Mai 1887. Ch. Gounod.

CHAPTER XXIV

Burning of the Opéra Comique at Paris.—Marchesi's Concert for the Benefit of the Sufferers.—Madame Nellie Melba's Début at Brussels.—Musical Soirées and Annual "Concours."—Success of Several American Girls.—Gounod's New Juliet.—First Appearance of Miss Emma Eames.

DURING the night of the 25th to the 26th of May, 1887, the Paris Opéra Comique theatre was burned down, burying hundreds of people in its ruins. A thrill of horror ran through the whole of Europe. The gay city stood bewailing the smoking débris of the house of Auber and Boïeldieu — the temple so dear to Parisians, as it had progressed with them in their knowledge and love of national music, the famous Salle Favart had been destroyed as though it were a holocaust. That terrible catastrophe caused intense suffering, for many families were sorely tried, and several were deprived of their bread-winners, as those who belonged to the theatre who managed to escape were thrown out of employment and left without means of subsistence for some time. Again the infinite generosity of the Parisians was confirmed by this sad event, as funds quickly flowed in from all sides in abundance, the injured and the orphaned ones having the satisfaction of knowing that they were the recipients of universal sympathy in this their hour of great

trouble, and that their material wants would be provided for.

Being very desirous of offering my mite for the relief of these many sufferers, I replaced my yearly "concours de chant" by a concert for their benefit, and this took place the 11th of June, 1887, at the Salle Érard. It was successful in all respects, and, when the expenses had been paid, I was able to send to the list, to which I had already personally subscribed, a sum amounting to several hundred dollars. On this occasion Messrs. Brun, Hasselmanns, and Taffanel kindly offered me their assistance, and they were warmly applauded by a crowded audience. Of my pupils, those most successful were Miss Emma Eames, Mademoiselle Jane Horwitz, Mrs. Julia Wyman, and Nellie Melba, who then sang for the last time in Paris before going to fulfil her engagement at Brussels. I may add that these four pupils finished their studies in the same class at the École Marchesi, and all of them have since become famous artistes. Indeed, I may properly state that one of these, Madame Melba, is to-day without a rival on the lyric stage. As a vocalist, she more resembles a bird than a human creature,* and it is impossible to conceive anything

* While Madame Melba was in Boston in the spring of 1896 she occupied rooms at the Hotel Brunswick, and nearly opposite hers was a suite held by a lady from Chicago, who had a little daughter, aged about six years. One day the *diva* was at work in her parlor, running up and down the scale to give her voice flexibility and agility, and it so happened that the door leading into the hall was open for a few minutes. There was a slight pause in Madame Melba's vocalizing, and then the little girl

more musical or more flexible than her marvellous voice, which is always as clear as a silver bell. I am only repeating what the critics of every country, in Europe and in America, have written, when I say that unquestionably, as regards taste, style, and vocalization, this pupil of mine is superior to any living singer.

The scholastic year of 1887 was a very busy one, and I would gladly have chosen a pleasanter spot than Contrexéville for our summer rest, but duty took me there on account of my husband's state of health, and so we arrived towards the end of July to find a pleasant surprise awaiting us in the shape of a small opéra-comique company, who treated us to many chefs-d'œuvre almost unknown to the present generation. For instance, we heard most excellently played Paer's "Maître de Chapelle," Boieldieu's "Nouveau Seigneur du Village," Adam's "Le Sourd," and several other masterpieces. The prima donna, Mademoiselle Benatti, and the first barytone, Monsieur Maris, contributed in no small degree to the success of the company; and although the orchestra was composed of only ten musicians, their leader, Monsieur Domergue, made up for the dearth of instruments by accompanying them on the piano; and he, too, played well. Early in August a concert was given at Contrexéville in aid of the Asylum for the Poor of that little town; and as the celebrated Madame Trebelli was among the visitors to the place,

was heard to exclaim: "O mamma, mamma! come quickly and listen to the bird in the lady's parlor."—H. H.

she promptly offered her services, and was warmly received. She was nearly fifty years old then, and in very delicate health, but her voice was as fresh as ever. For many years she was one of the "stars" of the Italian Opera at Paris, where she had first appeared as Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," under the directorship of Bagier. Madame Trebelli died at Étretat a few years ago.

Early in October, 1887, I went with my husband to Brussels to be present at the first appearance of Madame Melba in "Rigoletto," and on this occasion our friend Gevaert offered us the hospitality of his own house. The very next day and afterwards it was nothing but a chorus of praise everywhere; the entire press of Brussels declaring the young artiste to be a star of the first magnitude. The *Indépendance Belge* said: "As soon as she appeared in the second act Madame Melba captivated all her hearers by the refined grace of her person and the admirable purity of her voice. Her success went on increasing from act to act until the final quartet, which was sung with wonderful *mæstria*. Without forestalling the description of this evening's performance, we may predict a brilliant future for Madame Marchesi's pupil." Naturally all this praise and deserved compliment were a great source of happiness to me, for what greater satisfaction can a teacher desire than the success of her pupils.

Nellie Melba was born at Melbourne, Australia, where her father, Mr. David Mitchell, a Scotchman by birth, has long resided. Her mother, gifted herself with a highly artistic temperament, soon discov-

ered the daughter's musical abilities, and gave her her first lessons. When but six years of age little Nellie sang "Comin' thro' the Rye" at a charity concert, and accompanied herself on the piano; but, in spite of that great success, her mother would not let her sing again for fear of straining her voice. She learned the organ, piano, and violin, and showed equally great taste for painting. She was barely sixteen when she lost her mother, and shortly after she married an English gentleman, Mr. Charles Armstrong, son of Sir Andrew Armstrong, Baronet. A son was born of this union, and soon after this the young wife returned to her father's house and sang in several concerts. Every one admired her silvery voice and advised her to perfect herself in Europe, and then the wife of the Austrian Consul at Melbourne gave her a letter of introduction to me. This lady was Madame Elise Pintchoff (*née* Wiederman), one of my former pupils, laureate of the Vienna Conservatoire, and for several years a distinguished opéra-comique singer.

When I heard Madame Melba's soprano voice for the first time I was charmed with its pure tones, and at once recognized in her a future star. She began work immediately, and soon became one of my most industrious, pliant, and talented scholars. Before she finished her studies she had signed a three years' engagement with the celebrated impresario, Maurice Strakosch, but his sad death cancelled it. Shortly after this, the *diva*, who had chosen the name of Melba in remembrance of her native town, was, as I have already mentioned, engaged at the Brussels

Opera. When that engagement was ended the young artiste was called to the Paris Opera, where she made her first appearance the 8th of May, 1889, as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," and as the Parisian public applauded her that evening to the echo the high opinion formed of her by the Belgians was thus confirmed. Since then Nellie Melba has sung with the same great success, not to say triumph, at Sweden, St. Petersburg, London, Vienna, Nice, Monte Carlo, Rome, Milan, Palermo, and in all the principal cities of the United States.

As showing what *la* Melba herself thinks of and how she feels towards her Paris professor of singing, let me copy her autograph from the pages of a precious album. She wrote as follows:

"Words cannot express the deep gratitude and love I feel for you, my darling madame, but I trust that the career which your grand teaching and loving guidance has opened for me, may reflect honor on you and your school. At least, this shall always be my *first* thought.

"Ever your loving and grateful pupil,

"NELLIE ARMSTRONG-MELBA.

"PARIS, *July* 15, 1887."

I have stated that the scholastic year of 1887 was a very busy one, but it seems to me that that of 1888 was the most arduous and exciting in all my wide experience. Our first soirée took place the 16th of February, when the pupils who sang were Mrs. Julia Wyman, Miss Eames, and Mademoiselle Horwitz. Mademoiselle Reichenberg, of the Théâtre Français; Monsieur Casella, the violoncellist so justly appreciated in Paris, and the celebrated flutist, Taffanel, assisted us on that occasion. The annual concert

for the Association des Artistes Musiciens took place the 1st of March at the Salle Érard, with the assistance of the same pupils and the artistes just mentioned. The 14th of March I gave an at home "audition d'élèves," and a few days later a large evening musical reception, at which Mademoiselles Nevada, Horwitz, and Eames, and Mrs. Wyman, with the Russian violoncellist Brandoukoff, were warmly applauded.

On the 12th of April we gave our second musical soirée, at which Gabrielle Krauss, Emma Nevada, Mademoiselle Horwitz, and Nina de Friede, then in Paris, took part. The celebrated Viennese pianist, Grünfeld, also Mademoiselle Hadamard, of the Théâtre Français, came in for a large share of the applause that evening. My annual concert for the benefit of the Montmartre charities took place Tuesday, the 24th of that month, in the fête-rooms of the Hôtel Continental, and, as it was a great success, I cannot refrain from inserting a part of the programme here:

Air de "La Traviata."
Madame Nevada.

Stances de "Sapho."
Madame Krauss.

Air de "La Reine de Saba."
Mademoiselle de Friede.

Duo des "Noces de Figaro."
Mesdames Krauss and Nevada.

Duos......"D'un cœur qui t'aime".....Gounod
"Per Valli, per Boscelli".....Blangini
Mesdames Krauss and De Friede.

Air du "Mysoli" avec accompagnement de flûte.
Madame Nevada and Monsieur Taffanel.

And last, but not least, the solos by Messrs. Taffanel, Grünfeld, and Hasselmanns. I shall never forget this concert, and the receipts were beyond every expectation.

The scholastic year finished up with the annual "concours" of my pupils at the Salle Érard on the 23d of June, 1888. Those who were then most applauded were the sisters Sophie and Louise Heymann, Mrs. Wyman, and Mademoiselles Eames and Horwitz. It ended with the air of the "Clochettes" from "Lakmé," sung by Jane Horwitz, and the valse from "Romeo and Juliet," by Emma Eames. After so much labor and fatigue, I was not sorry to hear the shrill whistle of the train which was to take me to Tréport, on the English Channel, whither I was going once more to inhale sea breezes and find repose and solitude.

But on our return to Paris, at the end of August, I once more boldly put my shoulder to the wheel, as numerous pupils, both old and new, were awaiting me with much impatience. The last months of the year, when most of the richer families in Paris are still absent, and when there is a truce to all social demands, have always been the pleasantest ones for me, for then I can work with energy and calmness. The year wound up with a musical soirée, given by my relative, Baron Haussmann, on the 16th of December, at which took part Messrs. Ambroise Thomas and Gounod, the latter singing several of his own melodies, and to his own accompaniments. To hear Gounod sing was always a delight to me, as his diction was perfect and his voice quite artistic.

My first matinée musicale of the year 1889 took place on the 10th of January, and the pupils who then distinguished themselves the most were Mademoiselle Comaromi (now at the Pesth National Theatre), Miss Sophie Heymann, who is at the Gand Theatre; Mademoiselle Elliot, a concert-singer in New York, I believe; Madame Stoddard, Mademoiselle Emma Silvania, and Madame Maud Starvetta.

These two last have twice changed their stage names, even oftener for all I know. Madame Maud Starvetta, whose real name was Starkweather, adopted that of Starvetta when she made her first appearance at Palermo in October, 1891. When she was engaged in London she changed it again at the request of Sir Augustus Harris, and called herself Maria Duma, under which nom de guerre she acquired celebrity as a dramatic as well as an excellent concert singer. Mademoiselle Emma Silvania, whose family name was Walter, changed it first to Emma Silvania, and then later on in London to Esther Palisser, and as such has acquired considerable reputation as a lyric singer both in opera and in concert.

Our second matinée was given on the 19th of January, when again the pupils who had taken part in the first one obtained success in duets, airs, and concerted pieces. On the 30th of January we were dining with friends, when a gentleman came in hastily and announced the mysterious death of the Archduke Rudolph of Austria. The impression produced was so painful that the guests, who were nearly all foreigners, took their leave as soon as possible. Having spent twenty years of my life at Vienna, I could not but

feel an intense sympathy for the august parents of the young prince in their despair and grief.

At this period I was very busily employed in preparing the début of Miss Emma Eames, and Gounod, meeting my husband one day on the Boulevard Malesherbes, said to him:

"I am looking for a Juliet. Has your wife one among her pupils? If so, please ask her to bring her to me. She will find me at home to-morrow at eleven o'clock."

Well, next day we went to Gounod's house in the Place Malesherbes, Monsieur Mangin going with us as accompanist, and when we arrived we found all his family assembled to hear the new Juliet. That morning Miss Eames sang several airs from the opera in question very successfully, and, greatly delighted, the master exclaimed, "Here is my Juliet." A few days later he made her rehearse her part in my presence, Mangin accompanying on the piano, and Gounod himself giving her the cue, singing and playing the part of Romeo from beginning to end. Then, after a rehearsal at the Grand Opera-house, Emma Eames's engagement was signed, and on the 10th of February, 1889, I gave a breakfast to several members of the press for the purpose of presenting the young débutante to them. But, although I was thus engaged with Miss Eames, I did not neglect the other pupils, for on the 2d of March my third "audition d'élèves" was held, and it was as successful as the preceding ones had been. These performances are always very tiring to me, but they are of undoubted use to my scholars.

Miss Emma Eames made her first appearance on the 13th of March, 1889. The entire Paris press sang her praises next day, and the American colony, which had been largely represented at her début, were naturally quite proud of their young countrywoman—not without reason either, for it is seldom when a foreigner who has studied in a private school passes directly to the stage of the Grand Opera in the French capital. But the young artiste was also eminently fortunate in having the assistance of Jean de Reszké, the most celebrated tenor of the day at that time.

It appears that Emma Eames was born in China, and was eight years of age when her mother returned to Boston, where she had her child carefully educated. She began her studies with me in the month of June, 1886, working steadily until she made her first appearance as Juliet, and she remained two years at the Grand Opera. In the album, from which I have already quoted so many precious words, I find this autograph:

"My dearest Teacher and Friend,—I want to tell you here, on leaving you, how much I owe to you, not only for what *you have made of my voice and talent*, but for your sweet and motherly counsel in every way. You have taught me not only to deeply love you, but to have perfect faith always in your unerring judgment. *What I am you have made me.*

"Your loving and devoted pupil,

"Emma Hayden Eames."

It may be stated here that a few days after Emma Eames's first appearance on the lyric stage, I gave my eighth annual concert at the Salle Érard for the benefit of the Association des Artistes Musiciens, and it proved in every way as successful as the preceding ones.

CHAPTER XXV

Graceful Praises of Different Pupils.—American Girls Strongly in Evidence.—The Paris Exhibition of 1889.—Appearance of Lola Beeth as Desdemona.—Cherubini's Opinion of Berlioz.—Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Baron Haussmann.—More Sorrows for Madame Marchesi.

On Wednesday, the 27th of March, 1889, I assisted at a family gathering to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the birth of my illustrious kinsman, Baron Haussmann, under whose administration and statesmanship Paris had become the capital of the entire world. The Baroness had, on that occasion, invited all the family to her dinner-table, while at the reception which followed were Monsieur and Madame Ambroise Thomas, and other famous persons. There was some music, and my pupil, Mademoiselle Silvania, sang several melodies by Ambroise Thomas, to which he played the accompaniment. The morning of that day Baron Haussmann had written a poem, entitled "Quatre-vingts Ans," a little gem of grace, wit, sentiment, and Christian resignation, which he recited to us after dinner.

Towards the end of April Madame Melba, who had finished her engagement at Brussels, returned to Paris. She made her first appearance at the Grand Opera on the 8th of May, 1889, as Ophelia, and her

success was unbounded. Every one predicted a great future for her, and the newspapers declared that since Christine Nilsson there had never been such an Ophelia as she had shown herself to be. The *Figaro* critic wrote as follows: "Madame Melba has appeared, and with success. This is only speaking of the first acts, for she was *triumphant* in the mad scene, and the audience was literally carried away." Great were my delight and satisfaction as an artiste over this, for the judgment of the Parisian public has always been, and is still, considered as the most infallible and predominant of the world.

On Saturday, the 11th of May, 1889, I gave my sixth annual concert for the Montmartre charities in the rooms of the Hôtel Continental. The director of the Grand Opera permitted Miss Eames to sing, and two other pupils of mine, Miss Elliot and Mrs. Stoddard, took part in it also. Mademoiselle Reichenberg, of the Théâtre Français, recited several poems with her usual charm, while Messrs. Talazac, Hasselmanns, and Mariotti completed a most successful programme. On the fiftieth anniversary of one of the Passionist Brothers, Gounod gave his mass in the church of the Avenue Hoche, accompanying it himself on the organ in a masterly manner. About thirty pupils of the École Marchesi sang the soli and choruses, and the illustrious composer thanked them warmly. I am persuaded that the remembrance of that day will remain engraven upon their minds forever.

We were now in the midst of the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and I had the happiness of having my two

daughters, Thérèse and Blanche, with me. One had come up from Naples, the other from Vienna, to see us, of course, and to have a look at the wonders of that great show. The Exhibition year was for one and all a period of feverish excitement and continuous labor. Strangers were already flocking to Paris from all parts of the world, and it was on account of the presence of my daughters and that of many foreign friends that I gave a large musical party in my own house. On the programme were to be read the names of Mesdames Krauss, Melba, and my daughter Blanche, while Gounod, Délibes, Dubois, Diémer, and Madame Ferrari took it in turn to accompany their own compositions in the midst of universal applause. This interesting and artistic soirée will never be blotted out of my remembrance. On the 27th of June, at the end of the scholastic year of 1889, our usual "concours de chant" was given at the Salle Érard, where all the pupils who had been heard on previous occasions sustained their parts with much success. That day it was with a feeling of profound satisfaction that I left the hall, for I had worked diligently and conscientiously with my scholars and deserved well the holidays I was about to take.

These I spent partly in Vienna, where, as was always my wont, the evenings were passed at the opera. It was there I heard Verdi's "Otello," in which the part of Desdemona was well rendered by the charming singer Lola Beeth for the first time. I did not know her personally then, but she has since come to me several times for advice. She is gifted with a very sweet voice, and is a conscientious artiste. One

of her best characters is that of Elsa, in "Lohengrin," and she has often been applauded in it at Paris, as well as elsewhere. I also heard the "Walküre" in Vienna, and about a dozen other operas. Apropos, this continual change of répertoire must be very trying to the artistes of that company. The Shah of Persia was at Vienna then, and the ballet of "Excelsior" was given in his honor. Now, the *corps de ballet* at the Imperial Opera is composed of charming young girls, and it was surprisingly good that evening, and many amusing anecdotes were repeated to us concerning it and the Shah, who is now no more.

I wound up the year 1889 with an "audition d'élèves" on the 1st of December, on which occasion I brought Miss Mary Howe forward for the first time, and she created a sensation in an air from "La Flûte Enchantée," and also in Proch's "Variations." I will here give a summary of the charity concerts, matinée musicales, and "auditions d'élèves," which were given during the year 1890: April 1, ninth concert in aid of the Association des Artistes Musiciens. April 12, matinée musicale at my own house. April 29, seventh annual concert for the Montmartre charities, when Madame Melba, Monsieur Lassalle, of the Grand Opera; Mademoiselle Dudlay, of the Théâtre Français; Messrs. Taffanel, Hasselmanns, and the celebrated Paderewski, composed the programme, and never had such a large sum been taken in as on that occasion. May 29, "audition d'élèves" at my own house. June 21, annual "concours de chant" at the Salle Érard.

Among those whose singing was most remarked at this last performance was Miss Kate Bensberg, an American girl, who is now pursuing a brilliant career in Italy. In the month of August, 1890, we were staying with Baron Haussmann at his beautiful country residence of Cestas, in the Gironde, and one evening while we were talking of music he told us an amusing and characteristic anecdote of Berlioz. It is known that Baron Haussmann was not only a great lover of music, but also a true musician. In his early youth he had studied music seriously at the Collège Henri IV., and he played the violoncello in the orchestra of that college. While there he made the acquaintance of Choron, who directed the class for church music, and he began to study harmony with him. When he left college he continued his musical studies for two years with the celebrated Reicha, at that time teacher of counterpoint at the Paris Conservatoire. Berlioz was in the same class, and was constantly rebelling against the rules of counterpoint. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that he was loved neither by his master nor by Cherubini, then director of the Conservatoire. Berlioz belonged to the so-called Romantic School, which was then beginning to be the fashion, and his music, adapted to the ballads of the day, was often pompous, incorrect, and noisy, rather than melodious. He was, in consequence, a very long while in obtaining the Prix de Rome. On one of the examination days, Cherubini, reading a composition of his, asked: "What does this pause of two bars mean?" "I thought," answered Berlioz, "that the prolonged silence would

produce a certain effect upon the public." "Oh, you thought so, did you?" replied Cherubini, with his habitual bad temper. "Well, I think the effect would be still greater if you lengthened the pause by striking out the whole of it."

Baron Haussmann had conceived the idea of making the château of Cestas his general residence on retiring from public life, retaining only a small apartment in Paris, and it was towards this end that he employed all his savings in improving and enlarging the magnificent estate which his wife, whose maiden name was De la Harpe, had brought him as her dowry. According to some historians, the appellation Cestas was a corruption or contraction of the Latin words *Sexta Statio*, the name given by the Romans to the place when their legions halted there on their way to Spain in the year 131 or 133 B.C. This vast estate, which originally comprised an immense forest of maritime firs, was gradually enlarged by fresh additions of land transformed into vineyards. The Baron had also discovered a spring of excellent fresh water, and at the time of our visit a large basin was in course of construction, as much for decorative purposes as for the irrigation of the vines. The house was furnished with great taste, but without any exaggeration of luxury, and the Baron had arranged a very fine library in his study. Behind his arm-chair, against the wall, hung a large frame holding the hundreds of decorations of every class and country which he had received from everywhere. At the foot of the great staircase was placed a magnificent Sèvres vase, nearly five feet in circumference,

the gift of the Emperor Napoleon III. to his Préfet. But, alas! all this honest man's dreams of quiet repose were destined to vanish into thin air; for after the unfortunate events of 1870–71 he found himself in his old age without means, so to speak, having always employed his savings for the aggrandizement of the estate at Cestas. The pension he had counted upon was no longer forthcoming, and so, obliged to work, he founded the Rente Foncière and the Entrepôts. Then, on his death, the fine estate of Cestas was cut up into lots and sold publicly.

On our return from Cestas I did not feel in my usual spirits, for I had not seen my daughters Thérèse and Blanche during the summer. The former had left Verona to live at Rome, her favorite city, with her husband, who was the Substitut du Procureur du Roi, or Assistant Attorney-General for the King, at the time, and we wrote to each other nearly every day by way of consoling ourselves for this separation. Thérèse, the eldest of my numerous children, was not only a daughter to me, but a friend, and it was always my delight to share all my joys with her and to pour out my heart into her noble soul. Though somewhat delicate of constitution, she was never ill at this period, and her letters breathed of happiness and content. Well, Madame Gevaert and her daughter were staying with us then, and on the 10th of November, 1890, while we were seated at breakfast chatting pleasantly of theatres, balls, parties, and other festivities, a telegram was placed in my hands, which informed me briefly of my beloved daughter's very serious condition. Two hours later a sec-

ond telegram announced her death, and the terrible blow quite broke my heart. Never have I completely got over it; and now my dear Thérèse reposes by the side of her sister Stella in the Naples cemetery.

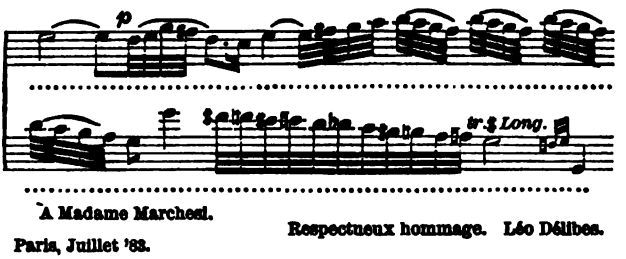
Life is one long series of griefs, pains, and disappointments. Why should we weep for those who are gone before and are at rest? Should we not rather envy them? Still, the heart has need of affection, and so, when relentless fate separates us from loved ones whose tenderness helped us to support the ills of this sad life, we rebel; but all in vain. Man is condemned to suffer here below. We must, therefore, resign ourselves to our fate and submit to God's will.

At Christmas we went to spend the holidays at Vienna with the only child now left to us; and sad, indeed, were those holidays, for during our absence from Paris we had the misfortune to lose Baroness Haussmann, whose health had been declining for several years. She passed away on the 24th of December, 1890. The 11th of January following we were dining *en famille* with Baron Haussmann. He had been gradually getting weaker since his dear wife's death, and had been recommended to try a milk diet, but it did not seem to agree with him. At table I was seated on his right, and, of course, we talked of music; then, on getting up from table, he offered me his arm to pass into the drawing-room. Scarcely was he seated in his favorite chair when he was seized with a chill, and we begged him to go to bed. This he did, and then he died immediately afterwards. His death put an end to the family

gatherings we had enjoyed and prized so highly. Since then, although numberless statues have been erected to the memory of persons who certainly did not equal him in worth, the very name of Haussmann has almost been forgotten by his countrymen.

I have also to record about this time the death of Léo Délibes, a very popular composer, whose delightful melodies, and whose masterpiece, "Lakmé," will long be appreciated by the musical world. In him we lost an excellent friend, who had always taken a lively interest in the École Marchesi, and had often made my pupils rehearse his compositions. I possess a precious souvenir of Délibes, the "point d'orgue" in "Lakmé," which he wrote in my album when teaching that opera to Mademoiselle Nevada at my house. And here it is:

Ah! ce trait!!!



Being in deep mourning, it was impossible for me to give my charity concerts or the "auditions d'élèves" as in preceding years. However, the brilliant début of my pupil Jane Horwitz in "Lakmé" at the Opéra Comique, which took place the 6th of May, 1891, roused me from my torpor. The first appearance of this charming little Parisienne was all the more brilliant inasmuch as she sang at short notice. Madame Arnoldson was engaged for the part. She suddenly fell ill, and Monsieur Carvalho determined to intrust it to Jane Horwitz. Although she had not rehearsed it once with the orchestra, she acquitted herself most successfully that night. Jane Horwitz has a delicious, light-soprano voice. Her vocalization is perfect, the voice is of great compass, and her execution is refined and delicate. She studied with me nearly four years, and takes rank among the best light dramatic singers of the day. She began her career at the French Opera of St. Petersburg, and sang successively in Paris, Marseilles, Lille, Bordeaux, and Brussels. On her return from Belgium she was engaged a second time at the Opéra Comique, and I am glad to be able to add that

she is placed among those of my many pupils who have always shown me affection and gratitude.

The first "audition" of my pupils in 1891 took place on the 30th of May, while the annual "concours" at the Salle Érard was given the 24th of June, or nearly a month later. The pupils who then distinguished themselves were Miss Nellie Rowe, a young Australian possessing a contralto voice of rare quality; Miss Gertrude Sears, now Madame Wilna, who, with her beautiful voice and diction, evoked the applause of the whole audience; Fräulein Brauer, a dramatic singer in Germany; and Madame Lydia Holm, now settled as professor of singing at Frankfort-on-the-Main. I must not forget to state also that Mrs. Wyman had returned to the École Marchesi to improve her voice and to go over some of her rôles with me. The 26th of June, 1891, she wrote as follows in my album:

"To the dearest, best, and noblest of women—the great and only teacher—with the love and devotion of her pupil,

"JULIE L. WYMAN."

Meanwhile, Madame Adelina Patti had called to see us for the purpose of asking us to be present at the opening of her theatre at Craig-y-Nos, and most willingly would we have accepted the invitation of this great artiste, for whom I have always entertained a sincere admiration, but motherly love proved stronger than artistic and social pleasure, and I set out for Vienna, where Blanche was awaiting me with becoming patience, and we spent two months together at Baden. On the 15th of July I was present at the

distribution of prizes of the Vienna Conservatoire. It is never without a feeling of deep emotion that I cross the threshold of that institution, and that day the pupils' orchestra, under the direction of Hellmesberger, executed the overture to "William Tell" in an admirable way, while the first-prize winners, Mademoiselle Königswald for violin and Mademoiselle Spranka for piano, played like finished artistes.

CHAPTER XXVI

Opposition to Wagner's Music in Paris.—Performances of "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera.—Miss Susanne Adams and Madame Frances Saville.—Alboni's Golden Wedding.—Valuable Contributions to Musical Criticism.—Death of Gounod.

On my return to Paris I found, as usual, a number of pupils awaiting me. They were from all parts of the world, and yet I could not help remarking that German girls were becoming fewer; in fact, at this moment I had but one from that Empire. Soon afterwards there was great excitement in Paris. That was on the occasion of the first performance of "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera, the 16th of September, 1891, much having been said about dynamite and the intention of bad people to blow up the theatre if Wagner's work was brought out there. Under the circumstances I did not feel inclined to be present, but, curious to know what might happen, my husband and I went as far as the Place de l'Opéra as spectators. A mounted company from the Gardes Republicain were posted before the opera-house in readiness to charge upon the crowd should they attempt any outbreak, and this mob was composed not only of individuals always ready to profit by a disturbance, but in large part of persons drawn thither by curi-

osity. Besides these cuirassiers, a hundred policemen were stationed round the building, and after a while we thought it prudent to return home, as the disturbance was getting serious. Indeed, several persons were arrested, the newspapers the next day mentioning as many as five hundred, but the performance took place as advertised. It was not until the 21st of September that we were able to be present at a performance of "Lohengrin," and it was the third representation. There were many curious lookers-on standing about the theatre, all of them more or less inoffensive in appearance, and the house was crowded. The first chords of the overture had scarcely been struck when an old man seated in the orchestra stalls stood up and cried out with a shrill voice:

"I beg the conductor of the orchestra to play the 'Marseillaise.'"

There was a general burst of laughter, and a policeman took the venerable and over-patriotic offender by the collar and turned him out of the place. There was a second demonstration when the curtain rose, for from different parts of the house came cries of "Down with 'Lohengrin!' We want to hear French music."

Again the police arrived and escorted the agitators to the doors, but hardly was quiet restored and we had begun to listen to the music, when a pestilential odor spread through the theatre and all the ladies present had to make use of their scent-bottles. The anti-Wagnerians had thought fit to throw ill-smelling globules into the passages and among the seats and boxes. The officials took all necessary pre-

cautions, the windows were instantly opened, the house was thoroughly aired, and then the opera was sung to a finish, despite some whistling and hooting which broke out from time to time. There was no doubt, however, about the success of "Lohengrin" in the French capital, and this masterpiece has since formed part of the répertoire, as much on its own merit as on account of the admirable way in which it has been mounted and interpreted.

As little as I had been disposed to work during the preceding year, so much the greater was my ardor in 1892. On the occasion of Rossini's centenary, the 27th of February, I gave a grand musical matinée, in which the vocal parts were sustained by Gabrielle Krauss, Mademoiselle Horwitz, Monsieur Auguez, and my daughter Blanche, while Messrs. Diémer and Loys undertook the instrumental parts. The composer's choruses "L'Espérance" and "La Charité" were executed by all my pupils, the solo in the latter piece being sung by Madame Krauss, who also took part in a duet from "Semiramide" with Monsieur Auguez. Monsieur Paul Plan, from the Gymnase Théâtre, recited a piece written expressly for the occasion by Armand Silvestre, the distinguished French poet. My daughter sang a posthumous work of Rossini's, "Plainte d'une Mère," the words of which were by Victor Wilder, while Diémer played "Profond Sommeil"—not yet in print—and the "Danse Sibérienne," from the "Cygne de Pesaro," which was encored. It was altogether a most successful affair.

The 14th of March I gave my first pupils' "audition" of the season, at which Madame Frances Saville

and Mademoiselle Susanne Adams were heard for the first time. Both made a remarkable impression upon the audience. On the 29th of that same month the concert in aid of the Orphanage des Saints Anges took place in the hall of the Conservatoire, my pupils singing two choruses: one, Massenet's "Souvenez-vous"; the other, from Gounod's "Sapho." Madame Saville and Mademoiselle Horwitz were warmly applauded in the solos.

Other "auditions" took place on the 12th of April and on the 24th of May; then on the 28th I gave a grand evening party, at which, on an impromptu stage, my pupils sang and played fragments from "Mignon," "Le Prophète," "Roméo et Juliette," "La Juive," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Faust," "Hamlet," and "Le Pardon de Ploërmel." That night Madame Saville excelled in the grand air from "Hamlet" and in the trio from "Faust," in which Messrs. Piroia and Douaillier, of the Opera, also took part, while Mademoiselle Susanne Adams distinguished herself in the valse from "Roméo et Juliette." My daughter sang an air from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" with chorus, and she, too, came in for her full share of the applause. This was the first time I ever gave a theatrical performance at home.

Next day my ninth annual concert for the benefit of the Montmartre charities took place at the Hôtel Continental, and Madame Melba and Mademoiselle Richard, from the Grand Opera; Monsieur Soulacroix, from the Opéra Comique, and Mademoiselle Brandès, from the Théâtre Français, lent additional

charm to this work of charity. On Saturday, the 25th of June, at the end of the scholastic year, I held the "concours de chant" of my pupils in the Salle Érard. Those whom the public seemed to appreciate most were Miss Gertrude Auld, of San Francisco; Miss Lilia Devlin, of Australia; Mademoiselle Olga de Mohl, Miss Helen Rowe, Miss Susanne Adams, of Boston, and Madame Frances Saville. The last-named left me shortly afterwards to make her début in opera. She comes of a musical family of Australia, but was born in San Francisco, where her parents had been giving concerts. A few weeks after her birth they returned to Melbourne, and as Frances showed early in life much taste for music and drawing, she was sent to pursue her studies in Germany. On her return home, her mother, noticing her very fine voice, gave her singing lessons and brought her out in concerts, where she was greatly applauded. Then in 1891 she came to Paris and placed herself under my care for the purpose of studying for grand opera.

In 1891 the directors of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, heard Madame Saville at the "concours de chant" at the Salle Érard. They engaged her on the spot, and she came out at Brussels the 7th of September, 1892, as Juliet in Gounod's opera. After singing at Brussels, she had a series of successes at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Berlin, Warsaw, London, and Monte Carlo. In the last-named town she so delighted her audience that Monsieur Carvalho engaged her for the Opéra Comique in Paris; and it was thence she went to the United States in 1895–96. I

copy from my album her autograph farewell to the École Marchesi :

"My gratitude and love, my darling madame, have grown with the studies, which have been such a pleasure to me, and which now are finished. I could fill all the pages of this album with praises and thanks for your loving kindness and patience, and still would fail to express half of what I feel. I trust you will always keep a corner of your heart for

"Your loving and grateful pupil,

"FRANCES SAVILLE.

"PARIS, 28th *June*, 1892."

The summer days of 1892 were passed quietly at Le Tréport, and then, on our return to town, I learned with deep regret of the death of the famous journalist, Victor Wilder, an old friend of ours, who had acquired celebrity by translating Schumann's songs and Wagner's operas for the French stage. He was an ardent champion of the "music of the future." The first musical event of the winter season was a fête given by Alboni on the occasion of the golden wedding of her artistic life, the invitation cards being worded as follows: "1842–1892. On the occasion of Marietta Alboni's golden wedding, Monsieur and Madame Charles Zieger beg you," etc. It is well known that after the death of Count Pepoli, her first husband, Madame Alboni married a Monsieur Zieger, an officer of the Municipal Guard of Paris.

This concert, in which the first artistes of the Opera took part, was followed by a theatrical performance given by actors and actresses from the Théâtre Français. Moreover, Alboni sang an air from

Vaccai's "Romeo and Juliet" with marvellous skill that evening. This wonderful *diva*, who had been one of Rossini's pupils, astonished the world for many a long year by the sonority, sweetness, and extraordinary compass of her voice. She was somewhat wanting in dramatic expression, but the quality of her voice and her perfect execution always excited the enthusiasm of the public everywhere. In the latter years of her life it was my great pleasure to hear her sing at several private soirées. Her house was a musical centre, and she used to give brilliant receptions. To go to Alboni's was considered a treat by everybody. She was afflicted with a stoutness which gave her great difficulty in walking, but her voice was round and full to the very last. She left a considerable fortune, part of which was bequeathed to the Paris poor, and it has been proposed to call one of the new streets of the French capital by her name. She died at her residence in the Cours la Reine on the 23d of June, 1894, and was much lamented.

One day Madame Melba said to me: "I should like your operatic friends to hear an act of Bemberg's 'Élaine,'" and as it is my habit to avail myself of every good opportunity, I complied with her wishes by sending out the very next day invitations for the 27th of December, 1892. At the appointed time our friends found a little stage put up in one of the ground-floor rooms, while chairs were placed in the class-room and in the parlors. The evening began with a concert, at which Gabrielle Krauss, Madame Ferrari, the well-known pianist and composer, Monsieur Paul Plan, and my daughter were heard

and much admired. The second part consisted of the first scene of the fourth act of "Élaine," the young composer himself accompanying at the piano. Here is the list of the cast on that occasion :

Élaine	Madame Melba.
Torre	Mademoiselle Boeckler.
Un Ménestrel	Mademoiselle Mayer.
Ermite	Monsieur Pol Plançon.
Astolat	Monsieur Fiérens.
Laveine	Monsieur Pirola.

The opera contains some fine passages, and has since been heard in London and in New York.

On the 14th and 27th of March, 1893, I gave two "auditions" for pupils at my own house, and then, on the 12th of April following, the annual public "concours de chant" at the Salle Érard took place. I was obliged to give the last earlier in the season than usual, as several pupils had to leave to fulfil engagements abroad. The most successful of these were Miss Laura Burnham, Miss Lina Mendelssohn, Miss Nellie Rowe, Miss Gertrude Auld, and Mrs. Julia Wyman, the last-named having come for the third time to ask my advice. She has acquired a considerable reputation in America as a concert-singer.

My annual concert for the Montmartre charities was held at the Hôtel Continental the evening of Thursday, the 4th of May, when Madame Melba, my daughter Blanche, Mademoiselle Reichemberg, and several other distinguished artistes gave their services. I have already said that I consider these

"auditions d'élèves" absolutely necessary for stimulating pupils, as well as to accustom them to sing in public. But it has always been a hard task for me, as I have had constantly to fight against the susceptibilities and rivalries of the scholars. Still, this has not been an obstacle for me, nor will it ever be.

An artistic event of great importance was the first performance of Wagner's "Walküre" at the Paris Grand Opera, the 12th of May, 1893. The pilgrimage of Parisians to Bayreuth during the past few years had become quite a fashion, and this paved the way for Wagner's operas in Paris. Now, whether from conviction or affectation, it is a fact that the subscribers seemed to be enthusiastic over the German innovator's music, and a certain number of them have quite repudiated the old répertoire. It is undeniable that this répertoire was not a very varied one, and this no doubt accounts for the subscribers' eagerness for new works. It must be confessed, however, that few persons are really capable of judging the value of Wagner's music, and very few have the courage to acknowledge this; nevertheless, it must be admitted that the "Walküre" contains many fine passages that can be understood by all.

The way in which the "Walküre" was put on the stage in Paris did credit to the directors of the Grand Opera. The scenery was magnificent, and the different parts were intrusted to the best artistes in the company. One and all they acquitted themselves honorably of their heavy task. Mademoiselle Bréval sustained the part of Brünnhilde, Madame Deschamps that of Fricka, Monsieur Delmas that of Wotan,

MATHILDE MARCHESI

(1896)

Monsieur Van Dyck that of Siegfried, and Madame Rose Caron was Sieglinde. The orchestra proved itself to be quite competent for the work. Monsieur Colonne directed the rehearsals and the first performance. Then he left the Opera and was replaced by Monsieur Taffanel. On the 18th of September, 1893, Taffanel being away, Paul Viardot, a rather young man and newly engaged, was in the conductor's pulpit. But he was not equal to the occasion, and towards the end of the first act it was impossible for him to continue. Finally, Monsieur Mangin, at that time leader of the Opera choruses, yielded to the entreaties of the directors, went to the pulpit, and led the two last acts with consummate skill. Next day he was nominated *chef d'orchestre*, vice Monsieur Viardot, resigned, and thus the leading accompanist in the École Marchesi became one of the principal orchestra leaders of Europe.

As a musician, my admiration is great for Wagner's bold innovations, but I consider that in trying to blend the three essential elements of melodrama—music, words, and action—he has only made them change places by giving predominance to the orchestra. After having heard one of his operas I am filled with sadness, for in following out his system, which counts numerous adepts among young composers, the art of singing is doomed to disappear. Formerly the melody and the words took first place; now it is the orchestra which does so. The singer, having to dominate the loud strains of the orchestra, is forced to make superhuman efforts, as the composer, whose one idea is *symphonic* effects, treats the voice merely

as an additional wind instrument. Rossini was right when he said that singing nowadays was like storming a barricade.

On the 15th of October, 1893, the musical world sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Charles Gounod, and personally I lost in him a devoted friend. I am very fond of his light, flowing melodies, for they appeal to the heart, and are admirably suited to the human voice. No singer ever has, and never will have, to strain his or her vocal cords when studying Gounod's compositions, but too many have already done so with the music of Wagner and his disciples. Gounod sang delightfully, and one could not help overlooking the poorness of the voice while listening to his perfect diction. Both he and I had the same love and admiration for Mozart's compositions, and let me say here that there was a strange coincidence in their last moments. Mozart died while putting the finishing strokes to his "Requiem"; Gounod was struck down with apoplexy as he was reading over and correcting his "Requiem," his last work. He passed away a few hours afterwards. The monument which it is proposed to erect to Gounod's memory will be placed, so it is said, in the Parc Monceau, a fitting place for the great musician.

CHAPTER XXVII

Presentation of Miss Sybil Sanderson.—Her Success as a Prima Donna.—Verdi's "Falstaff" in Paris.—Madame Marchesi Meets Humperdinck and Visits Bayreuth.—She Celebrates Her Forty-first Professional Year.—Finis.

SEVERAL years ago Miss Fanny Reed, one of the most esteemed members of the American colony in Paris, presented to me one of her young countrywomen, the charming Sybil Sanderson. "Your voice has not been properly brought out," I said to her, after having tried it. "I cannot take you in hand unless you consent to study at least two years with me." "Oh! that is too long. I have no time to lose," was her answer; and so we separated.

Later on Massenet took charge of the musical education of Miss Sanderson, and in due course of time he brought her out at the Opéra Comique in "Esclarmonde." After that opera had been sung for one hundred consecutive performances in Paris, and without taking it off the stage—an unprecedented feat—Sybil was engaged for the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, at Brussels, where she was the leading prima donna for two seasons. Then Monsieur Carvalho went personally to see her, and he induced her to return to Paris to become a member of his famous

"PARIS, 15. *Avril* 1897.

"CHÈRE MADAME,—Je viens vous prier *très instamment* de vous intéresser à *Mademoiselle Saverny*, qui vous remettra cette lettre.

"J'ai promis à d'excellentes amies de tout faire pour l'avenir de cette jeune artiste.

"La voix de Mademoiselle Saverny (je l'ai entendue hier pour la première fois) est une voix timbrée mais *vous seule* pouvez lui donner cette *émission* qui est une fortune pour les artistes qui ont *vos conseils!*

"J'ai rempli ma mission, et vous prie de me croire votre tout dévoué et affectueux admirateur.

"MASSENET."

Meanwhile my classes, the "auditions d'élèves," and the charity concerts went on as usual. Our public "concours de chant" at the Salle Érard was given on the 17th of April, and there was such a crowd that many had to be refused admittance.

Verdi, who was now eighty-two years of age, had come up to Paris to superintend the rehearsals of "Falstaff," his latest opera, at the Opéra Comique, and it was with great pleasure that I saw the grand, hale, and hearty old man again, as well as his charming wife. The public were awaiting with feverish impatience his newest work, which had been so successfully produced at the Scala, in Milan. Every seat at the Opéra Comique had been engaged long in advance, and we found it impossible to get places for the first performance. I was in despair, when, at five o'clock, a telegram came from Verdi inviting me and mine to share his box with him.

The success of "Falstaff" was enormous. Its rich and sparkling music, the astounding freshness and

originality of the melodies, these and other things revealed the sprightly, humorous side, hitherto concealed, of this inexhaustible genius of more than fourscore years. The orchestral score is carefully worked up, and yet seems to flow spontaneously, demonstrating afresh that every possible concession may be made to the modern system of modulation without taking away from the clearness of the melody, which is, after all, the soul and chief aim in music. The scenery and execution of "Falstaff" did great honor to Manager Carvalho, while Maurel and Mademoiselle Delna were admirable in their parts, the other artistes in the cast also contributing their share to the success of Verdi's work.

My happiness on this occasion can easily be imagined, as to spend an evening in Verdi's society has always been a great delight, and that evening it was with deep interest that I watched the play of his mobile features, expressing, as they did, every passing sensation as he listened to his own music. He tried to be calm, but the slightest hesitation on the part of the orchestra or a singer made him start from his chair, in spite of all his efforts. Between the acts it was one uninterrupted series of congratulatory visits, that of Ambroise Thomas being the most touching, for the two illustrious old men locked themselves in a long embrace.

The Paris season being over, we left early in July for Brussels, as I had been invited to form one of the jury at the "Concours du Conservatoire" there, and this was the first time that I had been thus requested. The examinations were held on the 7th and 8th of

July, and I was struck with the thoroughness and order of the studies. Monsieur Gevaert has chosen as a foundation for vocal studies the classics of the old masters, and yet not to the exclusion of modern music. Among the voices, both male and female, I remarked several of uncommon quality, and it is a notorious fact that the lyric stage in Paris has often to borrow artistes from Belgium.

I am not acquainted with a more varied cast of features, or a face more interesting to study, than that of the eminent director of the Brussels Conservatoire. Monsieur Gevaert himself says that he has inherited the soul of some musically inspired monk of the Middle Ages. He is, in fact, the personification of one of the Benedictine fathers of the twelfth century, candid of heart, and ever dreaming of the sublime in art. The deep penetration which marked the spirit of those bygone ages, a perfect comprehension of the progress of civilization in the different countries, an exact knowledge of the human passions, based upon a close and strictly impartial study of human nature, these are some of this man's principal characteristics. Monsieur Gevaert is a distinguished polyglot; his musical, theoretical, and historical works are an astonishing proof of the eclecticism of his vast intellect.

On leaving Brussels we went to Contrexéville, where we spent a fortnight, and then we proceeded to Frankfort, which I had not visited for the past ten years. Next to the pleasure of being with my family came that of going to the opera, and I was quite surprised, on my first evening there, to hear two Ital-

ian works, Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," both very excellent performances. The next day we assisted at the performance of Humperdinck's comic opera of "Haensel und Gretel," and I was delighted with it. The subject is taken from a German fairy tale, and, with the music, forms a striking contrast to the exaggerated compositions which are now so much the fashion. A richness of melody that never becomes commonplace, a judicious and harmonious instrumentation, with every part admirably suited for the voice, such is Humperdinck's work, which was at once accepted throughout Germany, and will not be long in making, if it has not already made, the round of the civilized world.

I made the young composer's acquaintance at the theatre, and found him to be not only a talented musician, but also an eclectic in music. After finishing his studies Engelbert Humperdinck, still in his early youth, obtained the first prizes at the Mozart Foundation School in Frankfort, and at the Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn Foundation Schools in Berlin. Shortly after this he travelled in Italy, where he made the acquaintance of Richard Wagner, then living at Naples, in the Villa d'Angri. The great master invited the young composer to go to Bayreuth to copy for him the "Parsifal" score and assist at the rehearsals of his last work. Although an admirer of Wagner, Humperdinck has followed his own inspirations, and, without setting aside ancient traditions, has adopted all that is best in the modern declamatory school.

In 1894 my long-cherished wish of visiting Bayreuth was at last realized, for at that period we proceeded thither immediately on leaving Frankfort. It was not without a certain emotion that on the 12th of August I entered the sanctuary of German music. On the first day after our arrival I heard "Tannhäuser," on the second "Parsifal," and both performances surpassed all my expectations. The internal arrangements of the building are, as is well known, quite different from those of any other theatre. The performances are given in the midst of profound darkness and religious silence. The scenery, the historical accuracy of the dresses, the perfect harmony of the choruses and orchestra, conducted alternately by Messrs. Mottl, Richter, and Levy, filled me with admiration. It is to be regretted, however, that the soloists are not always up to the mark. Never shall I get accustomed to the so-called German school of singing. Even the pronunciation, which is so necessary in declamatory singing, was far from perfect. "Parsifal" requires to be heard several times in order to comprehend the poetry of this "music of the future." On the first hearing, eyes, heart, and senses are completely subjugated by the action of the drama and the display of scenery. It needs but a single performance of "Parsifal" to assure the beholder that nowhere but at Bayreuth can one assist at such a display, and that Madame Wagner is perfectly right in refusing to allow it to be set on the stage of any other theatre.

Madame Cosima Wagner lives a part of the year at Bayreuth, where she is treated with all the respect

due to a sovereign. She is the very soul of the theatre. Her husband's tomb, hewn out of a huge block of granite, has been erected on the family estate.

To return to every-day life, we were much amused by the primitive simplicity of the furnished apartments at Bayreuth. What amused us less, however, was the very frugal fare of the restaurants, and often we had to leave them still suffering from the pangs of hunger. Yet I have but one desire, and that is to return to Bayreuth. On leaving there we proceeded to Munich for the purpose of hearing "Tristan und Isolde"—and what can I say of that most excellent performance? Mademoiselle Klafsky, a former pupil of mine at the Vienna Conservatoire, was Iseult, and Mademoiselle Dressler was Brangaene; Messrs. Gudehus and Paul were also remarkable in it; but I missed the mystic charm, the poetical atmosphere, of Bayreuth. The music of "Tristan und Isolde" is undoubtedly one of Wagner's finest inspirations, but the libretto, which is merely a lengthy love scene, ends by fatiguing the attention. At Bayreuth, as at Munich, we met many Paris friends, among others Baroness de Saint-Didier,* who went with us to Lucerne, where we revelled to our hearts' content in the beauties of nature.

On our return to Paris I once more busied myself with my numerous occupations. Madame Frances

*This lovable and amiable lady was among the victims of the awful catastrophe which happened in Paris in the month of May, 1897. She was one of the noblest and most charitable women I have ever known.—H. H.

Saville, who, before I had left Paris, signed an engagement for the Opéra Comique, came out there, with great success, on the 17th of December, 1894, as Virginia, in Victor Massé's opera of "Paul et Virginie." Now, it is always a great satisfaction to me when my foreign pupils are engaged either at the Opera or the Opéra Comique, as they have so many difficulties to contend with on account of the language. And apropos of these foreigners, let me here insert another—the last—selection from my album of farewells. It was written the 18th of April, 1894, and is as follows:

"Oh! dearest madame, that word 'Farewell.' It has such a wonderful ring! I am so proud to be your pupil, and so grateful for all your kindnesses. *God bless you.*

"Your affectionate, grateful, and devoted pupil,

"MARIE VAN DER VEER GREEN.

"NEW YORK, U. S. A."

My charity concerts and "auditions d'élèves" followed each other in due succession early in 1895. At the annual concert for the Montmartre charities one of my young American pupils, Mademoiselle Vilna, the possessor of a very fine voice, distinguished herself by her rendering of an air from "Traviata." I must also mention Mademoiselle Ada Crosley, from Melbourne, who was greatly applauded, and who is now making a name for herself in England as a concert-singer. Madame Mary Howe, now the principal light soprano at the Berlin Royal Opera-house, where she came out successfully in "Lucia," also sang at this charity concert of mine.

As I now was entering upon my forty-first *professional* year, I resolved to celebrate it by giving a theatrical entertainment in my own house, of which this was the programme:

PART FIRST.

1. Scene from "Mignon".....A. Thomas.
Mademoiselle Willie Sandmeyer, Messrs. Piroia, Douaillier, and Daraux—from the Opéra.

2. Air and duo from "Tannhäuser".....R. Wagner.
Madame Anna Dons and Monsieur Piroia.

3. Scene and Prayer from "Othello".....Verdi.
Mademoiselle Minnie Morgan and Mademoiselle X.

4. Air and duos from "Paillasse".....Leoncavallo.
Mademoiselle Fatma Diard, Messrs. Douaillier and Daraux.

5. Mad Scene from "Hamlet".....A. Thomas.
Madame Mary Howe.

PART SECOND.

(*a*) "Larmes Maternelles"; also "Pensées d'Automne." Massenet.
Accompanied by the composer.

(*b*) "La Chanson de la Glu".....Gounod.

(*c*) "Bergerettes." Ballads of the Eighteenth Century, arranged by Weckerlin.

Baronne Blanche Caccamisi-Marchesi.

The pianoforte accompaniments by Messrs. Mangin and Panzani.

PART THIRD.

"Le Portrait de Manon."
An opéra comique in one act. Words by Georges Boyer. Music by Massenet.

Le Chevalier des Grieux.....M. Viannene
(from the Opéra Comique).
Tiberge.....M. Grivo.
(from the Opéra Comique).
Jean, Vicomte de Morcerf.....Miss Florence Sears.
Aurore.....Mademoiselle Edith Le Gierse.

Choruses and voices in the distance.

The small stage, put up for the occasion, was admirably arranged, and the dresses were in perfect taste. Georges Boyer himself took charge of all the details, while Massenet, who had assisted at the rehearsals, played the accompaniment of his charming little opera. The success of this festival left nothing to be desired, and at its close all present hoped to join again on the fiftieth anniversary of the École Marchesi. "Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait," seems to have been the motto then of my dear friends. Well, I shall not be sorry to be present also at this *cinquantième.*

Before concluding this present narrative of my artistic career, I beg to be allowed to express a wish for the adoption, by the authorities competent to act, of two important reforms relative to vocal teaching. One is the foundation in every Conservatoire of a special class for young composers, where they may learn the classing and mechanism of the different female voices. This is, in my opinion, a want which must be met if we are to look upon singing as the principal auxiliary of the lyric stage. The other is the obligation on persons intending to devote themselves to vocal teaching of a public exami-

nation in order to obtain a diploma, such as is necessary in every other branch of education. A committee of competent men and women should be appointed for this purpose, under the presidency of the director of the Conservatoire.

I can say for myself that, always inspired with enthusiasm for the art to which I have consecrated my whole life, I shall continue to inculcate the principles by which I have ever obtained such happy results. May Heaven grant me for some years longer the strength of body and mind necessary to accomplish the task I have set myself; and so, with my motto, "Faith, Labor, and Perseverance," ever in mind, I am now, and shall always be, the public's most obedient servant, as I am, in a humble but very earnest way, the friend of every student and artiste, old or young. God helping, we need none of us have any fear; and as I have always been profoundly in love with my art, so shall I ever be fond of my profession.

FINIS

MUSIC LIBRARY

ML 420 .M31 A3 1905
Marchesi and music :
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 042 975 875

ML420
M31A3
1905

Stanford University Libraries
Stanford, California

Return this book on or before date due.

[illegible] 73
MAR 3 19[illegible]
MAR - 7 1970
JUN 3 0 1997

DEC 15 1971